

~~The American Crisis~~

American
a French Crisis

THE STAG PARTY.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS:

CADOUIN,

THEIR JEWELS,

FORBIDDEN FRUIT,

A FRENCH CRISIS,

AND ONLY A BOY?



FOOD OF THE GODS,

ON THE DELAWARE,

GRACE BEFORE MEAT,

MIDNIGHT THRENODY,

A BRIDE'S CONFESSION,

SCHOOL-DAY RECOLLECTIONS,



THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR,

THE CHESTNUT CLUB YARNS,

MEDIEVAL MAID'S CONFESSION,

THE MARK OF THE MAN-CHILD,

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SLEIGHRIDE,

THE GRISETTE AND THE STUDENT,

A CALAMITY THAT BEFEL A TRAVELING MAN,

AND

THOUSANDS OF OTHER STORIES, FULL OF
PITH AND POINT.

THE CHESTNUT CLUB.

At the first regular session of the Chestnut Club, at Chicago, Mr. Bird was selected as king. In the choice of Mr. Bird as presiding officer the club struck the bull's eye of fitness. He was a man of broad views and commanding physique, was well read, much traveled, full fed and ballasted in both pocket and brain; had studied from the ministry, and, as he expressed it, narrowly escaped the spoiling of a first-class drummer through the lefthanded bias of the gospels; was posted in parliamentary rules, a polished gentleman, and as serene in temper as the proverbial pig in clover. His voice, a mellow baritone, was the envy of every member of the club. Mr. Scribner having been chosen as secretary of state, and Mr. Green as comptroller of the treasury, the king rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Chestnut Club. I will endeavor briefly to state the cause of the organization of this body. Since primeval man and his traditions have passed into the great *has been*, and modern civilization with its written language and its history has appeared upon the stage of life, man has been led to the study of man from the plane of reason. Barbarism and lawlessness have succumbed to the master mind, and law and order have gradually evolved the home, the family, the society, the community and the nation of the nineteenth century. Brute force has given way to brain. The mythical gods have disappeared from the realm of thought, and the not more substantial but decidedly less objectionable god of the present age has arisen in their place.

"Even as the religious master ruled the nations of earth in the olden time, so in a milder more beneficent way are the people of to-day controlled; the bonds of ignorance and superstition are rapidly giving way under the research of science and the investigation of skepticism. Man is beginning more consistently to recognize the economy of nature—the living, moving, evolving, materialism of the earth and all thereon and therein. There is a great law of compensation in nature that tends to progression by an almost imperceptible step. Hers is no rapid march. Haste invariably precedes a slip to the rear, but the march is onward and the centuries prove themselves the offspring of past centuries only in their baser traits. Out of the past one universal law has proven itself as the fundamental law of the universe, and that law is reproduction.

From that which was, by procreative force, has come that which is, will come, all that will be.

"Throughout all ages, among all animate things, the ex-tatic thrill of copulation has been, is, and will be the main-spring of life. Brute and humanity alike give testimony here. Without this animating law there is no love. Without love, this love, there is no life.

"The best brains of the centuries past and of to-day have paid tribute to this universal law and have outraged the ruling religious powers by their wantonness in act and record.

"To guide, to control, to subjugate excess in all things is commendable, but total abstinence is folly. The perfect man will be, can only be, the product of all climes. The cold of winter and the summer sun are needs to full fruition. Sweet scents alone would soon destroy all sense of smell. The rose the sweeter seems by reason of some fouler scents. The argument is plain. There is within the inner life of man, and ever still will be some need, some turning to the past, the grosser past, which will not be denied. The pressing of the lever downward makes a greater upward spring in the rebound.

"The pendulum is ever swinging and must ever swing beyond the central point. Even as there can be no retro-grade without progression, so there can be no onward march without some backward trend. Man needs to see, to feel, to touch the wrong before he learns to know the right. He must at times turn back. 'Tis part of nature's self that this is so. Out of disease rises the phoenix of health. An endless brightness blinds the eye more certainly and suddenly than long enduring night.

"It is because of this need that we, the busy, bustling drummers of the great Northwest are met on this occasion. We feel this need—this bent of man to turn our faces from the dusty way that leads to cent per cent, and here in song and toast and story and the joke, turn back the page of life.

"It is because we recognize the universal and fundamental law of procreation that we do not bar the ~ or against the tough and mouldy yarn.

"We are here to throw off the yoke. To be cussed. To say naughty words. To simulate a lack of virtue for the time and imagine we are wicked as can be. Gentlemen, it is the law of this club that when a member is called upon for story, joke or song, he shall at once respond, or pay a

round of drinks. In case he does his tale unfold, it must be an old chestnut or the penalty applies.

"The king can do no wrong, and hence his word is law. There can be no appeal short of a revolution.

"And now, by right of my selection to the throne, I will assume the crown, and lifting up the sceptre give command that all shall rise and swear allegiance to my rule, by joining me in liquid from the still.

"So said—so done.

"Mr. Smith will crack the first chestnut."

Mr. Smith—The king and gentlemen of the club: the oldest and mustiest chestnut that occurs to me at this time, is the well worn story of the man who was so inordinately jealous of his pretty little wife. So haunted was he with fear that she might be untrue to him; that night and day he ceased not to toss the subject about in his mind. It worried him so much that it disturbed his sleep, and hence one night he had a dream. He dreamed that an angel appeared to him, and claiming to be his good genius, gave him a ring which he should place upon the first finger of his right hand, and assured him that so long as that ring was on the finger he need have no fear of his wife's unfaithfulness. So overjoyed was the man that he awoke, and found that same finger in to the third joint where another of his members had much better been.

The king—Will some of the members please lower the windows a trifle? If all the yarns are as musty as this, the club must order a pail of cold tea. Let us hear from Mr. Jones.

Mr. Jones—A parson of the olden time once rose in his pulpit and said.

"Brethren and sisters, there are many of our hearers who are in the condition of the ancient English captain who got religion. He had been a tough old fellow and had been very much given to cock fighting, but when the lord took hold of him he gave up the brutal sport and destroyed the birds all save one. This one had been his special pet and pride. He could not bring himself to the point of putting away this one, but saving its life kept the game fowl in the barn, where he could frequently look upon and admire the beautiful creature. As a natural consequence there were frequent longings for the excitement of the fight. The old captain tried in vain to subdue the desire, and the upshot was that he was at length forced to the conclusion that he must either give up religion or the bird.

"He prayed earnestly for strength to conquer, and the Lord gave him grace.

"What did he do?

"He went to the barn and cut off the head of his cock. Go thou and do likewise."

The King—I am opposed to capital punishment. We will hear from Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson—A certain foreman had been much troubled by reason of the delay caused by the young ladies in the shop. They paid so much attention to the question of frizzes and bangs that the working hours were sorely infringed upon. The taking off and putting away of hair and the plastering on and rearranging of same consumed too much of the employer's hours. It was the custom of the girls to take off said bangs and frizzes and put them in the table drawers while at work. At length the foreman complained to the boss, who was at once boiling over with wrath. Marching into the workshop he planted himself in the middle of the room and fairly shouted silence. Everyone stopped work and looked in silent awe upon the angry man.

"Now," said he, "everyone of you girls who has hair in her drawers stand up." All save one little ten-year-old girl arose. He turned to her and asked: "Why don't you stand up?" "Because I ain't old enough to have hair on mine yet."

Robinson—Never heard that one before. I'll take straight whiskey for mine.

Ferguson—I appeal to the king if—

King—I will drink with the gentleman, certainly. Never mind etiquette Brother Ferguson [They drink].

The king—Since Mr. McFadden has so thoroughly wet his whistle, I am sure, he will now favor us with a song.

Mr. McFadden was a descendent of the same old Irish kings who have figured so frequently in newspaper histories.

His voice was really musical, but on this occasion it seemed to be a cross between a bagpipe and a hurdy-gurdy, as without a deal of preliminary he sang

THE GRAY MARE.

Az Oi wuz a goin' to Nottinham faire,
A ridin' on horseback upon a gray maire,
Wid a lang mane and tail and a wishp on her back,
Divil a haire wuz upon her that wuzn't coal-black.

Oi mit a king and queen and a comp'ny a more
Wid a nate little dhrummer bye, dhrummin' before
Oh a nate little dhrummer bye batin his dhrum,
Wid his heels in his pockets, before me did run.

Oi bowed meself down to His Majesty's Grace,
And Oi axed him the road, for Oi knew not the place.
Dhe dhrums they did rattle and the people did shtare
T' see a coach and six horses drawn by a gray maire.

Oi sat meself down on a hot frozen shtone,
Tin thousand around me, and me all alone.
Oi called for a dhrink to dhrive madness away,
Oi wuz shtiff wid dhe dusht as it rained all the day.

It rained and it haled, and Oi stud in dhe shstorm
Wid me hat in me hand for to kape me head warm,
Crying Mollie, dear Mollie, come fancy me now,
Oim as good as the day whin Oi firshft lift dhe plow.

Oh, dhis famous gray maire, she was down at Bull Run.
She cocked up her ears and she thought it wuz fun.
She t'rew her head back t' let a cannon ball pass,
The cannon ball struck her an' knocked her down on her
elbow.

Now I'll take me gray maire and a fishin' Oi'll go.
A fishin' Oi'll go, er—a—whether—or—no—
Me fish they will doi and me nets they will shpill,
Then Oi'll sell me gray maire—no; Oim dammed av Oi
will.

Crane—That was a pretty dammed good song. Well
done Mac. I say. What was Eve made for?

Adams—For Adams Express Company. Guess I'll smoke.
They all smoked. Crane liquidated.

The King—Mr. Morgan what have you in your grip this
evening?

Mr. Morgan—So the story goes, an Irishman by the
name of Kelly fell from the top of a building in process of
construction and broke his neck. The contractor came up,
expressed his regret in extravagant phrase, and instructing
Dennis O'Grady to inform the widow of the accident, tried
to impress the messenger with the idea that the sad news
must be broken gently. All right, sir, says Dennis, and

away he goes. When he reached the domicile of the late Kelley he knocked, and when Mrs. Kelly opened the door he asked:

"Does the widow Kelly live here?"

"No," says the lady, "the widow Kelley don't live here, ye spaldeen."

"Yer a liar," says Dennis, "and the corpse is comin' around the corner behint."

The King—That's a yard wide brogue you have Brother Morgan and you do it well.

Mr. Morgan—Thanks. Mine is a small glass of ale. The rest of you need not be bashful—and they were not.

Smith—Why should a child love mother more than father?

Opdyke—That's a good one.

Because while the father sends it up for nine months mother lets it out for life.

The King—Mr. Opdyke you may continue to express your sentiments.

Mr. Opdyke—

Scene—A bridal chamber; fresh country couple; gas blown out and stench accumulating.

Enter bell boy—Knocks on door.

Groom—Hello, what's the matter?

Bell Boy—The gas is running in your room.

Groom (opening the door slightly) shoves a \$5 bill through the door (whispers)—That's all right. Just married this morning.

Bell boy retires; gas still escaping; other guests complain. Bell boy knocks on door again.

Groom—Hello.

Bell boy—I say that gas is running yet. Shut'er off.

Groom—Opening the door on a crack and shoving out another \$5. That's all right. Just married this morning, but if I'd known she was so rank I'd have opened her up in the country.

The King—That story ranks well up.

Chorus—A pun. Penalty.

The King—Call the porter.

Scott—I prefer ale.

The King—Mr. Scott you can sing a good song and sing a song well. Please favor us.

Mr. Scott sings:

MY GIRL IN THE CALICO DRESS.

A fig for your fashionable girls,
With their velvets and satins and laces,
Their diamonds and rubies and pearls,
And their milliners' figures and faces.
They may shine at a party or ball,
Emblazoned with half they possess,
But give me in place of them all
My girl with the calico dress.

She's as plump as a partridge and fair
As the rose in its earliest bloom,
Her teeth will with ivory compare,
And her breath with the clover perfume.
If you want a companion for life,
To comfort, enliven and bless,
She is just the right sort for a wife,
Is my girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may laugh
At her simple and modest attire,
But the charms she permits to appear
Would set a whole iceberg on fire.
She can dance, but she never allows
The hugging and squeezing caress,
She's saving all these for her spouse,
My girl in her calico dress.

The King—Gentlemen, there is both truth and poetry in the old song. We are under obligations to Mr. Scott.

Mr. Wilson—if it please your majesty, I am reminded of another bridal chamber story which, with your permission, I will relate.

The King—Proceed.

Mr. Wilson—The newly wedded country gent was registering at the Grand Pacific. The urbane clerk suggested the bridal chamber. Groom did not seem to take. The clerk again repeats his question, ‘Don’t you want a bridal chamber?’ Countryman—Well, you might send one up for her, I guess, but I can piss out of the winder.

Mr. Thomas—Oh, King.

The King—Unburden yourself, Brother Thomas.

Mr. Thomas—One night our friend McFadden, over yonder, was stopping over in a country town in Iowa. He had been feeding liberally on fresh vegetables, and in the

night was taken short. He looked around for the catchall, but found it not. So what does he do, but hoist himself onto the window sill and fire away. The result was the next morning decidedly apparent all the way from the window to the ground. Mine Host was tearing mad, and taking Mac out to the side of the house, pointed to the chromo and said: "There, sir, what do you think of that?" Mac eyed it critically for a moment, and then replied: "Yes, I see. Damned old house ain't plumb."

The King—I was not aware that Mr. McFadden was an artist. Mr. Perkins, it is your say.

Mr. Perkins—

I said, at the play, to a friend at my side,

Look! Look, in the box on your right.

What a bosom is there, enraptured I cried—

How plump. How enchantingly white.

My friend seemed amused—turned quickly his head,

Then shrugging, said yes—nothing more—

"Tis heavenly I cried—when—yawning, he said,

It is—but—I've seen it before.

The King—We have *all* seen it, and possibly many of us have—but never mind. Mr. Rogers is in order.

Mr. Rogers—One of the oldest chestnuts on my list is that of the young man who wanted to know what the womens said and did at the sewing circles. So he dressed up in womans togs and went in as a visitor from the country. During the afternoon nothing special occurred, until the subject of birthmarks was hit. Then one showed a strawberry on her arm, another a cherry on her breast; still another a bee on her thigh. Sleeves had been rolled up, stockings rolled down, bosoms and interesting places freely exposed. Nearly everyone had had something to show, and in a majority of cases a fruit or vegetable was supposed to be represented. At last the eyes of all turned rather inquiringly to the lady from the country. Without obtrusive explanation the young man arose, pulled up his dress and skirts in front and asked, "How's that for a cucumber?"

The King—That cucumber story has been told in a multitude of ways.

Mr. Bolton—I would like to get off my story while I think of it.

The King—All right Brother Bolton. It's your shoot.

Mr. Bolton—It is that story of the young lady organist. She was suspected by the female portion of the congregation, and the tongue of slanderous or scandalous gossip had been wagging fiercely. The attention of the good deacons had been called to the matter, but as the girl was very pretty and a good organist they had been slow to act. One day when they were holding a business meeting in the church the young lady came in, passed up to the organ loft and began playing softly. Her presence calling to mind the gossip, a committee of two—an old deacon and a young usher—were appointed to wait on the young lady in the matter. The committee started for the organ gallery, but stopped on the way to settle the question as to which should do the talking. Neither wanted to tackle her. After some arguments, pro and con, the young man gave in, overcame his bashfulness in a measure, and approaching the girl, touched her on the shoulder, and intimated that he would like some private conversation on a delicate personal matter. The two stepped aside into a cloak room, and the old deacon paced back and forth at the end of the gallery. The time dragged wearily to the old deacon, and several times he found himself wishing he had attended to the business himself, but probably not more than fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed when the young man appeared and said: "I tell you, deacon, this scandalous gossip is all wrong. That is as pure and virtuous a young lady as there is in all the world. I am certain of it. We must stop this gossiping."

"All right," says the deacon. "Button up your breeches and we will go down and report."

"Mr. Griggs—I am reminded of an old chestnut, and if I hear no kick will get it off.

Two Irishmen met:

Pat—How aire ye Moike?

Mike—Bad, Pat. Shure oi'm all broke up wid family thrubbles.

Pat—Is dhat so. Phats the matther?

Mike—Shure, whin oi wint hoame lasht noight oi found me wife in bid wid Cerebro Spinal Miningeetis.

Pat (excitedly)—Did yez kill dhe I-tal yun son-o-a-bitch?

The King—Mr. Cooke has the floor.

Mr. Cooke—During an entertainment given by a slight-of-hand performer, a pet squirrel which had been running around the stage wandered into the body of the hall, and

all unnoticed scud about under the seats. Suddenly a lady in the audience grasped her skirts, jumped to her feet and screamed. In a moment all was excitement. The Professor inquired as to the cause, and was informed that a rat had run up the lady's clothes. "Don't be alarmed," said the Professor. "It is only a pet squirrel. He will come down when he finds out that there are no nuts there."

Chorus of voices—Song from Hopkins.

Mr. Hopkins—

AFTER TIT-WILLOW.

On the brink of a brooklet a young maiden leans,

Sighing, "Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh!"

I am feeling so queer, I don't know what it means,

Oh Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh.

Whether waking or sleeping I'm thinking of you,

I am mashed on you Billy, and wish that you knew,

If you did, might I guess what you'd come here and do,

Oh Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh come Bill, Oh.

On the bank close behind her a Billy-goat stood,

Wicked Bill, Oh cross Bill, Oh tough Bill, Oh,

And he thought as he saw her, I could if I would,

You spill, Oh down hill, Oh in bellow.

Then he made a grand rush and he struck her behind,

As she tumbled, the thought that came into her mind

Was to spit out the mud and a big rock to find,

And just kill that damned Bill, Oh damned Bill, Oh.

The King—We will have a chestnut from Mr. Hicks.

Mr. Hicks—An Irishman of all work went to the priest to confess.

"Well," says the priest, "What is it?"

"Sure, sir," says Pat, "as I was going to Mary Ann's room the other night, the door was ajar and Mary Ann undressing and a winkin' at me."

"Well," says the priest, "What did you do?"

"Nothin' sir," says Pat. "I went to my own room; but I had awful bad thoughts, sir."

"Well," says the priest, "Is that all?"

"No, sir," says Pat. "As I was passing the door the next night, the door was further ajar, and Mary Ann with nothin' on but her chemise, and her-winkin' and smilin'."

"Well, well," says the priest. "What did you do?"

"Nothin' sir," says Pat. "I went to my room, but, Oh the bad thoughts I had."

"Well, Well," says the priest, anxiously. "Is that all?"

"No, sir," says Pat. "The next night I was passin' the door, and there was Mary Ann on the bed and she without a stitch of clothes on her, and she still winkin' and smilin'."

"Ah," says the priest, excitedly. "What did you do? What did you do?"

"Nothin', sir," says Pat. "I went to my room, but, Oh the awful bad thoughts I had."

"Well," says the priest, viciously. "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir," says Pat.

"Well," says the priest. "The penance on you is that you eat a peck of oats."

"Sure, your reverence," says Pat, "I'm not a horse."

"No," says the priest. "Yer not a horse but yer a horse's arse."

Wheaton—That reminds me of the story of the old Irish woman who saw the clown exhibiting his feats (not his feet) to the priest, turning summersaults back and forth. The old woman thought it was a punishment and exclaimed: "Och! Howly Mither. Luk at the pinance the priest iz puttin' an uz an me here widout meddrawers."

The King—Will Brother Warner favor us with a story?

Warner—There lived in the town of Kennebec, Maine, a good, old Unitarian preacher who felt that he must retire from active service. So he called the trustees of the church together and with their reluctant consent laid down the duty. The old man was financially comfortable, but the association had been so long and so endearing that the members of the church felt that they must make him some parting demonstration, presentations, etc.

Among others who were looking for a presentable gift was a young lady who represented a Sunday-school class. They had delegated to her the selection of some article in silverware. Now it so happened that this young lady was healthy, passionate and full of besom. She had on a few occasions, unknown to her acquaintances, indulged herself in something on the side when away from home, and when the strapping young clerk came to wait on her she made up her mind that she would like a little fun with him. So she delayed her selection, and still delayed. At length the young man became somewhat impatient, urging her to decide. Well, she had found a vase that suited her very well, but the inscription plate was rather small. The young man asked if she could not abbreviate so that the

wording would go in the space. Well, she might, but it was only after closing hour had passed and all the other clerks had gone that she was ready to report.

She suggested this:

F—for First

U—for Unitarian

C—for Church,

K—for Kennebec,

ME—for Maine.

"Do you think you can do that?" He thought he could. The King—Mr. Hitchcock have you anything to say for yourself?

Mr. Hitchcock—When out on the road the other day I struck several new men at a country town up in Wisconsin. We had all filed in together, and one after another registered. The names of the others were: Allcock, Babcock and Hancock. As we registered in turn a smile began and slowly broadened as one after another the names were written. At the rear of the gang was a small, black-eyed Hebrew. He looked at the register, turned his head on one side, waved his hand a la horizon and said:

"Vell, shentlemen, I pelongs to dot femmily mineselluf."

"Eh! What is your name?"

"My name vos Kuntz."

Roach—Here's an old conundrum for you. Why is it wrong for a maiden to co-habit?

Several voices—It aint.

The King—Gentlemen it is a Miss-take, and Mr. Roach will pay the penalty at once.

Smith—What's the best way to keep a hired girl.

Chorus—Screw her on the floor.

The King—We will hear from Mr. White.

Mr. White—For many years after the war there were hot political debates between the members of the two great parties. Down in Ohio during one of the warm campaigns a joint debate was arranged between two local leaders. It was mutually agreed that no personal allusions should be indulged in. At the close of the republican's speech he referred to this agreement, but said that he could not refrain from departing from the rule in one instance. He then said:

"When I was down at the front fighting for my country my worthy opponent was at home nursing the healing process of a wound caused by the removal of three fingers of

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his right hand. This job of surgery had been performed by himself for the purpose of escaping the draft. Stand up and show your hand!"

At the close of the democrat's speech he said:

"It is true that I cut off three fingers of my right hand to escape the draft, that I, a poor man, might thus be permitted to remain at home and care for my five motherless children. It was at this time that our republican friend was a principal figure in a tragedy in front of the enemy, wherein a man is seen strapped across the breach of a mortar while his comrades branded him upon the arse with the letter D. Stand up and show your arse!"

Mr. Ferguson—Something has brought to my mind an old story.

The King—Go ahead Mr. Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson—Four young men went to college together, roomed together, graduated together, and married young ladies who were acquainted. As a natural sequence they held their annual reunions. Along in middle life, at one of these meetings, Mr. Jones offered the toast, "Here's to the finest thing in life. We all know where to find it." When walking home with her husband, Mrs. Smith, who was about as innocent at forty as she had been at fifteen, said: "I don't see what Mr. Jones meant by that toast, 'Here's to the finest thing in life, etc.'" "Why," says Smith, "he meant he church." "Oh, yes!" says Mrs. S. "Well, now, that is a good toast. I'll remember that."

The next year the reunion was held at Smith's. Somebody suggested that the hostess offer the first toast. Mrs. Smith modestly expressed her lack in the matter of toasts, and said that she would simply repeat an excellent toast that had once been offered by Mr. Jones. So she raised her glass and repeated the same old sentiment: "Here's to the finest thing in life. We all know where to find it." Of course everybody laughed, and Smith just laid back in his chair and roared. Mrs. Smith turned to him and said: "Well, you may laugh now, but you didn't get there but four times last year, and you went off each time before service was out."

Mr. Roberts—That reminds me of the foast, "Here's to the festive bean that makes the Boston belles astute."

Mr. Jones—I was out fishing and hunting awhile ago, and we were giving a visitor a great razzle about a dog we had. "Why," says one of the boys, "That dog will go to the bottom of the lake and bring up a stone." "That's

nothing," says the visitor. "Come over to my camp and I will show you a dog that will go down to the bottom of the lake and bring up two stones."

The King—That reminds me of the story of the darkey who was being tried for shooting a dog. The justice asked him: "Did you shoot the dog in self-defense?" "No, sah!" says the darkey. "I shot him in de ass and he jumped over de fence."

Mr. Harrison will tell a story.

Mr. Harrison—Jim Blake lived in the country, and though a pretty fly boy among the rustics was not up in the ways of the outside world. He thought he would try a little elephant business in the city, and got one of his village acquaintances to make the trip with him. His friend, Joe Smart, had been in town and was posted. He thought he would have some fun with Jim, so when they struck the city, he slipped away a few minutes and made arrangements at a hotel-de-loose, whereby Jim was to get his consolation under the impression that he was stealing it. The programme went through all right, and when they left the supposed residence of Col. Johnson, where they had been hospitably entertained by the Colonel's three daughters, Jim informed his friend Joe that his passion had gotten the best of him and he had actually seduced the youngest daughter. Joe made a hell of a fuss about it and said that when the Colonel found it out there would be the devil to pay.

The young men went back home and nothing came of it for the time, but about five or six weeks later a traveling man with whom Joe was on intimate terms came to the country village. Joe told the drummer about the joke on Jim, and they made up a scheme for scaring the life out of Jim. The drummer was to personate the wealthy colonel and demand satisfaction. They hired a rig and drove out to the farm. The pseudo colonel went out in the field, and, squaring himself before Jim, announced his name and mission in thunderous tones. Jim looked him all over and seemed to be solemnly pondering on some difficult problem. At last he asked:

"So you are Colonel Johnson, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I am Colonel Johnson."

"And you want satisfaction, eh?"

"Yes, sir, I demand satisfaction."

"Well, colonel, I'm sorry, damn'd sorry, but the fact is, Colonel Clapp was here about two weeks ahead of you."

Mr. Ward—Speaking of county jakes reminds me of the fellow fresh from the rural districts who wanted to hire out to the railroad company as a switchman, car-conpler, etc. He had never worked at the business, but thought he could learn. So he was sent out in the yard. The engineer thought he would have some fun with the greenhorn, so after telling him how to drop the pin in the hole at just the right time, etc., he began slamming the cars around at a great rate, but no matter how he rushed the fellow always got there on time, never missed a single shot. At last the engineer got off his engine and took the chap to the boss, charging that the man was an old hand at the busines running incog and they had better look out for him. The superintendent called the man up and the following conversation ensued:

"The engineer says you are an old hand at the business."

"No, sir. I am not. Never switched before."

"Have you been working in the country for the last two years?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you been doing?"

"Steerin' a stud hoss."

Jones—That reminds me of another countryman. He had been in town, and while standing around in one of the tony saloons where dudes and high-flyers congregate, he heard a chappie get off this sentiment: "Ah, boys, this is nectar fit for the gods." Shortly after he returned to the rural districts, he went in with some of the rustics to get a drink of raw whiskey and thought to show his knowledge of the ways of the world by repeating the sentiment, so he raised his glass and said:

"Ah, boys, this is a necktie for Jesus Christ."

Smith—Here's one. A gentleman had an Irish man of all work and a German cook. Neither could understand the lingo of the other. After a time the condition of the girl required an explanation, when to the surprise of Mr. Jones he was given to understand that Pat had had even more than a finger in it. He called in the Irishman and said: "How is that, Pat? Katy says you did it, and yet you cannot understand each other at all." "Ah, sir," says Pat, "I have an interpreter wid me that spakes in all langwidges."

The King—Will some member tell the story of the telegrapher's mistake?

Mr. Wilson—So the story goes, the husband was off on a

trip. He had promised to write, but business had rushed him. When he did get on the home stretch he sent a telegram to his wife.

"Home to-night. Beg pardon."

When he got home his wife met him at the door and at once began to cry.

"What is the matter, my dear?"

"Matter enough. I'll never dare to show my head in town again."

"Why not? I don't understand."

"Oh, that awful telegram. How could you do it?"

"Why, I telegraphed that I would be home to-night and begged your pardon for not writing."

"Oh, no, you didn't. That wasn't what it said."

"Bring me the telegram."

She brought it and he read:

"Home to-night. Big hardon."

Mr. Rogers—That story of Jones' reminded me of an Irish yarn. At a party, stories, etc., were in order. Casey, being called on, said he could neither sing a song nor tell a story, but, says he, I have a conundrum for you: "My first is a vowel, my second a stove, and you can suck my whole." At once a chorus of Oh's and Ah's arose and "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Casey?" But Casey said they were all wrong. There was nothing bad about the conundrum, and when they gave it up, explained thus: "My first is the vowel, O; my second a stove, or range, and you can suck my whole, which is an orange." MacGinnis hearing the conundrum, tried a few weeks later to get it off on a similar occasion, and this is the way he put it: "Oi can nayther sing a song nor tell a story, but Oi have a conundrum for yez: Me first is a stove, me sicund is a limmion, and yez can suck me arse."

The King—I observe with surprise that you have left out the old chestnut sell about the patent stove that (when some sucker asked the question) sent its smoke up the cook's stern, and that other about the cow that had but one fault—her tail was so short that the sun shone in her arse and soured her milk, and numerous other dilutable tales. Doubtless future sessions of the club will develop a more complete list. And now, as it is far on in "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," if the members will join me in a nightcap, we will rise and sing the doxology in the words of

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood
 When fond recollection presents them to view;
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot that my infancy knew.
 The wide-spreading pond and the well which stood by it,
 The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
 And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield,
 How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing!
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then, soon with the emblem of truth overflowing
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket;
 The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well.

How sweet, from the green mossy brim to receive it;
 As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
 And, now, far removed from the loved situation,
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell;
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well.
 The old oaken bucket; the iron-bound bucket;
 The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

SALINE, KAN., March 30, 1878.

MESSRS. BLUFF AND CALL.

Shentlemans: Der lasht 2 bags of coffee we did get from you its mixt mit Ratt Schitt; der coffee may be gutnuff but der Ratt schitts spoils der hole traid. We did not see der Ratt Schitts in der samples your agent showt us. It takes som time to pick it all out. We ordered plane coffee. You sent us Ratt duds mit coffee. Der's some mistakes.

Pleas anser wot we do mit it. Yours druly,

YAWCUS, KROUSE & CO.

Why is the devil like shovel and tongs? Because he belongs to the fire place.

Some men go fishing to get fish, and some don't; those that don't generally get what they go for.

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we kan dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly."

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

Said a conscientious auctioneer: "Ladies and gentlemen, ere is no sham about the carpets; they are genuine tapestry carpets. I bought them of old Tapestry himself."

Mose Schaumburg is very arbitrary in the management of his family affairs. He has been trying for some time to marry off his daughter Rebecca, and at last he succeeded in persuading an old man who was rich to marry her. At dinner Mose said:

"Rebecca, allow me to congratulate you on your engagement. I have you a husband got."

"Who vas he, vadder?"

"Who vas he? Vat a kevestion! Vy ton't you attend to your own affairs, don't it? You vash choost eaten up mit curiosity. Vat von't you vant to know next?"

SULLIVAN—Feb. 2, MICHAEL, beloved and only son of Timothy and Anne Sullivan, aged 3 years, 3 months and 25 days.

Funeral from his late residence, by cars to Calvary Cemetery.

Oh, Michael Francis, thou hast left us;
For you on earth there was not room;
But, 'tis God who has bereft us,
And taken our darling up the flume.

"Here lies my wife Sal-lie; let her lie,
She's at peace and so am I."

Some medical students put up a job on a Dutch saloon-keeper. They dressed up a stiff, and about 9 o'clock in the evening got him into the saloon and into a chair, propped up in such shape as to carry out the idea that 'twas a case of sleepy drunk. Then the students began to fill up on the Dutchman's beer. Hans was informed from time to time that when John woke up he would pay the bill. About 11 o'clock when the fellows had filled up they one by one dropped out, and still Hans was told that John would settle the bill.

Hans waited a while, then from behind the bar mildly suggested to John that it was pretty near time to wake up. This failing to have any effect, he spoke quite plainly, suggested that John was a drunken loafer and had better pay that \$4.85 and get out. Then he went over and touched the sleeper on the shoulder, then shook him. Of course John paid no heed—or bill. Finally the Dutch got up in earnest. Hans swore. He got out a bung-starter and threatened. Then he got raving, tearing mad, and in his anger swung the bung-starter and gave him one on the head. Of course the corpse went over on the floor in a heap. At this juncture the students, who had been on the watch, rushed in, threw up their hands, and berated the Dutchman for having killed their friend John. But says Hans, "I hat to. It was in self-tefense. Te dam son-of-a-pitch trew a knife on me."

A young gent from the city while fishing along the bank of an Ohio stream found a large number of small dead fish along shore. He called to a young country boy and asked the cause. The boy said he would tell him the reason of it for a half dollar. The money being paid over the boy asked: "Do you see that big buildin' over yonder?" "Yes." "Wall, that's a female seminary, and the gals was all in swimmin' yesterday, and the fishe's tails got so stiff that they couldn't steer themselves and they drownded."

"A few moments ago I saw the strangest sight down on Madison street. A woman was walking along on the sunny side, and she never once made an effort to knock other pedestrians' eyes out with the ribs of her umbrella."

"Incredible! Never heard of such a thing. How do you account for it?"

"She had no parasol."

STUDYING THE STARS.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the pier. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked.

Far out a boat slid noiselessly along. In a nearer boat a fair tenor voice carelessly half hummed, half sang a common love song. From the hotel came now and then the twangs of the strings of the orchestra of mandolins. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wild sea bank and wave her love to come back to Carthage. On such a night as this did Jessica—but a truce to the bard!

It was the sort of a night on which a man could make love to his own wife—and those two, Edouard and Alicia, had not yet bespoken their tender vows.

"Do you know anything about the stars?" inquired Edouard in a voice like the murmur of the wind in summer trees.

"A little," answered Alicia, tenderly. "I know some of the great constellations—the great bear—the—"

"Yes," interrupted Edouard, "I know all about the big bear and I can find the north star, but right over here is a group. Do you know the name of that?" and Edouard threw his arm across Alicia's shoulder and pointed to a cluster of shining worlds in the east.

Alicia leaned toward him. "I don't know what that is," she breathed as one who did not care.

"And there is another constellation just over our heads!" Edouard passed his arm around her neck, and placing his hand under her chin so tilted it that it would be easy for her to see.

And then to Alicia's eyes the heavens became one grand carnival of constellations. Shooting stars chased each other athwart the firmament, comets played riotous games among the planets, and finally there comes a soft and radiant blurr which hid them all.

Edouard had kissed Alicia.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out any longer than 7 o'clock." "Oh, you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "A nicer mother than ever you had."

GIMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To pee—or not to pee. That is the question.
 Whether 'tis better in the flesh to suffer
 The stings and smarts of this outrageous clap,
 Or, taking physic 'gainst the damned disease
 And with a syringe and it. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To dose. And piss
 No more. And by a course of drugs to end
 The cordee and the thousand cursed pains
 Sore cocks are heir to. To drug, and pee.
 To pee—perchance to burn. Aye, there's the rub.
 When we've unrolled this cotton coil,
 For in that voiding act what twinges come
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of chronic gleet.
 For who would bear the shame and scorn of self,
 The doctor's sneer. The boon friend's badinage.
 The pangs of disappointing stands—the weakened tool—
 The insolence of whores, and all the spurns
 The undefiled of him who suffers, takes
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a glass syringe? Who would these fardels bear
 To grunt and sweat because of sickly tool.
 But that the dread of something in the dose,
 Some unknown drug whose caustic burn
 There's no escape—puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear the clap as 'tis
 Than brave the pains the syringe brings.
 Thus Gonorrhœa makes us cowards all,
 And thus the moments gritty resolution
 Is sickled o'er with weak temerity,
 And bold resolves of cleaning out the thing
 Grow weak and faint and tamely die away
 And love them in inaction. Soft, you now
 The fair Belinda. Bitch in thy wild orgies
 Be my sick cock remembered.

The wife of a Harlem man, who is very fond of singing Sankey's revival hymns, has named their baby Fort, so that he would want to hold it.

It was very ungallant in the old bachelor who was told that a certain lady had "one foot in the grave," to ask "if there wasn't room for both feet."

One of those naturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at prayer-meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud:

• "Ma, say ma—who was Dinah Moore?"

"Hu-u-sh," whispered his mother cautiously, "it's a hymn."

"No, it ain't ma," continued the hopeful, "it's a woman's name; say, who's going home to Dinah Moore?"

"Willie," said his mother in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to heaven to die no more."

"Dine no more? O, ma, don't they eat anything there?"

His mother explained as well as she could and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked in a shrill whisper:

"Ma, is God out of town?"

"No-o-o, no, no," answered the distracted woman, faintly.

"Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child.

The choir sang him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer, his gentle voice was distinctly heard.

TIMBUCTOO.

School-room during recess. Young lady teacher to boy pupil: "My boy, can you write a verse of four lines, putting in the word Timbuctoo twice and still make sense?" Boy: "Yes, miss." Lady: "Well, do so."

The boy wrote as follows:

Tim and I a hunting went

On the plains of Timbuctoo,

We found three maidens in a tent,

I bucked one and Tim bucked two.

Lady: "Well, did you get it in twice?" Boy: "No I did, not, but Tim did."

Biddy, in dusting the statuary, had accidentally broken off the stone penis of a nude figure and was engaged in a futile attempt to glue it on. Her mistress coming in an explanation followed, and the lady observed that Biddy had turned the pendant upward instead of hanging down as before. So she said: "Why, Biddy, that is not the way it goes. It should hang down." "Well, maam," says Biddy, "all as ever I see stuck up."

WHAT IS IT.

From Nature's chrysalis of procreation,
That long had been in slumbrous trituration,
And all unknown the cosmic derivation.
The weirdly supernatal divination,
Or alchemic fermenting maceration.
Perhaps an intricate amalgamation,
Whate'er it was that made the combination
We wot not; but we make this declaration
That all this strangely hidden preparation,
Was but a mighty plan of generation,
To be wrought out by means of copulation.
(This much is not an idle speculation.)
Else why these tools so fit for titillation?
This unctuous priapistic punctuation.
And why that gash—the female bifurcation,
The gestate womb to catch the percolation.
Why, too, the fierce amorous inclination,
But to replenish Nature's population.
We crave your pardon for the allegation,
Or rather for the mild insinuation.
The plan is an imperfect calculation,
Else would it brook no awkward deviation
Or ugly, gnarled and knotted malformation.
If perfect, there had been no masturbation,
Or ripped up, torn and bloody laceration.
Had each its own, there'd be no peculation;
Nor that abomination—fornication.
No cause for salutary exhortation;
No placing under secret obligation;
No ground for bloody castigation;
Or fierce revengeful close emasculation.
No phrases for expressing objurgation;
Or weakly cringing terms of palliation.
Had we the power to change the situation,
We'd give each sex an equal delegation,
And unto each its rightful assignation.
We'd fill the universe with cachination;
Warm up the fire of love with bibulation,
And make an end of cranky peroration.

The following over a baby aged 3 months:
"Since I am so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

John went to see Katie, and three times she refused to marry him because he smoked. He stopped smoking and they were married. The first night he did nothing nor the second. Katie's mother explained to her that it was because he had not smoked. She would just have to wait patiently until the tobacco habit was overcome when John would be all right. Katie waited over another night and still no move from John. The next day she bought him a cigar and he had a smoke. The day after she bought two, and the next a whole box.

The following genuine epitaph is from an old grave yard in Scotland:

Here lies the body of Alexander Macpherson,
Who was a most extraordinary person,
He was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew—
At the battle of Waterloo:
He was shot by a bullet,
Plumb through his gullet:
It went in at his throat
And came out at the back of his coat.

SERMON OF AN OREGON PREACHER.

BRETHREN AND SISTERS—I am an aged tree, withered in the branch and hollow at the butt. The storms of sixty winters have whistled through my boughs and stripped them of their foliage. The scorching heats of sixty summers have peeled the bark and dried the sap, but thank the Lord my old root still stands.

She was a pretty salesgirl:
 He asked for a kiss,
For he was the accepted
 Of the fair and blushing miss.
She gave him one, and as she drew
 Her rosy lips away,
“Is there,” she asked in trembling tones,
 “Anything else to-day?”

A RARE DISCOVERY.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."
Beneath this stone Tom Crossfield lies,
Who cares not now, who laughs or cries;
He laughed when sober, and when mellow
He was a harum-scarum fellow.
He gave to none designed offense,
So, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

A little boy on being told by his mother that too much ice cream would make him sick, replied, as he extended an arm, "Guess it won't hurt me, 'cause I've been waxinated."

"No," said a prominent member of a Vermont parish, "Jackson will never do for deacon. He hasn't got the qualifications. Why, durn it, I've cheated him on a horse trade myself."

A Rhode Island clergyman was given permission to sing "The Sweet By-and-By" in an insane asylum. Many patients were moved. So was the clergyman. A lunatic moved him clear down stairs.

A meditative man was roaming through an anatomical museum, and came across the skeleton of a donkey. "Ah," he said in reverential awe, "we are, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully made."

"That Husband of Mine" was lying upon the lap of a young married woman on the train the other day when a base-ball dude and would-be masher leaned over the seat, read the title of the book, and then looking around in monkey pantomime simpered out: "Ah, where is 'ie?" "Minding his own business, I hope," was the crushing reply.

A green printer, in setting some copy, ran across the sentence: "— didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off in clipping it from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word. "What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it. "Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'sde' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?"

There are people in the world who stop so long haggling over notions that they let the opportunity to get a good thing pass.

A buxom young hare of the gentler sex meeting a robust young buck of her own persuasion a mutual attachment soon became manifest. She endeavored to lead him away from the open ground to a safe retreat where their love could be consummated in secret and according to her own special notion. The young buck plead the urgency of nature's demands, but she would not have it. Good time was wasted by long and nonsensical arguments on her part, and while he reluctantly consented to delay their progress was slow, so slow that nature got the best of her, and ere they were out of the field she was trembling with passion and anxious for a matrimonial contest on the spot.

Upon seeing the victory at hand the young buck squared himself and dropping his ears upon his back said: "Bunny, my dear, I do this day take thee unto myself to be my lawful wedded wife to have and to hold until death do us part. And now, if you will kindly move your tail to the south—" At this point his quick ear caught the thump thump of a running dog. "Madam," said he, "this is no time for splitting hares," and he skipped for parts unknown.

A certain doctor had an Irishman in his employ, who at times was left in the office to take orders. One day the Irishman made up his mind to personate the doctor and pocket the fee. The next caller was a young lady. Pat, on the question being put, said that he was the doctor, and calling for advance payment, pocketed five dollars. The young lady explained that she had not had her month for some time and feared that she was in a bad fix. Pat asked about her sleep and her appetite; her bowels and her pulse, etc., and then inquired how much water she usually made in a day. On being told the quantity (about a quart) he said: "Well, ma'am, me advice is this: You go home, and don't ye make wather for a week, an' ye'll drown out the son-o-a-bitch."

"Wife," said a man looking for his razor-case, "I have places where I keep my things and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours."

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Here's that collector of bills again.

A small boy was asked to name some part of his own body. He thought a moment and then replied: "Bowels; which are five in number—a, e, i, o and u, and sometimes w and y."

A Massachusett's politician's opinion of the intermarriage of whites and negroes was that he didn't believe in it. Said he, "I think that every one ought to marry some one of his own sex."

A lady who had quarreled with her baldheaded lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

An absent-minded professor was sitting at his desk writing one evening when one of his children entered. "What do you want? I can't be disturbed now," "I only want to say good-night." "Never mind now, tomorrow morning will do as well."

When you take a girl to a picnic, and you wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims, "O George! there is an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother—go for the ant.

The old query, "Why is a dog's nose always cold?" is thus answered by a party who purports to be a poet:

There sprung a leak in Noah's Ark
Which made the dog begin to bark;
Noah took his nose to stop the hole
And hence his nose is always cold.

A well-fed hog roused up in his sty
And dropped a regretful tear—
"The beautiful snow has come," he said,
"And slaying will soon be here."

A NOVELETTE.

"Do you love me Dolphus?"

The soft rays of the evening sun were lining the rocking treetops with a halo of golden splendor; the zephyrs of the night were kissing into somnolence the flowers that by day had smiled in the meadows; the doves nestled their heads under their downy wings little wotting that the halcyon days of pot-pies would soon appear, and the old man has the bulldog out in the barn putting a wire edge on his teeth. Such is the chromo of the opening chapter.

Estella Openface was not handsome, but her manner had that blithe naivette about it peculiar to boarding-house gravy. As she stood there underneath the lindens dressed in a finnasy costume of fly on-the-butter silk, her lily white hand toying with Dolphus Stemwinder's pego, one must needs look twice to see where he left off, and she began—the union had begun.

"Do you love me?" the girl asked again, choking back a sob that was swelling up from the last glass of soda water.

Adolphus did not speak for some time. He was agitated and his mind wandered back and forth between the question and the more enticing business below. He tried to frame a reply, but could not find a phrase to suit him. At length his answer came in slow, dactylic cadence suited to the swaying of their forms.

"How can you ask me, darling? My whole life as you know is a bright tin pan which reflects your every humor. My weary existence depends on eating liberally, sleeping prodigally, and seeing you between meals. Without you what am I?"

The girl gave it up.

"Yes, darling," continued Dolphus. "If we can only put up a job on the old man we will speed away to parts unknown. Once in the open country—"

At this point the dog's chain broke. With a yell Dolphus pulled out and sped away.

Let us draw a veil over the picture.

A country Jake, being guyed by some city girls at a picnic, one of the young ladies says to him: "Why, you must be cracked" "Yes," says Hayseed, "and I've got a sister that's cracked, but the doctor says its so near her ass that it don't hurt her any."

He came home with a serious face. She, who was all love and smiles, saw in an instant that something was the matter. He turned his face away when she attempted to plant the warm kiss of greeting on his lips. Her soul sank within her. It was the first time that he had repulsed her. "George," she said, eagerly, "tell me what it is. Has your love grown cold? Treat me frankly. It is better to know the truth than to be kept in suspense." He kept his head averted a minute. His lip trembled. Then he said: "Oh, heavens! Florence, how can you wear that mask of deceit when I know all?" "All!" she repeated, as her face grew white. "All what?" "Spare me the sad recital," he continued. "There are some things that are better left unsaid." "I will not spare you. I insist upon knowing what it is you mean. Tell me, and at once. Some perfidious villain has abused your mind." "Alas, no!" he said. "I was an eye-witness of it all. Do not add deceit to your other crimes. I was there and saw it." "Saw what?" she cried. "What have you seen? Are you mad?" "Calm yourself, madam. I saw you—you, the wife of my bosom—when you did not think my eye was on you. You were on Broadway, mingling with the giddy throng. He was hurrying on. You beckoned to him. You made telegraphic signs until you attracted his attention." "Merciful powers!" she gasped. "You see I know all," he continued. "You did this on the public street. At first he would have gone on and disregarded you, but you were importunate. You caught his eye and beckoned. He smiled and you went down the thoroughfare together." "'Tis false, as false as —." "Madam, it is too true; I tell you I saw it. Let us have no nonsense about it." Then she sank upon the sofa. Again he turned his manly head to hide his emotion. The diamond tears began to come through his fingers. Helplessness, indignation and shame were struggling together in her soul. Suddenly she looked up. "Perhaps, sir, you will tell me who he is." "Certainly," replied the brute. "He was the driver of a Madison avenue omnibus." Then he went suddenly out of the door as if fearful that one of the statues would fly after him. And she dried her tears and said somebody was a fool. She was right, only she got the person wrong.

A Chicago's girl's shoes never belong to her. But they seem to be long to Boston folks.

Beneath this rugged stone doth lie
The rarest scold that e'er did die;
Her softest words to dearest friend
Would make one's hair stand straight on end.

You'd think storms rising when she sung—
Thunder was music to her tongue;
When real storms in her did arise,
Lightning was twilight to her eyes.

Where she has gone, don't seek to know,
Yet, I can't doubt it, she's gone below,
If she's above—Lord, hear my prayer,
And send me anywhere but there.

After a lingering illness, which gave time for talking over matters, Bridget had died. Pat was inconsolable. The body was laid out in style. The friends and neighbors all turned out to the wake. About three o'clock in the morning, everybody being pretty full, sleep closed even the watchers eyes and none were left to guard the body. Rats took advantage of the silence and the night and bit off the nose, ears and lips of the corpse. In the morning Pat came in, gave one look at Bridget, and then exclaimed, "Oh, wirra-wirra, look at her now. Shure Oi tould her Oi'd send her up to hiven in illegant stoyle, wid beautiful flowers and everything, and she lukin' loike an angel, and now, bad cess to her, she's not luckin' fit to go to hell, even."

Addie was about three years old, and could not talk plainly, but he had eyes that saw all that was going on. There were two young ladies in the family, one a sister and the other a sort of sewing girl and quasi companion. In the necessary care of the youngster (dressing and undressing) the girls had at times referred to the little fellow's water-works as his rig-a-ma-gig. Cousin Selah, a young man, came on a visit and slept in the same chamber with Addie. One morning, after having taken observations, the little fellow somewhat abashed the family by remarking to his sister: "Nell, Selah dot drate big igmadiig—not like I."

A truthful but apparently absurd proposition is called a paradox, and so are two physicians. See it?

FROM RABELLAIS.

When Voland saw her spouse equipped for fight,
And save the cod-piece all in armour bright,
My dear, she cried, why, pray of all the rest
Is that exposed you know I love the best.
Was she to blame for an illmanaged fear
Or rather pious conscientable care.
Wise lady she! In a hurly burly fight
Can any tell where random blows may light.

She lay stark naked on the bed,
So fair and round and chubby,
And I beside her naked lay,
While each hand held a bubbly.

I kissed her lips a thousand times,
And 'neath the chin did chuck her,
And then our legs got interwined,
And I began to fuck her.

"Pull out," she cried, "don't spend inside,
Or I'll get into trouble."
I did, and on her snowy breast
The stream did squirt and bubble

I gazed into her frightened eyes,
And into laughter burst, and said:
"I guess, my dear, that's the youngest child
That you have ever nursed."

She scooped it up with one fair hand,
And langhed a soft "ha, ha,"
Then threw it in my face and cried:
"Go, child, and kiss your pa."

There was a rash man in Toledo
Who swallowed one day a torpedo.
He fell off a cart
And the folks heard him f---t
Just a mile and a-half from Toledo.

Why is a trick of legerdermain like declining an offer of
marriage?
Because it is a sl(e)ight-of-hand.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even you would admire—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a queue!
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken,
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand.
If you saw poor mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand.
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, while sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The "finest soiree of the year,"
In the mists of a *gauze de chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
And the dance that we had n "The Fork."

Of Harrison's barn, with the muster
 Of flags festooned over the wall;
 Of the candles that shed their soft luster
 And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
 Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
 Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
 And how I once went down the middle
 With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
 On the hill, when the time came to go;
 Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
 From under their bedclothes of snow;
 Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
 Of—that something you said at the gate,
 Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
 To "the best paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
 To think as I stood in the glare
 Of fashion, and beauty, and money,
 That I should be thinking, right there,
 Of someone who breasted high water,
 And swam the North Fork, and all that,
 Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
 The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But, goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
 (Mamma says my taste still is low),
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
 And I'm to be "finished by travel"
 Whatever's the meaning of that—
 Oh, why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat.

Good-night—here's the end of my paper;
 Good-night—if the longitude please—
 For maybe, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches—
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

THE REHEARSAL

I sit here thinking, Will, of you,
 Of merry days gone by—
The old church, where oft we sang
 Together, you and I,
But thoughts of one rehearsal night
 Will constantly arise,
 Till "I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies."

I'm thinking of the rainy night—
 The rest had hurried home—
And we, in Deacon Foster's pew,
 Were sitting all alone,
You were a "seeker" then, dear Will,
 But not of "things above"—
 "The length, the depth, the breadth, the heighth
 Of everlasting love."

And I was on the "anxious" seat,
 Uncertain how to move,
Within thine arms of love embraced,
 Thy constancy to prove!
And oh! the promises you made—
 You were my own dear Will—
 "What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 How sweet their memory still."

Oh! what sweet words of love you spoke,
 And kissed away the tear;
And how I trembled at the thought
 Lest someone should appear;
But when you turned the lights all out,
 To guard against surprise,
 "I bade farewell to every fear,
 And wiped my weeping eyes."

I thought, could I these doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 "And see the caanan that we love
 With unclouded eyes!"—
And as you climbed the pulpit stairs,
 And viewed the landscape o'er,
 "Not Jordan's stream, not death's cold flood
 Could fright us from the floor."

And when you fixed the cushions up,

 And I reclined at ease,

The pulpit pillow 'neath my head,

 And you on bended knees;

With your warm kisses on my lips,

 How could I stay your hand?

"The veil was lifted, and by faith,

You viewed the promised land."

And oh! what rapturous feelings

 Thrilled every nerve, and when

I cried, "Oh! Lord my heart is touched,"

 You shouted out "Amen."

My very soul was all ablaze,

 I thought that I could see

The land of rest, the saints delight

 The heaven prepared for me."

I thought "a charge to keep I have"

 With mingled fear and shame.

How anxiously I watched, dear Will,

 Till I came 'round again!

In my distress I vainly strove

 To check the welling tears

"The precious blood poured freely forth

 And conquered all my fears."

But that was many years ago,

 And I've no doubt that you

Remember still the rainy night

 In Deacon Foster's pew!

But oh! my first "experience"

 Will ne'er forgotten be,

"While down the stream of life we glide

 To our eternity."

I'm married now, the gudeman thinks

 In me he has a prize;

Ah, me! "where ignorance is bliss,

 'Tis folly to be wise."

Of you, dear Will, he nothing knows

 And so my heart's at rest,

"And not a wave of trouble rolls

 Across my peaceful breast."

CIGAR ADV.—THE WIDOW.

In laying before you The Widow, we wish to call your attention to her many strong points. She is free from nicotine, hand made and does not bite the tongue. She was never in a tenement house. On the contrary, she has always been strictly private. Her wrapper is of the best Puritan stock, while her filler is all of foreign culture. Her tuck is open just enough to ensure success. Epicures pronounce her the most emotional they have ever tried. She has developed under the direct supervision of the senior member of the firm, assisted by our most experienced salesmen. Customers must not expect six for a quarter. She is too rich for that, but must come down with the regular five cents every time. Some country customers have thought her too soft—that she would not bear squeezing, that she was not well filled; but we know by actual experience that she does not back filter, as we have tried more cramming at the store, but found that it only spoiled her draft. If she seems too soft and juicy it is because she is too fresh, and all you have to do is to hold her a few days. Keep baldheaded customers and dudes away from her and she will come around all right. If she don't respond satisfactorily it is because you ain't onto her right. City trade likes 'em juicy. We can lay her down to customers at five cents straight.

Why is the bird hammering for worms on an old dry tree
like a boy making water?

He does it with his little pecker!

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

A Sunday-school class of bright, innocent boys,
Whose teacher the most winning method employs,
Were told to repeat some trite scriptural verse
While adding their mites to the Sunday-school purse.
The first as he on the new feature embarked,

"The Lord loves a cheerful giver," remarked.

"Who gives to the poor," was the thought which occurred
To the next in his turn, "but lends to the Lord?"
And so went the box until it was passed

To a bright little boy, the smallest and last;

While giving his penny this fact he imparted:

"A fool and his money," said he, "are soon parted."

At an elegant tea in Washington were present Representative B., whose wife was a very pronounced brunette. The hostess, also a brunette, asked the usual question as to Mr. B.'s preference in chicken. With a peculiar smile and a wink at his wife, he replied: "I prefer the dark meat always."

Some years ago, so the story goes,
Two worthy Christians, at least supposed,
Were conversing in a solemn way of things
That happened in their day.
They spoke of earth, of heaven and hell,
Of Christ and God and the devil as well,
And believed all sinners, without a doubt,
Would sooner or later be found out.

"We are all of us sinners," the Deacon said,
"And every night when I lay my head
Upon my pillow I breathe a prayer
That from all temptations I may beware;
For I've been a great sinner in my day,
And it's natural for me to turn that way;
And to some temptations I always give in,
And one of them is sexual sin."

"In that way I am troubled, too, I fear,"
And down his cheek rolled a solemn tear;
For he wasn't a bad man, this Parson Brown,
So said the ladies for miles around.
They consoled each other as best they could,
Of course good Christians always would;
But being started it was hard to break
The spell such subjects will awake,
So they spoke of connections they had had
With maid and matron, good and bad
Said the Parson, "unless I am much mistaken
I have beaten you in the congregation."

"The devil you have," was the Deacon's reply:
"Say! let's fix a plan betwixt you and I
By which we can tell, without a doubt,
Who has had the most of the new-found-out.
A plan I have and don't think it will fail,
Next Sunday, behind the chancel rail,
We'll seat ourselves in a pious way
As we always do on that holy day,
And when a lady comes in that we have bunked

We'll each of us use the word 'Cadunk!'"
"To that," said the Parson, "I agree,
But we must be careful and not let folks see
We are there for a purpose, and be sure to be time
And in our places when the first bell chimes."

The following Sabbath dawned bright and clear
And the hour of service was drawing near.
As the people assembled with one accord
In their village church to worship the Lord.
First one "cadunked" and then the other,
And then they both cadunked together.
It looked as though 'twould be a draw game
And if it was, why who was to blame?
Just then the Deacon's wife came in,
A matron of forty, plump and trim,
And as down by her pew she gently sunk
The Deacon heard the Parson cadunk.
"Hold on, Parson, that was my wife,
And on her honor I'd stake my life,
Surely her honor you would not stain."
But the Parson looked up and cadunked again,
The Deacon was silent, for he was riled,
For who could blame him for being wild,
But the people kept coming more and more
And they went on cadunking the same as before.
Just then the Parson's wife appears,
With a daughter of scarcely eighteen years,
And the Deacon smiles as they pass him by
And says "cadunk" with a twinkle in his eye.
"Hold on, Deacon! my wife and child,
Surely you have not them beguiled,
It cannot be that both you have bunked,
But the Deacon's reply was 'cadunk, cadunk.'
The Parson wore a solemn look
As he turned the leaves of the holy book,
And the congregation thought he was drunk,
For when the Deacon amended the Parson cadunked.

What makes the ocean get angry?
Because it is crossed so often.

When has a lady going to Europe most reason to feel flat?
When she is aboard.

AN IDYL.

I saw her first on a day in spring,
By the side of a stream as I fished along.
And loitered to hear the robin sing,
And guessed at the secret they told in song.

The apple-blossoms, so white and red,
Were mirrored beneath in the streamlet's flow;
And the sky was blue far overhead,
And far in the depths of the brook below.

I lay half hid by a mossy stone
And looked in the water for flower and sky.
I heard a step—I was not alone;
And the vision of loveliness met my eye.

I saw her come to the other side,
And the apple-blossoms were not more fair;
She stooped to gaze in the sun-lit tide,
And her eyes met mine in the water there.

She stopped in timid and mute surprise,
And that look might have lasted till now I ween;
But modestly dropping her dove-like eyes,
She turned away to the meadow green.

I stood in wonder and rapture lost
At her slender form and her step so free,
At her raven locks by the breezes tossed,
As she kicked up her heels in the air for glee.

The apple-blossoms are withered now,
But the sky and the meadow and stream are there;
And whenever I wander that way I vow
That some day I'll buy that little black mare.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

Married—At Potsdam, N. Y., by the Rev. Judson P. Keep, John Henry Bottomfelt to Miss Sarah Ann Green, all of the above-named place. No cards.

Although no cards on this event,
How pleasant marriage seems,
For Sairy gets her Bottomfelt,
John Henry gets his Greens.

Hard poetry, but soft moral.

PASSIONATE MYTHOLOGY.

I will tell you a tale of a wondrous convention—
"Twas called by the Gods, in the long, long ago,
But the cause of the call I am sure I can't mention,
I was not of the party and hence I don't know.

In the soft, hazy twilight the members were seated
In elegant drawing-room high in the sky
With nectar ambrosial their bosoms were heated
And Venus sat smiling on Jupiter's thigh.

Now Jupiter—God of the lightning and thunder—
Of Cupid's bold pranks was the sport and the brunt,
'Neath the clothes of sweet Venus he thrust his hand under
And to her astonishment tickled her cunt.

This conduct the she-gods outspokenly blamed,
And said that such actions they never could stand.
Poor Venus—she blushed, hung her head, looked ashamed,
And to his astonishment spent in his hand.

Gay Mercury now felt a strong inclination,
And pulled up some half-dozen Goddesses frocks,
But each one declined his polite invitation
For fear that he'd give 'em the clap or the pox.

Esculapius said he'd examine his dodger,
But swore that he never would do it on tick.
And Mercury being a dollarless codger
The physician refused to examine his prick.

Now Neptune—the God of the rivers and ditches,
Felt the fire of Cupid distilled through his bones,
So without more ado he unbuttoned his breeches
And just commenced picking the crabs off his stones.

Mars went up to Juno and swore upon honor
He'd make it all right and she'd nothing to fear.
He settled the question by mounting upon her
And into her thrust the whole length of his spear.

Poor Juno, alarmed at his heated condition,
Now gently endeavored his lust to control,
But burning with passion he tore the partition
That parted her quiff from her dirty arse-hole.

Apollo his lyre now ceased to be playing,
And into a nook pretty Hebe he led.
The God was too hot to waste time in delaying
And quickly the damsel was placed on the bed.

In the midst of this strange mythological crisis
Adonis—a regular dandified buck—
Tripped up on the floor the sweet creature called Isis
And gave her a most systematical fuck.

Old Vulcan—the blacksmith—came in with a swagger,
And swore in the rodgering he'd take a part.
He instantly pulled out his old tallawagger
And then let a most diabolical fart.

This disgusted the party, and Castor and Pollox—
Minions of Jupiter, handsome and rich—
Grabbed hold of the cuss by the neck and the ballachs
And chucked out the nasty old son of a bitch.

Old Saturn, fierce Jupiter's sire, inspected
The charms that were hidden 'neath Niobe's frock,
But the impudent nymph took a shit unexpected
And wiped off her arse on his limber old cock.

Minerva came in filled with love and desire,
And her month being over she took off the rag,
Then impelled by the pressure of Cupid's bright fire
She went up to Bacchus and asked for a shag.

To him then she offered her matronly treasure,
And in his breeches she thrust her fair hand,
But the goddess of wisdom was grieved beyond measure
To find him so drunk his prick wouldn't stand.

Then Somnus and Morpheus—guardians of sleep—
O'er the passionate group threw a somnolent cloak,
And sadly and silently sat down to weep,
For no holes had been left where their peckers could soak.

This over-true tale of the Mythical Gods
Shows them up as a lustful lascivious set
They gave up all else for the sake of their cods,
And for all that we know they are going it yet.

LAST LOVE.

The first flower of the spring is not so fair
Or bright as one the ripe midsummer brings.
The first faint note the forest warbler sings
Is not so rich with feeling, or so rare,
As when, full master of his art, the air
Drowns in the liquid sea of song he flings
Like silver spray from beak and breast and wings.
The artist's earliest effort, wrought with care,
The bard's first ballad, written in his tears,
Set by his later toil seems poor and tame,
And into nothing dwindles at the test.
So with the passions of maturer years;
Let those who will demand the first fond flame,
Give me the heart's last love—for that is best.

Correct, old gal, you've struck it fair and square,
And when we're hunting one of "them aire things"
That thrill our nerves all into little strings,
And curl our toes, with feeling, oh so rare,
So that we sigh and pant and gasp for air.
Drowned in the sensuous sea where passion flings
Her silver spray all up our legs and things.
Not then would you or I for novice care,
No victory for us through squeamish tears.
We crave the ripe, maturer game
That has been often tried and stood the test.
Still on the up-hill side of life in years,
But up to snuff to get there just the same.
That dear old girl, we call "the best."

HIS HAT.

A boy threw his hat on the floor,
And was told he must do so no more;

But he did it again,

And his fond mother then
Used her slipper until he was sore.

The boy then looked up askance,
And his mother cast down a mad glance;

"Do you know now," said she,

"Where your hat ought to be?"

"Yes," he answered, "inside of my pants."

CULTIVATING HIS CHEEK.

A young man with a breath like a glue factory, and a nose like an auction flag, stepped up to the Michigan Central ticket office, and roughly elbowed a would-be purchaser of a pasteboard pass to Kalamazoo.

"Well, hold on, don't shove that way!" expostulated the traveler. "I've got as much right here as you have."

"O, you go to Jerico, you wall eyed snuff-dipper," replied the aggressive youth.

"Why! What in—well I'm danged if you ain't the freshest bloke that ever crawled out of a corn crib. Do you blow off at sixty pounds, or run your guage up to one hundred and forty?"

"I'll blow off enough for you, you variegated sneak-thief. I'm on the—"

Then the man *en route* for Kalamazoo suddenly took his fist out of the place where the young man's teeth had formerly been located, kicked in a couple of his ribs, and was just preparing to add a few more architectural ornaments to his head piece, when an officious policeman collared him and got him to walk up to the other end of the platform.

"I was told," explained the young man, when seated in the drug store, "that I hadn't got cheek enough to get along in a big city, and was rather too retiring and bashful like. So I kinder tried to cultivate it and give it a little exercise. That's what caused most of the trouble."

"It was a nimble editor
Whom from St. Louis came,
And thought himself a creditor
Of heaven, and so his name
Bold in the gateman's hand he thrust,
Who bade him get right in—
But bled him eke with something just
Suggestive of a grin.

"Awhile the elevator stood,
'Til vexed at the delay,
This editor in anxious mood
Crisped forth: 'Old fellow, say,
When's this 'ere chariot goin' up?'
St. Peter with a frown
Replied: 'Tis not above you'll sup—
This 'ere is goin' down!'"

TIT-WILLOW.

On the edge of a piss-pot a maiden once sat,

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,"

And she sighed and she cried for a little "old hat,"

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

As she sat there and piddled this doleful refrain,

She seemed to add sorrowful tune to the strain,

As she sobbed and she moaned like a spirit in pain,

"Tit-willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

As she gazed down below where her little "twat" lay,

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,"

These words she spoke in her tenderest way,

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

I wish some bold lover would end my suspense,

Would I were possessed of a penis immense,

I would soon be transported from here to the whence,

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow."

As she sat there alone in her maidenly grief,

Singing "willow, tit-willow, tit-willow,"

A strapping young man came to her relief,

With a pillow, a pillow, a pillow.

And placing it under her amorous head,

He knocked the spots out of her sweet maidenhead,

And charmed her until her sorrows all fled,

On the pillow, the pillow, the pillow.

On a young lady's breast grew a very large tit,

Big as hello, O hello, O hello,

It was rather too large for so young a tit-bit,

And mellow, so mellow, so mellow.

What makes it so large and so juicy? I cried,

Whose worm have you had in your little inside?

With a tear in her eye and a sob, she replied:

"My fellow, my fellow, my fellow."

A stuttering Hoosier, in town for a day,

Was sauntering through Little Hell,

When a head was stuck out of a window to say,

Come and toy with sweet Venus a spell.

Oh, nun-nun-nun-no-no more gods for this boy,

Yu-you-ca-ca-can't fool me again.

I've tut-toyed with her once and ha-had a long toy

Wi-with mercury ever since then.

THE NUGGET.

Some prospectors having heard that Marsden had taken out a twelve pound lump, called at his shanty to see the lump or nugget, and possibly make a bargain.

They reached the house, but Mrs. Marsden only was at home, when the following dialogue ensued.

"We were told that your husband took out a twelve pound lump."

"You were correctly informed."

"Is he working the claim alone?"

"Yes, save what help he gets from me."

"Ah! then the spot is near here?"

"It is quite near."

"Can we see it?"

"Oh, no; I couldn't think of showing it to you."

"Then it is a secret place, Madam?"

"Quite private, I assure you."

"How long has he been digging in it?"

"Almost a year."

"Had any one been digging there before?"

"No, indeed."

"Do you think he would sell a part of the claim?"

"I am quite sure he would not."

"Nor work it on shares, Madam?"

"No, sir."

"Has he the lump still?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can we see it?"

"Certainly; here it is," and she uncovered the baby in its crib.

"Sold, by thunder!"

WRITE TO ME.

Tell her to write to me.

Tell her, I pray,

Tell her I love her,

If you see K.

Your message to K.

Is delivered, said she.

I will call round tomorrow

To see you and T.

DEFINING AN ANTHEM.

It is possible to enjoy that which we can not define. A sailor who had been to a church service, where he heard some fine music, was afterward descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure.

A listening shipmate finally asked, "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?"

"What!" exclaimed Bill. "Do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?"

"Not me."

"Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But if I was to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'and, 'andspike,' and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethat'andspike, spike. Ahmen!' why, that would be a hanthem!"

THE BURGLAR AND THE EDITOR.

A burglar climbed into an editor's room—

 Needy and poor was he—
And he saw in the dim, uncertain gloom,
With legs as long as the stem of a broom,
A pair of trousers—"I'll just freeze to 'em,"

 He chuckled with fiendish glee.

He lifted them up from the back of a chair;

 Lightly they hung on his arm;
They were the editor's only pair,
Thinner than gossamer everywhere,
Oh, but the knees were worn and bare,—
 Good clothes—when the weather is warm.

All over the room he searched in vain;

 There was no more to find;
There was no sign of sordid gain,
No passing drops from a golden rain,—
Only the wealth of the sleeper's brain,
 The peace of the editor's mind.

He turned his back on that happy home,

 Thoughtfully letting those pants,
Out of the window he cautiously clomed;

He emptied the pockets—a broken comb,
A stub of a pencil, a manuscript poem.
Answered his searching glance.

He started; the tears flashed into his eyes;
He leaned up against the fence,
A look of pitying, mute surprise
Softened his face, he stifled his cries:
He looked at his swag and measured its size:
Value—about nine cents.

Into his pockets—his own—he went,
And he dragged out a ten-dollar bill;
And he hastily crammed it, every cent,
Into the editor's pocket, and bent
The trousers into a wad and sent
Them over the window-sill.

Then on to a wealthier house he sped.—
" 'Twas charity well bestowed,"
He said to himself; and when night had fled,
And the editor rose from his virtuous bed,
And found the money, he whistled and said:
" Well, I am essentially blowed!"

BECAUSE.

A boy asked his father one evening
About the great writer "Boz,"
"Now why in the world do you want to know?"
Said the boy to his father, "Because."

"Now, why," said the boy, "do bad men steal,
And are always breaking the laws?"
The man looked at his boy and said:
"Because, my boy, because."

If you want to get out of something,
And have to stop and pause,
There is one little word that will fill in the blank,
And that little word is "because."

Which runs the fastest, heat or cold?
Heat; because you can catch cold.

BEECHER'S DREAM.

Henry Ward Beecher once had a dream which probably caused him to again revise his opinions in regard to hell. One night deep and profound sleep had overcome the great Brooklyn clergyman, and he dreamed his last days had come. At last the moment came when the spirit stood outside the tenement of clay. There came up to him a very gentlemanly man, and said: "Mr. Beecher, I have been commissioned by his majesty to conduct you into the kingdom and the royal city, where a palace has already been prepared for you."

"Who are you?" said Beecher.

"I am Dives, of whom you have doubtless heard."

"But," said Beecher, "where are you going to take me?"

"To hell, of course."

"I had come to believe there was no hell, and so preached. It was a terrible mistake," said Beecher, somewhat frightened.

"Come," said his companion, as a magnificent carriage, drawn by four of the most splendid horses Brother Beecher had ever seen, was halted near to them, "this is to take us to the depot at the border of the kingdom. We will then proceed to the imperial city by rail. A special coach has been provided for you."

They got in, and if the outside of the carriage was attractive, the inside surpassed anything on earth for luxurious appointments.

The horses pranced over a road paved with ivory. The sky was clear, and the air was balmy. The ride was exhilarating, and Brother Beecher said:

"Well, friend Dives, you are surely deceiving me, this can't be hell."

"O, yes, this is hell."

"Well, if it's hell, it's good enough for me. It's ahead of earth."

After a few hours' drive over a road along which the scenery was of the most enchanting beauty, they arrived at a railway station constructed of the purest white marble, and which was a model of architectural beauty. At the rear of it was a lovely grove of tropical trees. There was sweet music in the air, and millions of birds of the most brilliant plumage were warbling their notes in the branches of the trees.

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Dives took Beecher out into the grove, and a repast such as only kings can sit down to, was spread upon a table before him. The ride had whetted his appetite and he ate heartily. After the repast the rarest of wines were set out before the Brooklyn preacher, and he drank freely.

"That wine," said Dives, "was of the vintage of the year after the flood, and was manufactured by old Father Noah."

"I don't blame the old fellow for getting a little set up on such wine as that. If this is hell, it's good enough for me," said Beecher.

The train was soon ready to start. Beecher was lifted upon a litter by four slaves and carried to a special coach provided for him. The train moved out through a country that was of unsurpassed loveliness. The mountains and hills were covered with verdure from base to summit. Lordly palaces reared their turrets, and castles their battlements above the orange and palm groves. There were no large towns, but numerous costly residences belonging to his majesty's creditors. Formerly the land was parceled out among the people, but the celestial power made war upon his majesty, and he was obliged to raise money to carry it on.

He was shown the palace set apart for him. It was more magnificent than the residence of earthly royalty. There was a cathedral close at hand for him to preach in whenever he should desire. There were troops of servants to do his bidding, gold and silver and precious stones in abundance, downy couches, ottomans and divans—everything, in short, to captivate the senses.

"Well, well," said Beecher, "if this is hell, it is certainly good enough for me."

For several days he enjoyed himself far beyond his expectations, and thought that he would rather be in hell than on earth or in heaven. On the fourth day, during a very pleasant interview with his Satanic majesty, Bro. Beecher observed that it was very singular to him that the women were not allowed to mingle in society, as he had seen none since his arrival.

"Sir," said his majesty, "women are not allowed in this kingdom. They have a kingdom by themselves. No man is allowed to go there, and no woman to come here."

"Then, sure enough, this is hell," said Beecher, and he awoke.

THE SONG OF THE NEW BLIZZARD.

I'm the southeastern blizzard, I am!

I'm a storm with a gizzard, I am!

I'm as fierce as Herr Most as I rage up the coast,
I'm a terror to tigers, I am!

Dakota's best blizzard I can

Knock out from Beersheba to Dan!

When I tear up and down and have fun with a town,
I'm a ripper and roarer, I am!

I'm a jayhawk that's crested, I am!

I'm a cyclone that's tested, I am!

I've got blood in my eye, and I make the fur fly,
I'm a lolla, a whooper, I am!

I'm a thing that won't stay back, I am!

I'm a wrecker from way back, I am!

Whoop! I've hair on my breast! I can anything best!
I'm a—whoop!—a Jim dandy, I am!

The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennessee approached a stranger as the train was about to start and said: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favor and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one of them checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am; I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra, as usual.

Old Triggs—Hello, Jones, got your feet sopping wet, haven't you? Why don't you wear rubbers, as I do? I haven't wet my feet in six months.

Jones—Well, I should think you would be ashamed to say so.

Base-ball is played by eighteen persons wearing shirts and drawers. They scatter around a field and try to catch a cannon-ball covered with raw-hide. The game is to get people to pay to come inside the fence.

A HARROWING SUSPICION.

He—And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why did you reach for the lines the very instant I ventured to put my arm around you if you had never been there before?

TWO PICTURES.

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

My Maggie, my beautiful darling,

Come into my arms, my sweet,

Let me fold you again to my bosom

So close I can hear your heart beat.

What! these little fingers been sewing?

One's been pricked by the needle, I see;

These hands shall be kept free from labor

When once they are given to me.

All mine, little pet, I will shield you

From trouble, and labor and care,

I will robe you like some fairy princess,

And jewels shall gleam in your hair,

Those slippers you gave me are perfect,

That dressing gown fits to a T—

My darling, I wonder that heaven

Should give such a treasure to me.

Eight—nine—ten—eleven! my precious,

Time flies so when I am with you,

It seems but a moment I've been here,

And now, must I say it?—Adieu!

AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh, Meg, you are heavy—I'm tired;

Go sit in the rocker, I pray;

Your weight seems a hundred and ninety,

When you plump down in that sort of way,

You had better be mending my coat sleeve—

I've spoken about it before—

And I want to finish this novel.

And look over those bills from the store.

This dressing gown acts like the d——l;
These slippers run down at the heel;
Strange, nothing can ever look decent;
I wish you could know how they feel.
What's this bill from Morgan's? Why, surely,
It's not for another new dress?
Look here! I'll be a bankrupt ere New Year,
Or your store bills will have to grow less.

Eight o'clock! Meg, sew on this button
As soon as you finish that sleeve;
Heigh-ho! I'm so dencedly sleepy,
I'll pile off to bed, I believe.

There was one married man got scared the other night. He sent out a note to his wife about 9 o'clock to say that he would not be home until late. The messenger boy when he delivered the message happened to mention that he had gone to the wrong house and had been very wrathfully treated by a man for disturbing him. The wife read the note, which was on a scrap of paper. She thought a minute.

"I'll give you four bits if you'll take this note back and tell that story without saying you came here. Don't say it was the wrong number."

The boy found the husband.

"Well, why do you bring this back?"

"They wouldn't take it, sir. A man came to the door and told me to go to the devil."

"All right. Get out."

The husband turned up quite early. He looked at his wife.

"I sent you a note, but the boy must have taken it to the wrong house."

"I suppose so," said the wife, innocently; "I haven't got it."

And that man was dying to find out whether anybody had called, but he was afraid to ask.

The Cleveland preacher took for his text: "He giveth his beloved sleep." And then he said, as he glanced around, that the way his congregation had worked itself into the affection of the Lord was amazing.

"DOT LEEDLE FUR CAP."

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS.

De next day vos Krismas, de nite it vos shtill,
De schtockins vos hung up, expecting dere fill,
Und nodings vas schittring ad all in der house
For fear dot St. Nicholas vos nix com arouse;
Der schild en vos tired and gone by der bedt,
Und mudder in nite cap, und I in bare hedd,
Vos searching aroundt in der kloset for toys;
Ve krept aroundt quiet, und not make no noise;
Now mudder's nite gown vos all up by her face,
Und her berson exposed all de vay to her vaist,
Ven, as ve abbroached de krib of our boy—
Our shweetest und youngest—our bride und out joy—
His eyes vos vide open, he beeps troo der shlatt.
Und he sees everydings vot mueder did hadt;
Und ven he did see all dem toys in her lap,
He ax her, "For who vos dot leedle fur cap?"
Und his mudder say "Sh—h!" und she laff out de harder,
Ven she tole him, "I guess I giff dot to your fadder."

One stormy night a man stopped at a hotel and asked for lodging. "House a l full," said the landlord, but one room with two beds, in one of which a lady is sleeping. If you will not disturb her, you can sleep in that room." The traveller being sleepy, consented, and was in the dark softly shown to his bed. About two o'clock in the morning there was more noise in that tavern than forty men could make with gongs. Such howling was never before heard. The landlord and his guests assembled in the dining-room, and the traveller came rushing in, half-clad, screaming that the woman in the other bed was stone dead. "I knew it," said the inhuman landlord, "but how came you to find it out?" Nothing like being able to give positive proof.

Why is a rheumatic person like a glass window?
Because he is full of pains (panes).

Why is the fourth of July like an oyster stew?
Because it's no good without crackers.

ELLA WHEELER (Or some other man)

My love! My love! I could bust your wizen
In the howling craze of me mad desire,
I could tear you asunder from deck to mizzen
And roast your soul in a raging fire.
I could yank out your heart from your jumping bosom
And drown out your life in a sea of bliss.
If I had a million lives I'd lose 'em
For a whooping whack at a fire-fringed kiss.
I could chew your ear till the flashing gristle
Collapsed like the crash of a wild cyclone.
I could shriek in glee like a railroad whistle,
And gnaw your chin to the gleaming bone.
I could swallow your breath as the toper swallows
The fiery flagon of rot gut rye.
I could wallow in love as the hot hog wallows
In pliant depths of back-yard sty.
I could snatch you bald in a holy minute
And yell like a Yahoo to hear you squeal.
I could peel your hide from your head and pin it
With fiery spike to your bulging heel.
Oh, yes, I could hug you and kiss you and kill you,
And yet my mad passion I'd never quell.
You darling, delighted old liver pill you,
I'd make you believe that you tee'ered o'er hell.

A WOMAN'S DEATH WOUND.

It left upon her tender flesh no trace.
The murderer is safe. As swift as light
The weapon fell, and in the summer night
Did scarce the silent dewy air displace.

'Twas but a word. A blow had been less base,
Like dumb beast branded by an iron white
With heat. She turned in blind and helpless flight,
But then remembered, and with piteous face,
Came back.

Since then, the world has nothing missed
In her in voice, or smile; but she—each day
She counts until her dying be complete.
One moan she makes and ever doth repeat,
Oh, lips which I had loved and kissed and kissed
Did I deserve to die this bitterest way?

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XIV. BASIUM; JOHAN, SEC.

I scorn that tiny cherry lip
Which you, Neæra, offer;
There I'll enshrine no kiss of mine,
You marble-hearted scoffer!

Think you I should be satisfied
With paltry virgin kisses,
When wretched I am like to die
For more substantial blisses?

You cru—but whither do you go!
Ah, I have vexed you, clearly;
Nay, what I spoke I meant in joke—
I swear I love you dearly.

Come, dearie, bless me with those eyes
And let me press you closer,
For I will sip that nectar lip,
Despite your pouting "No, sir!"

The doting husband wrote:

One morn while old St. Peter slept
He left the gate of heaven ajar,
When forth a little angel crept
And came down like a falling star.

When mountain peaks with light were crowned,
And days bright portals opening wide
My blushing bride awoke and found
That little angel by her side.

St. Peter replied as follows:

For eighteen hundred years and more
I have not left the gate ajar,
There has no little angel strayed
And gone down like a falling star.

Go ask that blushing bride and see
If she'll not frankly own and say
That when she found that little babe
She found it in the good old way?

Why is there not a moment that we can call our own?
Because minutes are not (h)ours

LIGHT AND SHADE.

'Twas in a cross-roads country store
That I, a wand'ring, drummer sat
Waiting till rush of trade was o'er,
And amusing myself with the granger's cat

The day was hot and the air was still,
And I felt that life was a deuced bore,
Then my nerves all at once once gave a sudden thrill
As I lifted my eyes to the wide front door.

She was innocent—that I could see at a glance—
She did not know what a figure she made,
She had left off her drawers and her skirt, and by chance
She stood in the light while I sat in the shade.

She was a regular dumpling, fat and fair,
I could see how high her stockings came,
I could even make out a bunch of hair,
And imagine what lay behind the same.

She said that she wanted a rolling pin,
And I guess it was yarn—"Just a bal. or two"—
And I said to myself, Well, dam my skin,
I'd be glad of the chance to wait on you.

She got her truck and she went her way,
And for all I know she is innocent still,
And I often remember that sultry day
And suggestively fondle a \$10 bill.

A lady was walking down Woodward avenue the other day and leading her pet poodle Bessie. Suddenly the chain pulled back. Looking around the madam found that Bessie was attending a wedding ceremony of her own. Of course the lady could not stand there in the crowded business street and await the shrinkage of the bulb, so she called to a little street urchin, saying: "Here, Johnny, hold my doggie a moment while I step in this store. I'll be back right away." "Oh, no," says Johnny, "can't fool me. That's Murphy's dog. It always takes him an hour."

Why is the world like a music-box?
Because it is full of flats and sharps.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

The Devil sat by the river side;
 The stream of time, where you always find him,
 Casting his line in the surging tide,
 And landing his fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in his cosy nook,
 And was filling his basket very fast;
 While you might have seen that his deadly hook
 Was differently baited at every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as man could count,
 Little or big—'twas all the same;
 One bait was a check for a large amount,
 A Congressman nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shown,
 It sank in the water without a sound;
 A woman caught it, who long was known
 As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he'd laugh, and sometimes sing,
 For better luck no one could wish;
 And he seemed to know to a dead, sure thing
 The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine!"
 And he took a drink, somewhat enthused;
 But now a parson swam 'round the line,
 Who e'en the most tempting bait refused.

He baited with gold and flashing gems,
 He hung fame and fortune upon the line,
 And a dressing gown with embroidered hem,
 And still the Dominus made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook;
 "I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening,
 Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
 As he landed the preacher quicker'n lightning.

"What is the difference between a cow and a baby?
 One drinks water and makes milk; the other—doesn't."

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

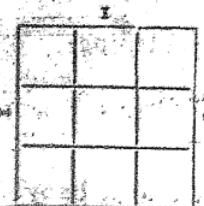
A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her. To dress her.
God bless her. To dress her.

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God help her.
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her and drink her and sleep her.
God keep her. To drink her.
And keep her. And sleep her.

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword. God spare her.
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her. To bear her.
God spare her. To bear her.

She spread like a turtle; he shrunk like a pike,
A pike, a pike. God save him.
And nobody ever beheld the like.
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him. To shave him.
God save him. To shave him.

She fattened away till she bursted one day,
Exploded, blew up. God take her.
And all of the people that saw it, say
She covered over an acre.
God take her. An acre.
God take her. An acre.



Lay sticks or matches in this form.
Remove 4 and leave 5 squares. Also
remove 8 and leave 2 squares.

First solution: Remove those
marked I.

Second solution: Remove those in
position of the one that is crossed.

THE YARN OF THE KISSING PARSON.

Twas on a cheerles, icy day,
The wind was wintry cold,
That we chanced to meet on a bleak side street,
A dominie man grown old.

His clothes were patched, his head unthatched,
And his trousers out at the knee,
And we heard this man proceed to scan,
This strange soliloquy:

"Oh! I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids,
Till the practice busted me."

And he pranced around and ripped and tore,
Like a maniac inspired,
Till we seized by the neck this pious wreck,
And timidly inquired:

"Oh! dominie man, will you explain,
These wondrous things you tell?
Expond to us how you could buss
So much and do it well!"

Then he settled down and scratched his head
In a meditative way.
Till he thought he'd quite got his story right
And then went on to say:

"I used to think when I started in
That a preacher had a call
To buss around on hallowed ground,
According to St. Paul.

"So I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids
Till the practice busted me."

"I went around from church to church
For forty years, about,
And never missed a single sister,
Till the deacon fired me out."

"Then I'd try again and get a job,
But again I'd have to hop;
A scriptural buss would make more fuss
Than a mule in a crockery shop.

"In vain I preached the apostle's creed,
And showed how wise was he,
But the holy salute always fetched a boot,
And I got the grand G. B.

"But it is the sisters' singular view
That my understanding melts,
They didn't mind till the undersigned
Got kissing some one else.

"Then they'd squawk and shiver, and raise a row,
And howl and carry on,
Though I'd kissed them all, big, medium and small,
From Genesis to John.

"So I quit the business, and I preach no more,
Nor neither sing nor pray;
But I am to be found a sitting round,
Remarking by the way:

"Oh! I bussed the widows, and I bussed the wives,
And I bussed the damsels free,
And I bussed young jades, and I bussed old maids,
Till the practice busted me!"

Reproduction is nature's mainspring. Love is the hair(y) spring.

PUZZLE.

I still 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 that this is as fine a thistle as any 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Replace figures with letters:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
a s s e v e r a t e

A gentleman in jumping off a street car the other day, fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes, a little girl ran up and said, "Mister, please do it again; mamma didn't see you that time."

EXACT COPY OF A PAPER ON FILE IN THE PEN-
SION OFFICE.

"I do her by swar before god that i was shott betwixt my legs and mi rite legg an in my bed, it went in to me rite in the middle and ripped me all to thunder, it cut of one of mi strings and dropped one of mi kasters in the bottom of the sak where hit has been ever since, and my wife says it is a dam shame, case it is sorter nocked me up on the family biz, but haint a minding that air much, hits the bustin the dam'd ball done me behind, as i hats (hates), for it kum out rite in the cheek of my as, an left a big skar, and it hurts when i set down, -that is what i want a pension for, it is. I hant no dimikrat, nor I want shot in the as like some of these pizen dimikrats bout these parts say I was, i gott that facing the rebs i did, and i was treated by a temprey hospital surgeon named tod, in temprey hospital on the bank of tenesee river in temprey camp, camp by the border of chatanooga, tenesee. Now gentlemens i want a pension, an if you dont give me one, i'll be g—d d—m if i ever vote for any of your crowd agin.

"Fraternally yours,

"til deth,

"JOHN C. CALHOUN BIGGER."

I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,

Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?

Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,

With a velvety softness about it,

Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?

Well maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,

With a wonderful plumpness about it,

Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?

Well maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,

With a womanly sweetness about it,

Will you guard it, and keep it and act the good part?

Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

ADVERTISING.

Lady—Are you the editor?

Editor—I am.

Lady—I want an advertisement in your paper, and come to ask how you will put it in?

Editor—What is the advertisement?

Lady—I am a wet nurse and want you to get me a child. What will you charge for putting it in three times?

Editor—Three dollars, madam.

Lady—What if I don't get a child from three insertions? What will it cost to have it put in again?

Editor—in that case, madam, I will keep the thing standing, and for \$5 more I will put it in as often as you like or until you do get a child.

Lady—Very well, you may put it in.

A braw Scotch dame of forty years
Was being tried for slander;
A barrister with jibes and jeers
Stirred up the woman's dander
By going o'er the evidence
And often asking whether
The court in viewing the defence
Put this and that together.

Up rose the dame—her face afame,
What is that on your nose—says she?
Athwart his nose the color came.
That's nothing but a wart says he
Well, sir, you're learned, know how to parse,
Your conscience is of leather.
Now, I've a wart upon my arse,
Put this and that together.

A knot hole he happened to see
So he stuck his dink through it to pee
Then he gave a loud yell,
Whoop! Damnation! Hell!!!
(On that side of the fence was a bee.)

What is the difference between a flag and a frig?
One is bunting, the other is cunting.

NEVER SAW THE LIKE.

CHEERING ITEMS OF NEWS FROM THE FARMING REGIONS OF SOUTHERN KANSAS.

Every one who comes to Kansas City from Kansas these days has his own particular stock of stories to tell about the wonderful crops in that state. Among the Sunflower pilgrims who landed in the city recently was Charley Barrett, the good-looking and talkative traveling passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific. He had spent four or five days in southern Kansas, and his mouth was going at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute about crops when he was flagged by a *Times* man on Main street.

"Wheat!" he exclaimed, "you never saw the like! The farmers down in southern Kansas had to rent the public roads to get room enough to stack the wheat. Wasn't room enough in the fields to hold the stacks. I saw one—"

"How is the fruit crop?"

"Fruit! You never saw the like! Apples as big as cannon balls growing in clusters as big as haystacks. I saw one apple that ——"

"Don't the trees break down?"

"Trees! You never saw the like! The farmers planted sorghum in the orchards and the stalks grew up like telegraph poles and supported the limbs. I saw one stalk of sorghum that was two feet ——"

"How is the corn crop?"

"Corn! You never saw the like! Down in the Neosho and Fall River and Arkansas bottoms the corn is as high as a house. They use step ladders to gather roasting ears."

"Aren't step ladders pretty expensive?"

"Expensive! Well, I should say so; but that isn't the worst of it. The trouble is the children climb up into the cornstalks to hunt for eagles' nests and sometimes fall out and kill themselves. Fourteen funerals in one county last week from that cause. I attended all of them. That is why I am so sad. And, mind you, the corn is not more than half grown. A man in Arkansas City has invented a machine which he calls 'The Solar Corn Harvester and Child Protector.' It is inflated with gas like a balloon and floats over the corn tops, and the occupants reach down and cut off the ears of corn with a cavalry saber, and ——"

"Do they make much cider in Kansas?"

"Cider! You never saw the like! Oceans of it! Most of the farmers in Crowley county have filled their cisterns with cider. A proposition was made a few days since to the water works company of Arkansas City to supply the town with cider through the mains, but the company was compelled to decline because they were afraid the cider would rust the pumps. They were sorry, but they said they would have to continue to furnish water, although it cost more. I saw one farmer who ——"

"How is the potato crop?"

"Potatoes! You never saw the like! A man in Sedgwick county dug a potato the other day that was so big he used the cavity it grew in for a cellar. I saw one potato that ——"

"The people must be happy over their big crops?"

"Happy! You never saw the like! I know men in the Arkansas Valley who were too poor this time last year to flag a bread wagon, and now they have pie three times a day. One fellow that ——"

But the reporter just at this point had a pressing engagement elsewhere.

AT CHEYENNE.

Young Lochinvar came in from the west
With fringe on his trousers and fur on his vest;
The width of his hat brim could nowhere be beat,
His number ten brogues were chock full of feet.
His girdle was horrent with pistols and things,
And he flourished a handful of aces on kings.

The fair Mariana sat watching a star,
When who should turn up but the young Lochinvar.
Her pulchritude gave him a pectoral glow,
And he reined up his hoss with stentorian "whoa."
Then turned on the maiden a rapturous grin,
And modestly asked if he mightn't step in.

With presence of mind that was marvelous quite,
The fair Mariana replied that he might;
So in through the portal strode young Lochinvar—
Pre-empted the claim and cleaned out the bar,
Though the justice allowed he wa'n't wholly to blame,
He taxed him ten dollars and co's, just the same.

THE NUPTIAL NIGHT.

John had just married and brought home a bride,

A graceful and buxom and beautiful miss;

And when at the altar he stood by her side,

It seemed the last drop in his cupful of bliss.

Indeed she was one of the fairest of creatures,

Her lips were like rubies, her teeth were as pearls,

The rose might have borrowed its hues from her features,

The sunlight was mocked by her bright golden curls,

With feasting and music the bright moments flew,

Till midnight approached, and the bride and her groom,
After bidding their friends and companions adieu,

Retired together, of course, to their room.

There her beautiful wreath and her gossamer veil,

On the top of the bureau she carefully laid,

Then placed her dress with her long silk train,

O'er the back of a chair by the side of the bed.

And then one by one, but I can't tell the name,

Of the various garments, embroidered and white,
Nor the feeling that over the young husband came,

As he sat and observed her disrobe for the night.

But many a brilliant illusion, I ween,

The possession of such a position dispels,

To a man that has heard, but never has seen,

That wonderful process, the peeling of belles.

So John on seeing those beautiful curls,

Those glorious masses of bright golden hair,

And the teeth he admired—they were whiter than pearls—

All laid in a box that she placed on a chair.

Meantime in that box something more caught his eye,

To show how the artist Dame Nature can mock—

A full and judiciously chosen supply

Of cosmetics and lib—rouge, enamel and chalk.

From her cheeks came her plumpers, which lest she should
• lose 'em,

She placed in her toilet box, too, with the rest,

Then swiftly detached the full, palpitant bosom

Her lover so fondly, so blindly, has pressed.

Then placed on the chair the huge cushions she wore,
When the husband was still more than ever nonplussed,
To see what he never had witnessed before,
A fair woman's bustle abreast of her bust.

Then touching a spring that was hidden somewhere,
Her lower limbs parted precisely in halves,
And she laid on the altar—I mean on the chair,
Her last sacrifice—a pair of fat calves.

Her dissection completed, she plunged under cover,
Like a lath that might into a rivulet drop,
Then tenderly asked of her motionless lover,
"My darling, how long do you intend to sit up?"

"My dear, I'm quite undecided," he said,
"What course in the case would be proper and fair,
To follow the fraction that got into bed,
Or stay up with the part that is piled in the chair."

The old man and his wife were talking over the fact of their 18-year-old daughter having been either seduced or raped, and the old man was making a prodigious kick. He thought the girl ought to have had sense enough to pull away when she found the fellow was getting into her. This roused the old woman, and she said: "See here, old man, I'm tolerably virtuous myself and I don't just like this business, but Sal is her mother's own daughter, and you can just squander your last cent that if a lusty young fellow like Jack Smith got the head of his cock into her once, she'd have the whole of it or break her back a tryin'. She's her mother's own daughter, I tell ye, and old as I am, if I got one taste of as good a thing as that I'd never let up on it while it would stand. I've played you out long ago. Now you shut up about Sal.

A gentleman looking at the children and the pictures of a painter told him he was astonished that he should make such beautiful pictures and have such ugly children. The reason, replied the painter, is because I make the pictures in the daytime and the children in the night.

Which weighs the most, man or woman?
Man—two stone more than woman.



There once was a heathen Chinee,
Who went in the back yard to pee;

He said: "How is thisee?"

My cockee no pissee!

"Iellee! God-dammeel! Cordeel!"

GETS DHERE SHUST DER SAME.

Old Aesop wrote a fable, vonce,
Aboudt a boastful hare,
Who say, "Vhen dhore vas racing,
You can alvays find me dhore."
Und how a tortoise raced mit him
Und shtopped hees leedle game,
Und say: "Eef I don'd be so shbry
I gets dhore shust der same!"

Der girl dot makes goot beeskits,
Und can vash und iron dings,
Maybe don'd been so lofely
As dot girl mit dimondt rings.
Budt vnu a wife vas wanted,
Who vas it dot's to blame,
Eef dot girl midoudt der shewels
Should get dhore shust der same?

Dot vas der cases eferywhere,
In boldics und trade,
By hersbiration off der brow
Was how boocksess was made
A man, somedime, may shdrike id rich,
Und get renown und fame,
Budt dot hersbiration feller, too,
He gets dhore shust der same!

Der man dot leafes hees beesnis
Und hangs roundt "bucket shops,"
To make den tollars oundt of von,
Vhen grain und oil shtock drops,
May go avay from dhore, somedime,
Mooch boorer as he came,
"Der mills off God grind slowly"—
Budt dhey gets dhore shust der same!

Dhen nefer mindt dhoese mushroom schaps
Dot sbhring oup in a day,
Dhoese repudiations dhey vas made
By york, und not by blay;
Shust poot your shoulder to der vheel
Eef youould vin a name—
Und eef der White House vants you—
You'll det dhore shust der same!

A MOONLIGHT TRAGEDY.

A maiden stood in the pale moon's light,
Sing hey! for the orb of night above,
Sing hey! for the lover who clasped her tight
With a warm, warm mediaeval love.

The maid was a winsome lass and fair,
Ah me! her father was rich and old,
But he saw through his glasses the youthful pair,
And he loosened his bulldog, fierce and bold.

"Sic 'em!" he murmured in accents low,
And over the lawn did the bulldog dance,
Till he sicked the lover—well, just below
Where the back of his braces held up his pants.

Sweet is friendship to the mind,
Heart and hand with it combine;
When all storms are o'er and past
May pleasant calms appear at last.
I oft have seen in ashes dead,
Lie living coals of fire hid—
With cautious care mark well my mind,
You will within a question find
And answer it without delay,
Feel what I felt the other day,
Of pain and sorrow at my heart
Your mind would really take a start.
Can you so ungrateful prove,
Unto a swain who doth you love,
Not to permit him to enjoy
Those things which grief alone destroy?

ANSWER.

To think of things that's past and gone,
Night and day doth bring it on.
You a question sent to me,
May this an answer to it be.

Which is the laziest class of people?
Tall people; because they are always longer in bed than others.

Speech is silver, silence is golden, and cheek is brass.

THAT FAMOUS TOAST.

A Yankee, an Englishman and a Russian became very intimate one evening at a convivial party, and the Englishman gave the following toast:

"The English Lion — Nations tremble when he shakes his mane."

The Russian followed with:

"The Russian Bear. — When he puts down his paw he covers three-fourths of the earth."

The Yankee thought it his turn next, and said:
"Gentlemen, I give you the great American Mastodon,
When he opens his jaw he devours whole fields of grass,
And forests tremble when he turns to scratch his ass.

When he shits, mountains rise upon the plain,

When he turns to piss, rivers run like rain.

When he lets a fart, the whirlwinds round him roll,
And when he fucks, he shakes the earth from pole to pole.'

A gentleman wanting some cundums called at a drug store, but finding none but young lady clerks was about to go elsewhere. The young lady manager stopped him and insisted so firmly on knowing what he wanted that he at last stated his wish. Turning to one of the girls, she said: "Nettie, some cundums for this gentleman." Nettie asked him to step to the rear of the store, where in an enclosed room there was a bed, when throwing herself upon it she pulled up her clothes and asked him to shove it in. He was astonished, but thought it was good enough for him, so he pulled out his dodger and shoved it in very gently. She grabbed him by the but and crammed the whole tool into her, then threw him off, and jumping up walked out in the store, and turning to another clerk said: "Cundums; size, 6½.

The editor wrote as follows: "We heartily approve of skating and coasting as a healthy pastime for ladies, but when it comes to the question of snow shoes, we ask in all seriousness, is not this stretching the thing too far?"

Which is the widest, a married woman or a maiden?
The married woman. There is oftentimes a whole yard between her legs.

HAD SUFFERED ENOUGH.

A GENTLEMAN ACCUSED OF THEFT ACQUITTED IN AN UNEXPECTED MANNER.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansaw justice on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore?" said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from here?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would; but, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM

If a newly married couple, aged 21 and 18 respectively, should make a chalkmark on the headboard for every con-nubial tussle, and keep the record for ten years, and then begin rubbing out one at a time in the same way and under the same circumstances, how long would it take them to rub out all the marks?

Why is the firing of an outhouse like flies frigging?

It is arson on a small scale.

A MIDNIGHT THRENODY.

No, sir, you must not. Let me go!
I will not kiss—no! Please, sir, no!
The window, too, ah! There's a screen;
What would I do if I were seen?
Keep your hands down! Oh! no sir, no!
What nonsense, sir, to tease me so.
I will not suffer you to see!
You're very rude—take it away;
Your finger hurts. Ah! O, dear me!
No, don't! What would the neighbors say?
If they should see you thus employed?
My habit shirt you have destroyed,
Unpin it? There! You musn't. Oh!
Don't press and pinch my bosom so.
I'll raise the servants with my cries—
No! no, I won't! What! Part my thighs?
I dare not, sir; I am a maid;
Oh! murder! Do not be afraid—
There's no one in! What did I say?
Don't love! Oh don't—You go away!
What means this finger downward pressing?
This toying, kissing and caressing?
I cannot tell, I'd like to know;
Oh, go away. No don't. Ah, no!
Take your hand down. Let that suffice.
No, don't! That's it. My God! how nice!
Put down my dress! Oh! fie, for shame.
I won't take hold of—what's its name?
Take it away! Oh, my, how thick!
No no. It won't go in the niche.
What! On the bed? Oh, no, I can't!
Open my thighs? I won't, I shan't!
You wrong me sir. You are mistaken,
I'm not so easily o'ertaken.
I will not, there! You'll soil the clothes.
Take off your shoes. Can you suppose
I'll let you? Take that thing away,
It hurts me! Oh, how nice! Oh, pray
Don't push it please, sir, any more
Or else I'll cry. Oh! lock the door!
Oh, come now! Thrust. Ah! so! so!
Make haste! you musn't, no, sir, no.
The bed's so soft; a pillow get.

There, that's so nice. Oh, sir, you're wet!
You shall not! Why not push it straight?
No, don't, its not in yet! Oh, wait!
Now, push! now stop a little, so!
Its in! I die! Oh, don't! Oh, do!
Slow, fast! quick! quicker! so, that's right.
I feel I'm swimming with delight.
Push on good boy. There, press it steady.
What! Are you withdrawing it already?

HE REMEMBERED HER.

They were so blinded by their love
That neither had a fault or flaw.
His boldness had e'ercome her modesty 'tis true,
But not until a long resistance had
Made merit of his victory.
Her yielding was with tears and sighs
And thousand tantalizing whims
And odd half yielding, half rebellious way,
That make the fruit of Eve's bessetting sin
So juicy when 'tis plucked.
And now—The parting hour has come.
With arms and bosom bare
She folds him to her in a last embrace
And pleads that he will not forget her,
'Tis he who has made havoc of her virtue,
Dear love. Will you remember me?

TWO WEEKS LATER.

He— muttering through clenched teeth—
Remember you. Yes, God damn you,
I'll remember you.

Uses syringe.

Lo, a red man of the forest
Pensive sat upon a rock,
With one hand he grasped his rifle,
With the other grasped his c—k,
Thinking of those happy days
When before the might of law,
How with one he plugged the white man
With the other he plugged the squaw.

She held him in her snow white arms,
And kissed him with a yearning hug,
For she belonged to the upper ten,
And he—well, he was a dogoned pug.

"I think the goose has the advantage of you," said the landlady to an inexpert boarder who was carving. "Guess he has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

Here lies me and my three daughters,
Brought here by using Siedlitz Waters;
If we had stuck to Epsom Salts,
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

"How do you know when there is a fire?" asked the visitor. The fireman looked up to him in wondering disgust. "See it in the papers," he said, and went on reading.

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin'
And empty stands her little chair;
She died of eatin' watermelin'.

At a masquerade: "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied, "I recognized your crooked legs."

These lines appeared over a bad boy:
We cannot always have what pleases us;
Little Johnnie's gone to Jesus;
But we can't most always sometimes tell—
Perhaps little Johnnie's gone to—

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to women. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.

Beneath this quiet, turf,
And flower-scented green,
Lies Arabella Murphy,
As usual—kerosene.

Mr. Isaacstein—"My frent, I sells you dot goat for seventeen tollar und a ca-voater, und I will never dake a cent less."

Customer—"Vats the quarter for?"

Mr. Isaacstein—"Vat's the ca-voater for? Dot's my profit on the goat. You tink I can support a family und give dot goods away?"

IF I WERE YOU.

"Why did he look so grave?" she asked

"What might the trouble be?"

"My little maid," he sighing said,

"Suppose that you were me,

And you a weighty secret owned,

Pray tell me what you'd do?"

"I think I'd tell it somebody."

She said, "if I were you."

But still he smiled and looked askance

Despite her sympathy,

"Oh, tell me, little maid," he said

Again, "if you were me,

And if you loved a pretty lass,

Oh, then what would you do?"

"I think I go and tell her so,"

Said she, "if I were you."

"My little maid, 'tis you," he said,

"Alone are dear to me."

Ah, then she turned away her head

And ne'er a word said she

But what he whispere l in her ear,

And what she answered too—

Oh, no, I cannot tell you this;

I'd guess, if I were you!"

CHAPPY'S JOKE.

"Old boy, I queated a gweat deal of merriment at the pawty last night." "Did you?" "Yaas. I awsked the conundwum, 'Why is an incline plane like a lazy young dog?'" "Did they give it up?" "Yes, and I told them that one was a slope up and the other was a slow dog." "Did they laugh?" "Well, I nevah heard such laughter in my life."

CHRIST OR NO CHRIST.

Deacon Jones was left a widower with one young child, and, in order to secure it the proper attention he engaged the services of Mrs. Perkins, a buxom young widow. The child slept with its father, and when it was restless Mrs. P. would come in, take it up and soothe it, and put it back. As the weather became warmer, Mrs. P. dispensed with her dress, then with her night-gown and finally made her entree in a very short chemise.

The deacon being a good man paid no attention to this lack of raiment, till one night, in picking up the baby, Mrs. P.'s breast rubbed across his cheek; then he thought of what might happen if that occurred again. It did occur.

Things went on until Sister Perkins condition aroused the suspicions of the church, and the deacon and Sister P. were called on to answer for deeds done in the flesh. The meeting was very unanimous that the cause of Christ had suffered, and the culprits had no mercy shown them. Old Deacon Smith, the father of the church, with his 99 years of white hair and wrinkles, sat with his head resting on his cane and said nothing. His opinion was asked for. He arose, trembling with the infirmities of age, and thus expressed himself: "Brethren and sisters, this case has been very fully discussed, and it has been alleged that the cause of Christ has suffered through the physical weakness of Deacon Jones and Sister Perkins. Perhaps it has; but we are all liable to err, and I am free to confess that even now, verging on the great age of 100 years, if any woman rubbed her teats across my face, I'd fuck her, Christ or no Christ!"

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

That gratitude which consists in a lively sense of favors to come is sometimes shown by the humblest of God's creatures.

An ancient maiden crusader (of the state of Maine) had a parrot, the solace of her declining years. She had trained it piously (being of a religious turn herself) and taught it to say most beautiful things out of the bible. The bird was more to her than words could tell; she loved it dearly, not because it looked like her, for that she never knew, but because it was so good and pure a bird, so ready with a comforting text when she felt sad. It never ate a cracker

without a pious ejaculation between each bite, nor ever thrust its head under its wing without saying its prayers. But disease is no respecter of persons or parrots, and this exemplary bird fell sick one day.

The doctor was called in, but in all his experience he said he had seen nothing like it. The neighbors were summoned, but none of them appeared to understand the parrot's case. The poor bird grew worse and did nothing but repeat the Book of Job. At this crisis, however, the sorrowing maiden, whose wits were sharpened by the emergency, remembered an elderly sea captain, who lived not far away, who was believed to know something about parrots. At her tearful summons he gallantly came to the rescue, and, after careful examination of the symptoms, gave it as his opinion that the bird was lonesome—in short, that it was pining for a mate.

"Not that you ain't good enough company for a parrot, mum,—I don't mean that," said the captain, hastily, "but then you know, mum, you both being of the same sex, mum," he continued, turning very red—"gentleman bird, that's what's the matter!"

It was a horrible suggestion, but desperate diseases require heroic treatment. Had he a bird of that kind? Well, yes, he had. And would he bring it over? Well, he would; but then he didn't know as he had oughter; being as how his bird had been raised aboard ship, and wasn't a moral bird, from hearing the sailors talk. Did his bird swear much? Was it so very wicked? No; it wa'n't very heavy on the cuss words—but—and then the captain explained to the agitated lady as delicately as he could that seafaring men, long deprived of the refining influences of female society, were blunt of speech, and that the morals of the best meaning parrots in the world were apt to suffer in consequence.

But even as he spoke the parrot had another fit, and it was determined to attempt to save its life at whatever risk to its morals; so, without delay, the nautical bird was brought and placed in the cage.

"Avast there, mate!" said this feathered son of Neptune.

"The Lord be praised—for lo! the bridegroom cometh," feebly responded the sick parrot.

"You bet your bottom dollar on that," said the disreputable bird. "Heave along side!"

"And there were twelve foolish virgins who—" continued the sufferer, still quoting scripture.

"Virgins be blowed!" replied the ancient mariner, who had traveled and observed. "That's played out. Open the hatchway! Haul taut the stern sheets! Starboard your helm, and I'll—"

At this moment a shriek from the horrified lady, who swooned in the captain's arms, drowned the remark. What the abandoned bird said will never be known; but this was the reply of the pious one:

"For what we are about to receive, O Lord, make us truly thankful."

ONLY A WOMAN'S EYE—THAT'S ALL.

'Tis fringed 'round with hair, and 'tis tufted above;
'Tis naught but a slit when 'tis closed, but for love
It will ope full and round, and it yields such control
Of the men, that they bow to it, body and soul.

'Tis as smooth and as soft as the finest of silk.
It is slippery, too, as though moistened with milk.
It swells and gets red when its owner wants you.
Oftimes, too, the water comes trickling through.

The skin round about it will stretch like the devil.
Though to stretch it unbid would be mighty uncivil.
The owner guards well lest she get something in it.
He who pleases her best is the surest to win it.

John's pretty little wife had several times said that "the next time she mussed her fingers in the baby's diaper, she would just cut her fingers off." Of course we know how much she meant by her sputtering (and so did John), and so, one morning, when the same thing happened and she shot off the same remarks, John said: "Well, Mary, just lay 'em on this block and I'll cut 'em off for you." So, Mary laid her hand on the block, and looking up in his face, with a saucy laugh, said: "Cut 'em off, cut 'em off." John made a great feint of swinging the axe over his shoulder, and then turning the head of the axe down, bumped the little fingers just enough to make a small sized hurt. Mary squealed ouch, and clapped the bruised fingers to her mouth.

What flower does the bridegroom pick?
First, two lips; second, the other two.

METHOD IN MODESTY.

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished, too;
Everywhere we went together
He would murmur: "After you!"

Did we reach a door together,
He would never first go through,
But would wait and let me pass him,
Saying softly: "After you!"

Was there anything we wanted,
And was not enough for two,
He would always let me have it—
Always muttered: "After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whatsoe'er the case might be;
He would never be the leader,
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
May be 'tis a passing whim,
But he has not since been heard of,
And now I am after him.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts;
So they'd squelch the muse caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They'd present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy—
Now we adjudge 'em crazy!
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive!
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him—
Go, read that virile poem—
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And, starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir.
Until he filled his date;
With a massic-laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenas paid the freight!

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you've gone and done it,
Yes, I know, most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself, sir,
Though you see, I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me,
Down at Newport last July?
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball-room,
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night.
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead the starlit sky,
And I'll bet—old man confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore.
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none was nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I,

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Well, I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy,
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—oh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over
And you're settled down, well try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected,
You, rejected? So was I.

A PACK OF CARDS.

You took up a spade. (This was quite long ago.)
And hope with firm will made all labor aglow
With triumphs to come and fortune well earned.
The struggle was hard. You were quite unconcerned
As to who fell by the way in the ebb and the flow
Of the river of life, always deep, never slow,
Unwilling to pause, love and friendship you spurned.
You took up a spade.

You took up a club. You determined to fight,
And always to crush, whether wrongful or right,
All others against you, who tried to succeed
In grasping the wealth and the power to lead.
For this you have bartered all else in your sight,
Forgetting, ignoring, in the strength of your might
That Mammon and Heaven are never agreed.
You took up a club.

You took up a diamond, for up to the sun
You had climbed. The world at your feet, its prizes won,
What mattered to you those behind in the race
All crippled, disabled—you laugh in their face
And triumphantly point to what you have done.
The obstacles vanquished, the webs you have spun
For those who had dared to compete with your pace.
You took up a diamond.

Now you take up a heart—'tis the last of the cards.
You have thought until now that love only retards
The real business of life—to get riches and rule
Over men. You have said you were not such a fool
To believe in affection, of which sing the bards
And credulous persons. Now you want the regards,
Indeed, more, all her heart. Hardened and cruel.
Turn down the heart.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SLEIGH-RIDE.

Sweet Susy Brown, my pretty one!

I'm sure you must remember,

If not for love, at least for fun,

The sleigh-ride in December;

When all the belles and all the beaus,

In spite of frosts would go forth,

And squeeze beneath the buffaloes

Each others' hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the northern lights

Above the snowy ridges!

How pleasant were the winter nights,

Observed from country bridges.

Where "toll" was sought with such address,

And laughter loud would peal forth,

While lovers felt amid the press

Each others' hearts, &c.

'Tis very singular and queer,

Of all the mad devices,

Love's flame should burn so bright and clear

On fuel formed of ices;

And yet we own its flame indeed,

Most brilliantly would glow forth,

When flamed behind a flying steed,

Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn—

The supper and the revel,

How, in the general dire and din,

Love shot his arrows level;

And don't forget how Henry Kidd

Embraced you ere he went forth—

You kissed his lips, you know you did,

He squeezed you hand, &c.

And when the forfeits were all paid,

How one old maid resisted,

Until the younger ladies cried,

A prude they all detested.

"Desist!" she cried—the ancient Ann—

Her modesty to show forth;

"I'll never yield to any man

My virgin lips, &c."

The wintry winds, the homeward way,
 Blew chilly in our faces,
 But underneath our furs we lay,
 All snugly in our places.
 One girl upon the forward seat—
 The pretty Nellie Wentworth—
 Declared Jack Frost or Billy Frost
 Had pinched her cheek, &c.

Another, underneath her robe,
 (The buffaloes, not her dresses)
 Fair Patience, with attendant Job—
 Detected in caresses—
 Sprang up, with angry, blushing face,
 Her innocence to show forth,
 But showed her curls all out of place,
 Her collar gone, &c.

And then the parting at the door,
 Its tender mutual blisses,
 Sweet lips from their abundant store,
 Gave to the poor in kisses.
 The parting word—the long embrace,
 As cupid's arrow's shot forth,
 Brought fire to many a boyish face,
 And raised his hopes, &c.

Dear Susy Brown, save you and I,
 Of all that load of merriment,
 No other pair are left to try
 Love's latest, best experiment;
 And when the coming snows shall spread,
 And mutual hopes shall glow forth,
 May Hymen bless our nuptial bed,
 Increase our joys, &c.

The marriage law and service should read: "Whom this man takes unto himself to wife, let no other man put arse under."

When she lifts up her pretty red lips for the betrothal kiss, the victorious lover will stoop to concur.

Why is your shoulder like a whore-house?
 It's a sock it joint.

✓
Shady tree, babbling brook,
Girl in hammock reading book.
Golden curls, tiny feet.
Girl in hammock looks so sweet.
Man rides past—big mustache,
Girl in hammock makes a mash.
Mash is mutual—day is set,
Man and maiden married get.
Married now—one year ago,
Keeping house on Baxter row.
Red hot stove, beefsteak frying,
Girl that married, cooking, frying.
Cheeks all burning, eyes all red,
Girl that married nearly dead.
Biscuit burned up, beefsteak charry,
Girl that married awful sorry.
Man comes home—pulls mustache,
Mad as blazes—got no hash.
Thinks of hammock in the lane,
Wishes maiden back again.
Maiden also thinks of swing,
Wants to go back too—poor thing.
Hour of midnight, baby squawking,
Man in sock feet, bravely walking.
Baby yells on, then the other
Twin strikes up—like his brother.
Paregoric by the bottle
Emptied into baby's throttle.
Naughty tack points in the air
Waiting someone's foot to tear.
Man in sock-feet—see him there.
Holy Moses! hear him swear.
Having crazy—gets his gun
Blows his head off—deads and done.
Pretty widow with a book
In the hammock by the brook.
Man rides past—big mustache.
Keeps on reading—nary mash.

We don't know just what the disease was, but we read
that Baalim had some trouble with his ass.

Why is an undertaker like a skinflint?
Because he is always screwing people down.

HE NEEDED THEIR PRAYERS

The congregation of a church in one of the southern counties of Virginia was one day greatly shocked upon learning that their preacher had departed under most discreditable circumstances. On the following Sunday nearly every one in the congregation was desirous of hushing up the scandal, and under great restraint many interesting conversations were held merely to prove that the members of the church could rise above sensational gossip. Just before the services were closed Brother Elijah F. Brookrod arose and said:

"Brethren and sisters: Since we last met in this house something which seems to have cast a gloom over this congregation has occurred. We were all much attached to our minister; in fact we loved him. And now I propose that we offer up a prayer for the wanderer."

A sensational wave passed over the audience. Another brother arose, and turning to Elijah F. Brookrod said:

"I am astonished that you should desire the congregation to pray for our erring minister—you, above all others."

"Why?"

"Because he ran away with your wife."

"Yes, I know," Elijah replied, "and that is the reason why I think he will need our prayers."

NO FLIES ON HER.

Waiter Girl (to commercial traveler)—"There's roast beef and roast duck."

Commercial Traveler—"Canvas-back duck?"

Waiter Girl—"The same."

Commercial Traveler (facetiously)—"Is it shirred down the front with lace cuffs turned back over the sleeves, Mary?"

Waiter Girl—"The same."

Commercial Traveler—"I will try some of it, I guess."

Waiter Girl—"Very well, sir. Will you have it with or without?"

Commercial Traveler—"With or without what?"

Waiter Girl—"Buttons."

PUZZLE.

The refined doesn't call another a liar. He calls him a weather prophet.

Mrs. A. was a modest matron, and desiring to have several teeth extracted, called upon her neighbor, Mrs. B., to accompany her to the office of the dentist, and help her to get her courage up. Reaching the office presently, it was found that Mrs. A.'s courage was at a low ebb and she was persuaded to test the efficacy of "laughing gas." The dentist "had given it to scores of patients: there was not the slightest danger," and he assured Mrs. A. she would recover from the effects of the gas in a little while, and would suffer no pain whatever. With nerves wrought up to the highest tension, Mrs. A. took the chair, and the dentist began to administer gas, the effect of which was somewhat startling to him and absolutely horrifying to Mrs. B.

Mrs. A.—Is everything all right?

Mrs. B.—Yes, everything is all right.

Mrs. A.—Has the doctor come?

Mrs. B.—Yes, the doctor is here.

(Here the doctor gets his nippers on a decayed molar, and after a few twists and jerks lifts it out.)

Mrs. A.—O, my, nobody ever suffered such pains, doctor. Doctor, will it kill me?

Doctor—O, no, madam. It will soon be over, as he dropped another tooth on the floor.

Mrs. A.—Where is papa?

At this point Mrs. B.'s veil is drawn fourteen double over her face, and the dentist's face turns as red as a beet, as he drops out the last ugly tooth, and sprinkles a little water in the lady's face.

In a greatly relieved voice, Mrs. A., still laboring under the delusion, asks: "Is it a boy or a girl?"

This last query utterly paralyzed the doctor, who made a break for another room, leaving the two ladies alone.

There lived in the State of Ohiah
A maiden named Helen Maria
Who ever would sail
Down the bannister rail
When she thought there was nobody nigh her,

Now, her brother, whose name was Josiah,
Fixed the rail with a piece of barbed wire,
But it wouldn't be best

To tell you the rest
For we're blushing already like fish.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 3. [Special.]—Ass-o ci-a-ted
Press Dispatch.

Late last evening, as the pretty little clipper, Frances Folsom, was cruising about, she was observed by the government Ram, Grover Cleveland, which immediately hove down upon her with the intention of boarding her. The Frances seeing there was no way of avoiding the encounter, pluckily lay to, threw her stern into position and bared poles for action. The Grover managed to strike the Frances with two balls between wind and water, intending thereby to impede the action of her pump. As he bore down upon her, the Grover's polished ram struck the Frances at the water line, penetrating her interior to considerable depth. Although somewhat at a disadvantage, the Frances kept up a spirited opposition until the *Long Tom* of the Grover was discharged, which virtually put an end to the contest, as he immediately drew off somewhat disabled, not a spar left standing. It was at first thought that the Frances was uninjured, but upon a close examination it was found that there were two holes in her bottom, and at an early hour this morning she was pumping water.

THE CONDUCTOR'S YARN.

He ran to catch a horse car,
But success did not attend;
For engaged was the conductor,
In conversing with a friend.
And he madly waived his bundles,
Shouted "Hi!" with might and main;
And he flourished his umbrella,
But he flourished it in vain;
For up on that tough story
The conductor would not let;
So the other kept on running,
And he may be running yet.

JNO. RICHARDSON,
DIED APRIL YE 27. A. D. 17⁶⁹,
Age 70.

Here lies one
Who never sacrificed his reason to
Superstition's God, nor ever
Believed that Jonah swallowed the whale.

HUSTLER JOE.

AN IMMORAL POEM (OR AT LEAST ONE THAT WOULD BE
CONSIDERED SO AT WASHINGTON).

I stood at eve, when the gas was lit, by the door of a cheap
hotel

Where a damsel lived who in wild burlesque tried to do
extremely well;

Who lured men's cash from their pocketbooks upon nu-
merous wassail nights.

Who seemed quite shabby in street attire, but looked "im-
mense" in tights.

Yet a blossom I'll send to her to-day—not Jack roses that
take our "dust,"

Not the Marechal Neil whose lofty price fills a man with
great disgust;

But a small cheap blossom that's low in price which will
do as well as not,

For a dry-goods saleman's stipend small is the only cash
I've got.

* * * * * * * * * *
In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue
and red,

Joe, a Cincinnati drummer, and fair Annie Smythe were
wed.

A simple restaurant cashier was Annie, you must know,
While he was so successful that they called him "Hustler
Joe."

Well, they settled down, and life for them ran very smoothly
on.

And there might have been no poem for to startle Wash-
ington

If one day, while our Annie wiped the dinner dishes dry
A flashy-looking gentleman had not meandered by.

'Twas the same old wretched story that so many of us
know

Of a manager out looking for some talent for his show;
He offered Nan a salary to come and do her best,
And when Joe came home to supper—well, he found his
wife non est.

A few months later, dropping in to witness a burlesque,
Joe saw his ex-wife on the stage in rainment picturesque;
And, being of a practical and unromantic sort,
He said: "Come home, O Annie, and your husband dear
support!"

Then Joseph bought an overcoat all nicely trimmed with
fur;
And Annie paid his bills, though at their size she'd oft
demur.
He carried round her poodle, bought her many a bouquet,
And worked up her receptions in a most artistic way.

But tiring of her finally, as husbands will of course,
He ultimately sued his gentle Annie for divorce.
She pays him alimony, and he's really quite a swell,
While she's obliged to tarry at a second-class hotel.

* * * * *

So I think I'll send to this fair young thing a small, low-priced bouquet;
I can purchase it second-hand at the undertaker's over the
way.
And I beg to state that this poem here is as wicked as it
can be.
Though just where the wickedness comes in you may not
clearly see.

ALREADY ALLIED.

Mr. Editor, you and your friends profess to wish to
purify American politics and take it out of the hands of
ignorant foreigners. There is but one way in which this
work can be fully done. Ally yourselves with the pure,
enlightened womanhood of this country. Put the ballot in
the hands of your own mothers, wives, sisters, and daugh-
ters, and combine as one to protect the sanctity of the
American home and the nobility of the American race.

Yours sincerely, MARGARET B. HARVEY.

The editor begs to inform his correspondents that he has
allied himself with as much of the purity and enlighten-
ment of the womanhood of this country as its customs out-
side of Utah allow.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE—BY DUKE.

"Twas noon when I, scorched with the double fire
Of the hot sun and my more hot desire,
Stretch'd on my downy couch at ease was laid
Big with expectance of the lovely maid
The curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in shades of thickest groves is seen,
Such as remains when the sun flies away
Or when night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modest maids must be allowed
Where shame may hope its guilty head to shroud.
And now my love Corinna did appear,
Loose on her neck fell her divided hair,
Loose as her flowing gown that wantedon in the air,
In such a garb, with such a grace and mein,
To her rich bed came the Assyrian queen.
So Lais looked when all the youth of Greece
With adoration did her charms confess.
Her envious gown to pull away I tried,
But she resisted still and still denied.
But so resisted, that she seemed to be
Unwilling to obtain the victory.
So, I at last an easy conquest had.
Whilst my fair combatant herself betrayed.
But when she naked stood before my eyes,
Gods—with what charms she did my soul surprise.
What snowy arms did I both see and feel.
With what rich globes did her soft bosom swell,
Plump as ripe clusters rose her glowing breast,
Courting the hand and suing to be pressed,
What a smooth plain was on her belly spread,
Where thousand little loves and graces played.
What thighs, what legs—but why strive I in vain
Each limb, each grace, each feature to explain.
One beauty did through all her body shine.
I saw, admired, then pressed it close to mine.
The rest, who knows not? Thus entranced we lay
Till in each other's arms we died away.
Oh give me such a noon ye gods to every day.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

Little Girl—"Ma, was Adam the first human being?"
Mother—"Yes, my dear."
"Well, who shoved him in the baby carriage?"

THE HEAVENLY REST

They built 'em a church up in Probit'ville,
Twar finished about two year ago.
It sorter peeps down from the top of a hill
On the village that cuddles below.
It's got a peak-roof an' a tidy white frame
An' a cup'lar whar swallers do nest,
An' it 'pears like it just war desarvin its name—
The "The Church of the Heavenly Rest."

Maria's a member; we hain't got no boss,
But she didn't mind walkin', she said,
When it come to get help for to lighten her cross
An' rations o' spirit'al bread,
An' sartan as Sund'y come 'round she was thar,
And she allers come hum seemin' blest
With a song in her heart for her seasons o' pra'r
At the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

One Chris'mas she tak me along, an' I yum
If my sinful ol' heart didn't fill
To the brim when they told of the Savior that come
To crown us with peace and good will.
An' then, when the organ rolled out with a 'sa'm
That I'd hearn mother sing, why it jest
Seemed to meller my soul an' I felt a sweet ca'm
In the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

I went right along arter that, for the a'r
Seemed the same for the poor as the rich,
For allers they'd beg the Good Father to spar
'Em from evil an' malice an' sich
An' when they'd be singin' 'bout blessin' the ties
That bound 'em in love, I confessed
If thar was a sweet haven on earth to my eyes
Twar the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's strange how original sin took a hold
On that flock, but it sartinly did;
It seemed pretty soon like a frisky young colt
Thro' that Garden of Eden had rid
Sister Guile got offended at Sister Ferdinand
For somethin' —it couldn't be guessed—
An' both started factions determined to run
That "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

They fit at the start in a mild sorter way,
Still smilin' an' prayin' the same,
But each of 'em strivin', hows'ever, to lay
Some plan 'gainst the t'other one's aim.
The one wanted this, an' the t'other one that,
An' twixt 'em they worked sich a pest
That the Spirit o' Evil jest came out an' sat
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The choir, of course, gave the circus a lift
An' stirred up a terrible fuss,
The bass an' the treble they somehow got miffed
An' the rest had their grudges to nuss.
They warbled right on, but shucks! If the style
Of that feelin's in song they'd expressed,
They'd a-draw the hull town about twenty-two mile
From the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

The deminie poured all the ils that he had
On the turbulent waves, so to speak,
But he might as well tried for to dove-tail a shad
With a boulder in Scuppernong creek.
The more he sought peace, why the more he found spleen,
Till at last he declared he'd be blessed
If he didn't think Satan had tuck out a lien
On the "Church of the Heavenly Rest."

It's sad! mighty sad! It's a sort of a smirch
On religion, they'll say, don't you see?
An' besides, we'd been lookin' at that little church
As a sym'tom of what is to be.
But it's jest as Maria remarks—when we go
From this world, havin' acted our best,
The Lord won't permit us poor critters to know
That kind of a Heavenly Rest.

A LAUGHING FAMILY.

Hans Dander has what you might call a horse laugh,
His wife cackles loud like a fat cockatoo,
Young Jakey roars out like a yearling bull calf,
And Katrine (so 'tis said) has a big titter too—tit or two.

Why should an inebriate invariably wear a plaid vest?
To keep a check upon his stomach.

TWO APRIL FOOLS.

I.
The jingling sleighbells' tinkling sound,
The snow upon the frozen ground,
The moon's pale light,
Convince us that 'tis winter still,
And all combine young hearts to fill
With keen delight.

II.

Squeezed in the cutter's narrow seat,
With tingling ears and frozen feet,
Two lovers ride.
What for the cold cares he?—or she?
For she has said that she will be
An April bride.

III.

Till April, then, they both will yearn,
And then a lesson they will learn
Not taught in schools.
As years pass by they'll both aver
That on their wedding day they were
Two April fools.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS.

Flossie is six years old.—"Mamma," she asked, one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, Flossie."

"Mamma"—after a pause—"its a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

Little Mamie was spending an afternoon with a neighbor's little girl when their conversation turned upon the subject of pianos.

"Has your mamma a piano?"

"Yes," replied Mamie.

"Well, my mamma's piano is an upright. What is your mamma's?"

"It must be a downright," was the quick response by Mamie.

A TAIL.

A cat, an old tin pail, a boy,
A piece of twine, a quiet street—
A boy's face quivering with joy—
This makes the *personae* complete.

The boy, with rapid movement, clasps,
And holds the cat 'tween head and tail,
Then deftly he the strong twine clasps,
And to the cat he hangs the pail.

The cat is nearly paralyzed—
It feels that something's wrong behind,
And looks around, as if surprised
To see the long tail thus confined

No pity lurks within the heart
Of the young urchin. There he stands,
To give the cat and pail a start,
By wildly smiting both his hands.

* * * * *
A cat and pail, a dusty cloud—
A boy with care-depicted face,
Who murmurs in a voice not loud:
"Oh, feline, *Requiescat in pace.*"

DON'T KICK THE KICKER.

Oh! here's to the kicker whose liver is wrong,
Whose bile has leaked into his veins,
Who dotes on a sigh and who frowns at a song,
And pleasure his consciousness pains,
Who would rather be cross than good-natured and gay,
Should he say a good word he regrets it,
Who kicks with both feet till he has his own way,
And afterwards kicks 'cause he gets it.

He's a cloud that across the fair firmament rolls,
A frost on a morning in June,
A flower that's blighted before it unfolds,
He's a key that is all out of tune,
Yet censure him never, but pity instead
His manner and words supercilious,
'Tis his health that is wrong, not his heart or his head,
He's "cranky" because he is bilious.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
WHORE'S UNION, N. Y., April 1, '85.

Whereas, It having become known to certain of the frail angels of New York that the recent arrival of whores from France has materially injured our legitimate profession by their low prices, it was resolved at the last regular meeting of this Union that we do not allow ourselves to be out-f—d by anything that wears hair; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the following scale of prices be agreed upon:

Common, old-fashioned f—k	\$ 1.00
Rear fashion	1.50
Back-scuttle fashion	1.75
Pudding jerking	2.00
Tasting (French)	2.50
Single go—Patient in chair	2.75
Wheelbarrow	3.00
French fashion with use of patent balls	3.50
Three up to one down (two shots)	4.00
All night with use of towel and rose water	5.00
All night, cunt well cleansed	6.00
All night, country cunt with maiden head (our own importation)	25.00

N. B.—Liberal allowance made for button-hole pricks, commonly called cunt robbers, hair curlers, liver disturbers, kidney wipers, belly ticklers, bowel starters, etc.

Anything over 14 inches barred out.

OPHELIA OPENHOLE, Pres.
SARAH BROADASS, Sec.

What did Adam do when he discovered the difference between himself and Eve?

He split the difference, raised Cain, and did it again when he got Able.

She was a ballet girl, and this is what they said: "She dances, first on one leg and then on the other, and between the two she makes a living."

Abraham led his son Isaac to Mount Mariah. The old man was wrong.

TEAMSTER JIM.

If ain't jest the story, parson, to tell in a crowd like this,
Weth the virtuous matron a frownin' an' chidin' the gig-
gling miss,
An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time weth his patient
snores,
An' the shocked aleet of the Capital stalkin' away through
the doors.

But, then, it's a story that happened, an' every word of it's
true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things that we
sometimes do.
An' though good society coldly shets its doors onto "Team-
ster Jim,"
I'm thinkin' there's lots worse people that's better known
than him.

I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at the weddin',
too;
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter of Ben
McGrew.
I mind how they sat up housekeepin', two young, poor,
happy fools,
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an' four Kain-
tucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented, weth their little joys an'
cares,
An' every year a baby come, and twicet they came in pairs;
Till the house was full of children weth their shoutin', and
playing and squalls.
An' their singin', an' laughin', an' cryin' made Bedlam
within its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all his evenin's
at home.
He said it was full of music, an' light, an' peace from pit to
dome.
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that his heart
might be kept from sin—
The stumblin'est prayin'—but heads and hearts used to bow
when he'd begin.

So they lived along in that way, the same from day to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work, an' a little time for
play.

An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and the liveliest,
manliest boys.

Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was crowned
with the homiest joys.

Eh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're livin'
jest like I said.

Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the boys is
dead.

An' they're honest, an' decent, an' happy, an' the very best
Christians I know,

Though I reckon in brilliant comp'ny they'd be voted a
little slow.

O, you're pressed for time—excuse you? Sure. I'm sorry
I kept you so long.

Good-by. Now he looked kind o' bored like, an' I reckon
that I was wrong.

To tell such a commonplace story of two such common-
place lives,

But we can't all git drunk, an' gamble, an' fight, an' run off
with other men's wives.

HE KICKED THREE TIMES.

AND THE DRUMMER WAS NEATLY DONE UP FOR THE CIGARS.

New York Sun. "Yes, we meet with all sorts of people
here," answered the railroad conductor, as he sat down in
the smoker after making his rounds. "It is a great place
in which to study human nature."

"Aren't there a good many kickers among travelers?"

"Plenty of them. I could have a fight every hour in
the day if I wanted to talk back. There is one in the third
seat ahead now. He lives at R—, and he never comes
or goes without trying to kick up a row."

"He seems quiet enough."

"But he only seems. I'm expecting every minute to
hear his war whoop. It is just an hour's run to R—, and
I'll bet he makes three kicks in that time."

"I'll go you for a box of cigars."

"Done, old fellow!"

They were shaking hands on it when the man rose up and went to the water cooler. He took two or three sips of water and then walked back to the conductor and said:

"When you get ready to clean the drugs and chemicals out of that cooler please let me know. Perhaps I can buy half a ton of copperas at wholesale figures."

"That's one," said the conductor, as the kicker took his seat.

The train stopped and another round was made, and the conductor had scarcely taken his seat when the kicker came over and said:

"If there is a window in this coach which can be raised I wish you would label it for me!"

"That's two," whispered the conductor, "and we have sixteen miles to go yet."

The kicker sat down to his newspaper, and he was so quiet for a time that the drummer began to have hopes. Eight—ten—twelve miles rolled behind the train, and he seemed deeply interested in an article, when he suddenly bobbed up and came over to the conductor.

"I'll bet fifty to one there are fleas in this coach! I've just been bitten by something like one, and I'm going to send in a complaint to headquarters."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the conductor after the kicker had taken his seat.

"I've got to be. And that's his usual practice, is it?"

"O, he's let me off light to-day."

"Well, it's worth a box of cigars to see into human nature in this way," mused the drummer as the train drew up at R—.

The kicker and the conductor got off together, and the former softly queried:

"Was it three kicks, Tom?"

"Yes."

"And the bet?"

"A box of cigars."

"All right. Bring my half down to-night. I'll be going up again to-morrow, and you see if you can't make it six kicks and two boxes!"

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve: "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn?"

THE BOY AND HIS LOVE

In a shady nook by the river side,
Far from the haunts of men away,
She lay almost touching the rippling tide,
Where I with her was wont to play.

Not a shred upon her, white and bare,
In a bower supposed to be peck-a-boo proof,
On the rich green moss, so soft and rare,
And the tangled vines an emerald roof.

As I peeped in the bower so cool and still,
The sun shone hot above the trees,
And the distant song of the whip-poor-will
Faintly and fitfully rippled the breeze.

And I said to myself, I will make my bed
On the soft, mossy green sward, too.
So I doffed my garments—every shred,
Parted the bushes and glided through.

Though a boy in years, I was brave and strong.
And I felt that a man was standing there.
My bosom swelled as I hummed the song,
"She is all mine own, so bright and fair."

She did not know, in her quiet rest,
What pride and joy were thrilling me.
I stood and gazed on my love in her nest,
And I thought, could any more beautiful be?

And I threw myself down on the mossy bed.
I clasped in my arms my own dear love.
Happy, so happy, yet so blushing red,
As I thought, may be some one is peeping above.

Years have passed and I'm growing gray,
Yet my nerves still thrill. I remember with pride
The little soft nook where I snuggly lay
With my little sail boat by the river side.

Why are pen-makers a set of scamps?
Because they make people steel pens, and then say they
do write.

"GIVE ME RAGGLES."

A well-known lady artist, resident in Rome, relates that standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a country woman. The newcomer, a well-to-do looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of _____, Missouri, and then asked:

"Is this the Apollo Belvidere?"

Miss H. testified to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said:

"Considered a great statue?"

The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world.

"Yes," responded the now amazed artist. "It is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Badeker, and with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvidere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles."

NOT THE WIFE'S FAULT.

An unsuspecting son of Erin, who had just arrived in New York, went to see his sister, who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happily in that city, and when Pat came, the gentleman took him over his place to show it to him. Pat, surprised at the evidence of prosperity, said to his brother-in-law:

"Begorra, you are happy with this fine property to live on; me sister had good luck intirely, so she had, in gettin' the likes of you for a husband."

"And yet," responded the married man, "we would be very happy but for one thing."

"And what's that?" asked Pat.

"Ah, Pat," returned that gentleman, "I'm sorry to say that we have no children."

"No children!" exclaimed Pat, "then, begorra, it's not my sister Maggie's fault, for she had two before she left Ireland, and that's the very rayson me father sent her over here to America."

About this time the hell question came up:

What were the first words Adam said to Eve?
Nobody knows.

YOU KISSED ME.

"You kissed me! My head
Dropped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter
And infinite rest,
While the holy emotions
My tongue dared not speak
Flashed up in a flame
From my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast;
Oh, your arms were so bold,
Heart beat against heart
In their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing
My soul through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist
From the sea to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine
Till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp
From the rapturous kiss.
You kissed me! My heart
And my breath and my will
In delirious joy
For a moment stood still.
Life had for me then
No temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness
Outside of your arms.
And were I this instant
An angel possessed
Of the peace and (the) joy
That are given the blest
I would fling my white robes
Unrepiningly down;
I would tear from my forehead
Its beautiful crown
To nestle once more
In that haven of rest—
Your lips upon mine,
My head on your breast.
You kissed me! My soul
In a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man.

Foolish with wine.
And I thought 'twere delicious
To die there, if death
Would but come while my lips
Were yet moist with your breath;
If I might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round
In their passionate fold
And these are the questions
I ask day and night:
Must lips taste no more
Such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast
Were my shelter as then,
And if you were here
Would you kiss me again?

At a recent church entertainment in Surrey, England,
the following item was seen on the programme:

MISS PAULINE FISCHER—
"Put me in my little bed."
Accompanied by the Curate.

A CHRISTMAS STORY WRITTEN BY A CHILD 11 YEARS OF AGE.

It was a sad sight to see Mrs. Jamison and her little family gathered about the fire one Christmas eve, for she had been a widow for twenty years. Yes, twenty years before had Mr. Jamison, her husband, set sail on a ship for a foreign land and nevermore had been heard of. The snow was falling fast and the wind was howling without.

"Alas," Mrs. Jamison said, as she pressed her hungry babe to her bosom. "I fear we shall have no turkey to-morrow."

"Why not, mother?" asked Robin, a bright lad of 14.

"Listen," said Mrs. Jamison. "I have only 30 cents left. To-day I pawned my jewels, and thus we are cast upon the mercy of the cold world."

Mrs. Jamison wept bitterly and so did the children.

"Oh, if Henry was only here," moaned Mrs. Jamison. Henry was Mr. Jamison's name before he was lost at sea, never, never to return. By and by Mrs. Jamison said:

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"Put on your fur cape, Lucy, and take this 30 cents and go down to the grocery store and buy one dozen eggs. It is all the money I have, but the eggs will allay our hunger and keep the wolf from the door another day."

So Lucy, who was a beautiful girl of 15, put on her fur cape and Robin went with her. Having brought the eggs, each of them took an apple when Mr. Sinclair, the kind-hearted grocer, was not looking, and with joyous hearts they rode home in the street car. While Lucy was eating her apple she put the bag of eggs on the seat, and suddenly a big man entered the car and sat down on the bag. Then Lucy began to cry, and Robin too.

"Children," said the big man, in kind tones, "why do you weep?"

"Alas," said Lucy, "you have sat on our bag of eggs."

"Never mind the eggs," said the man, "but tell me, have I not heard that voice before, and have I not seen those features? Is your name Lucy Jamison?"

"Yes, sir," said Lucy.

"Then look upon me, child," cried the man, "and tell me if you do not know me. Has time and sorrow changed me so that my children do not know me?"

"Father, father," cried Lucy, throwing herself into her father's arms.

It was indeed Mr. Jamison. He had been wrecked on a lone island for twenty years, but a passing ship picked him up and brought him home. He was very rich, and oh, what a happy meeting it was for Mrs. Jamison and the children. They had turkey for dinner and cranberries, and lived in peace the rest of their lives.

A PROOF OF LUCK.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as luck?" asked a young man of an old bachelor.

"I do. I've had proof of it."

"In what way?"

"I was refused by five girls when I was a young man."

"Why am I like a journey long?"

He asked her, blushing red.

"I do not know, unless it's that"

"You make me tired," she said.

FLY.

Dogs delight to bark and bite
And little birds to sing,
But all that pesky flies can
Is . . . on everything.

They buzz around from morn till night
And do not rest a bit,
Except it is a moment when
They stop to take a . . .

In every room about the house
You'll find the cussed fly.
They . . . and . . . and . . . and . . .
And . . . until they die.

And when alas a fly does die
His friends come to his wake,
And there they sit and . . . and . . .
For . . . they take the cake.

They buzz around the poor dead fly
That's given up the ghost,
And then they run a race to see
Which fly can . . . the most.

The one that makes the largest spots
They deem for king is fit;
They crown him with a golden crown
All garnished o'er with . . .

THE REVISED VERSION.

A monkey and a parrot once
Left in a room together
Began to fight, and fought so hard
They nearly killed each other.

Their mistress coming home perceived
Their wrongs they had been righting,
And said to them, "I'm deeply grieved
To think that you've been fighting."

The monkey really felt quite bad
In thinking of his crime;
The parrot, gleefully said, "We've had
A shoel of a time!"

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RHYME OF THE GERMAN BARBER.

It vos Duesday last I saw a girl
In sober plack so neat,
She kept her eyes der bavements down!
Mit a gaze vich vas shy und sweet,
Und she didn't lift von inch uf her skirt
Ven she crossed der muddy street;
But a friend sayt she vas a ballet girl
Vich dances her clothes mitoud.
Veil, der longer vot ve lif der more
Ve find, py gracious, oud.

I sat me at a dinner peside
A chatty chap so free,
Und der parns he spun mit der vine around
Vould sdartie a prass monkey.
It wouldn't do to print them oud
In a pook vwhich Comstock could see.
He gafe me his card und—vot you dink?
A breacher he vas, mitout doubt.
Veil, de longer vot ve lif der more
Ve find, py gracious, oud.

I saw a growt uf loafer chaps
Make fun mit a dude von day.
"Oh, where did you get dem toothpick shoes?"
"Does your mudder know you're avay?"
Dey jibed dot zickly, pale-faced svell,
Till each von had his say—
Und den dot dude let fly his fists,
Und put der whole gang to rout.
Der longer vot ve lif der more
Ve find, py gracious, oud!

I fell in luf mit a sweet young piece,
Mit a shape like a marble fawn;
But she married a sergeant of bolice,
Und left me all forlorn.
Dot sergeant veeps on my shoulder now,
Und wishes he neffer vos porn,
Der gal vas composed uf pins and pads,
Mit even fier bones in doubt,
Der longer vot ve lif der more
Ve find, py gracious, oud.

"FUGO'S 'FLOWER TO BUTTERFLY'"

Sweet, hide with me and let my love
Be an enduring tether—
Oh, wanton net from spot to spot,
But let us dwell together.

You've come each morn to sip the sweets
With which you found me dripping,
Yet never knew it was not dew
But tears that you were sipping,

You gambol over honey meads
Where siren bees are humming—
But mine the fate to watch and wait
For my beloved's coming.

The sunshine that delights you now
Shall fade to darkness gloomy;
You should not fear if, biding here,
You nestled closer to me.

So rest you, love, and be my love,
That my enraptured blooming
May fill your sight with tender light,
Your wings with sweet perfuming.

Or, if you will not hide with me
Upon this quiet heather,
Oh, give me wing, thou beauteous thing,
That we may soar together.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that there is no such youth as Master Stuart Crane, and it seeks to confirm this bold and startling denial by affirming that Comedian Crane has no son at all. On the very same date, however, that the New Orleans paper makes this astounding declaration, Mr. Opie Read of Little Rock volunteers a story about young Master Crane which he knows to be true. Mr. Read is one of the most famous journalists in the south and his testimony is to be relied upon. Last week he journeyed with the Robson & Crane company from Little Rock to Louisville, and this is his account of the experience he was a witness to:

A bald—a very bald—man sat in the car just ahead of little Stuart and his mother. Presently the child, pointing

one chubby finger at the shining cranium of the innocent stranger, said: "Ma, that man's just like a baby, ain't he?"

"Hush, dear," said Mrs. Crane softly.

"Why must I hush?" he asked. But Mrs. Crane made no answer; she looked out of the window at the scenery. Then, after a short silence, the precocious child asked: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask me so many questions."

After another silence the boy exclaimed:

"Ma, look at the fly on the man's head."

"Stuart Robson Crane, if you don't hush I'll whip you when we get home," said Mrs. Crane, wildly.

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside the newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

Mrs. Crane blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the precocious lad, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by the newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man. "If you don't hush I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

Mrs. Crane, not knowing what else to do, boxed her son's ears and gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?" said the child.

"I'll slap you again if you don't hush," she muttered, fiercely.

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you will keep quiet I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper and resumed his reading.
"This is my bald-headed money," said Stuart. "When I get bald-headed I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all the bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "If I can't find another seat in this train I'll ride on the cow-catcher!"

"The bald-headed man is gone!" said little Stuart, sadly, but Mrs. Crane leaned back in the seat and gave a profound sigh of intense relief.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

I went to pee behind a tree,

Over the garden wall.

And a sight I saw there that filled me with glee,

Over the garden wall.

The night it was dark, but I soon made out,

A man and a woman were there without doubt,

And I wasn't long guessing what they were about,

Over the garden wall.

Chorus: Over the garden wall,

The fellow was young and tall,

The maiden was fair beyond compare,

Her clothes were up and her arse was bare,

And little she dreamt that I was there,

Over the garden wall.

She had a pair of beautiful thighs,

Over the garden wall.

And he had a tool of enormous size,

Over the garden wall.

I heard her exclaim, 'tis a beautiful pin,

Be quick now my darling and put it right in.

Already my head is beginning to spin,

Over the garden wall.

He mounted on her swelling dome,

Over the garden wall.

I heard her sigh as he drove it home,

Over the garden wall.

Oh, what a queer feeling came into my heart

When she exposed her blowing part,

Just then she let off a terrible fart,

Over the garden wall.

My pecker got hard behind the tree
Over the garden wall,
And I found I had no inclination to pee
Over the garden wall.

The scene gave my nerves a peculiar shock,
I found I was rubbing my sensitive cock;
They had the green turtle—I had the mock
Over the garden wall.

THE LORD MADE 'EM.

We 'low that woman war made from a rib
Of Adam's, but shucks! Her brains
Air higglety-pickletry, kos odds an' e-ends
Fixed up from his remains;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war by accident, though, we air thinkin';
He can't be proud o' the job,
With sech tongues as they have been given
Ter gossip an' scold an' sob;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war a woman, ye know, who gossiped
In Eden with Satan hisse'f,
They're jes' plumb sure to spread all the news
An' make it 'fore they're lef',
But—the Lord made 'em.

Taint safe to trest wimmin with nuthin';
Tell everythin' they know,
For they hain't got no sense ter reason,
An' do change their minds so;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They sets themselves up on principle,
Frustratin' of the men,
'Gainst justice and enny enjymint,
Nine of 'em out o' ten;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They're so unreasonable, thar answer is
Because 'tis, to every why.
Some acts one way an' some another;
We uns can't track 'em—don't try;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They gives thar advice ez confident
Ez if nuthin' here on yearth
War half ez precions, an' think it sprisin'
That we uns shake with mirth.
But—the Lord made 'em.

Yet—talk of foolin'—why a spindlin' snip
O' a gal will fool a man
Thet's six feet high, an' two hundred poun'
About ennythin'. She can;
For—the Lord made 'em.

DO IT.

Last night while sleeping in my bed
Dreaming that to her I was wed
I heard a voice that gently said:
Do it.

Entranced, methought, I never stirred,
But doubted if aright I heard,
Yet once again that whispered word,
Do it.

Clasping with rapture as they rose,
Her breasts as white as Arctic snows;
She said: Now, love, when no one knows
Do it.

Alas, sad end of dream so sweet,
For waking up in sweat and heat
I found I had upon the sheet
Done it.

Seedy Stranger—I am soliciting subscriptions for the Society for the Suppression of Intemperance and the Banishment of Tramps. What may I put you down for?

Old Gentleman—Well, if I give you anything, you may put me down for a fool.

"O mother, may I go out to skate?"
"O yes, my darling daughter!
Be sure you don't fall on your pate,
But sit down as you oughter."

REAL ESTATE, FOR SALE OR RENT

A beautiful country seat, with a swell front, located at Grand Junction, a little below the milk depot. The property is capable of improvement, and is well calculated for a man of enterprising habits. If properly managed, the original investment will be increased in one year. The premises are ample in depth, and have beautiful expanse in front. They were designed some nineteen years ago, by an able architect, and were the result of great pains and labor. They have been constantly improving from the first, and three years since went through a thorough overhauling. When the present owner was married, the vestibule was enlarged, a center column erected in the main entrance, and the inner partition removed, so that ingress and egress were greatly facilitated. The alterations rendered the interior more spacious and accessible, and it has been a much frequented resort ever since. A fine shrubbery which was planted some six years ago has become so luxuriant as to embower the entire portico, often enticing young men to linger outside and enjoy the pleasures of anticipation before entering. Among other attractions on the premises is a spring of mineral water which is said to possess certain medical properties. The present tenant holds a nine months' lease, which will shortly expire, when he will vacate, and the owner is anxious for some one to take the establishment, as, owing to the recent death of her husband, the place is likely to suffer for want of a man to keep it in its present good condition. The locality is pronounced unusually good for children. Parties in good standing will be permitted to examine the place, but those wishing to open negotiations are requested to leave a deposit.

For further information and permits apply to

HERSELF

Hair Tower, Elysian Fields.

There was a young man from Racine
Who tried to fart God the Save the Queen,
When he touched high soprano
He slipped his guano
And his pants were not fit to be seen.

They tell us matches are made in heaven, but somehow
they never smell that way when you strike 'em.

CLEOPATRA'S SOLILOQUY

What care I for the tempest? What care I for the rain?
If it beat upon my bosom, would it cool its burning pain—
This pain that ne'er has left me since on his heart I lay,
And sobbed my grief at parting as I'd sob my soul away?
O Antony! Antony! Antony! when in thy circling arms
Shall I sacrifice to Eros my glorious woman's charms,
And burn life's sweetest incense before his sacred shrine,
With the living fire that flashes from thine eyes into mine?
O when shall I feel thy kisses rain down upon my face,
As a queen of love and beauty, I lie in thine embrace,
Melting—melting—melting, as a woman only can
When she's a willing captive in the conquering —ns of
man.

As he towers a god above her, and to yield is not defeat,
For love can own no victor if love with love shall meet?
I still have regal splendor, I still have queenly power,
And—more than all—unfaded is woman's glorious dower.
But what care I for pleasure? what's beauty to me now,
Since Love no longer places his crown upon my brow?
I have tasted its elixir, its fire has through me flashed,
But when the wine glowed brightest from my eager lip 'twas
dashed.

And I would give all Egypt but once to feel the bliss
Which thrills through all my being whene'er I meet his
kiss.

The tempest wildly ranges, my hair is wet with rain,
But it does not still my longing or cool my burning pain.
For nature's storms are nothing to the raging of my soul
When it burns with jealous frenzy beyond a queen's con-
trol.

I fear not pale Octavia—that haughty Roman dame—
My lion of the desert—my Antony can tame.
I fear no Persian beauty, I fear no Grecian maid;
The world holds not the woman of whom I am afraid.
But I'm jealous of the rapture I tasted in his kiss,
And I would not that another should share with me that
bliss.

No joy would I deny him, let him cull it where he will,
So, mistress of his bosom is Cleopatra still;
So that he feels forever, when he Love's nectar sips,
T'was sweeter—sweeter—sweeter when tasted on my lips;
So that all other kisses, since he has drawn in mine,
Shall be unto my loved as ' water after wine.'

Awhile let Cæsar fancy Octavia's pallid charms
Can hold Rome's proudest consul a captive in her arms.
Her cold embrace but brightens the memory of mine,
And for my warm caresses he in her arms shall pine.
'Twas not for love he sought her, but for her princely dower;
She brought him Cæsar's friendship, she brought him kingly power.

I should have bid him take her, had he my counsel sought;
I've but to smile upon him and all her charms are naught;
For I would scorn to hold him by but a single hair,
Save his own longing for me when I'm no longer there.
And I will show you, Roman, that for one kiss from me,
Wife—fame—and even honor to him shall nothing be?
Throw wide the window, Isis—fling perfumes o'er me now,
And bind the Lotus blossoms again upon my brow.
The rain has ceased its weeping, the driving storm has passed,

And calm are nature's pulses that lately beat so fast.
Gone is my jealous frenzy, and Eros reina serene.
The only god e're worshipped by Egypt's haughty queen.
With Antony—my loved—I'll kneel before his shrine
Till the loves of Mars and Venus are naught to his and mine;

And down through coming ages, in every land and tongue,
With them shall Cleopatra and Antony be sung.
Burn Sandal wood and Cassia, let the vapor around me wreath,
And mingle with the incense the Lotus blossoms breathe.
Let India's spicy odors and Persia's perfume rare
Be wafted on the pinions of Egypt's fragrant air.
With the sighing of the night breeze, the river's rippling flow,

Let me hear the notes of music in cadence soft and low.
Draw around my couch its curtains, I'd bathe my soul in sleep;

I feel its gentle languor upon me slowly creep.
O let me cheat my senses with dreams of future bliss,
In fancy nestle closely against his throbbing heart,
And throw my arms around him, no more—no more to part.
Hush! hush! his spirit's pinions are rustling in my ears.
He comes upon the tempest to calm my jealous fears.
He comes upon the tempest in answer to my call.
Wife—fame—and even honor—for me he leaves them all;
And royally I'll welcome my lover to my side,
I have won him—I have won him from Cæsar and his bride.

ABSENT-MINDED.

She was a widow by the name of Brown,
And came from some small Indiana town,
Was more than pretty, had a buxom waist,
Long golden hair, blue eyes, was dressed with taste.
Appeared to be some twenty-three or four,
And stood as model in a suiting store.
She had a ready blush and modest way,
Said very little, and was seldom gay.
In fact she seemed a model of good sense.
Put on no airs or frills or false pretense.
Could sing and play or dance, and in converse
Was said to be quite witty, shrewd and terse.
As 'twere by chance that handsome, wealthy bachelor
Jack Smith, whom all the girls had tried to catch,
Was introduced, and in a twinkling fell
A hopeless victim to love's magic spell.
And (after forty years of single life)
He asked the Widow Brown to be his wife.
He made no inquiry about the past
Of Brown, or where her former life was cast.
He just applied for Mrs. Brown's consent
To let him clothe and feed and pay her rent.
And she, well what she thought you'll have to guess.
We only know, the answer made was, yes.
Jack pressed the widow for an early day,
So 'twas arranged to marry right away.
Stop over in her rooms a day or two,
Then honeymoon a while at Kalamazoo.
So said, so done—a parson tied the knot,
For which Jack dropped a twenty in the slot.
They sought her room like a pair of cooing doves
To test the first fruition of their loves.
The day wore on, the evening passed away,
And in one bed the loving couple lay.
Some things are clearest seen. Why they are did?
Hence I'll not try to tell what Jack then did.
But though I hesitate what 'twas to tell,
No doubt he got what satisfied him well.
Now, Jack was always hatching some great plan.
A thinking, dreaming, absent-minded man.
With him a habit always came to stay,
As customary, he would do that way.
So when his wrestle with the bride was o'er,
He quietly stepped out upon the floor.

Washed thoroughly and dressed with dudish care.
 Brushed down his clothes and combed his curly hair,
 Tied his cravat with most consummate skill,
 Tossed on the bed one lone two dollar bill
 Then clapped his glossy tile upon his head,
 Turned to the door and Tra la la he said.
 She waved her hand and nodded with a smile,
 So full of winking, wicked, wanton guile.
 Picked up the money, looked and saw the two—
 Then o'er her face a wave of anger flew.
 Up sprang the bride. Hold on, my cove, says she,
 Don't try to play your funny g g on me.
 Not much, you don't; not while this gal's alive.
 I've always held my bottom price at five.
 And I'm dead onto all such blokes as you.
 It seems that she was absent-minded too.

THEIR JEWELS.

Out of the halls of Vassar one bright day
 Went two young ladies on their homeward way,
 Their school days o'er, each full of confidence
 In self—that feeling of self consequence
 So often seen in college graduate—
 A sort of harmless, beatific state
 That throws a mystic glamour o'er the world,
 But quickly fades ere wings are well unfurled.
 So went they out together, and they knew
 Each other's secrets, for this charming two
 Had ate and studied, slept and sung and read
 Together for a term of years. 'Tis said
 That neither ever went to make deposit
 But 'tother one was in or near the closet.
 One was a blonde of absolutest type,
 A luscious, fruity peach that's mellow ripe
 The other, a brunette, with soulful eye,
 A rich, dark pansy, beautiful, but shy,

They knew each other's secrets, yet not all,
 For "rare, pale Margaret, who was rather tall,
 Had inner closet in her secret soul,
 Fast locked in self and under firm control.
 Her's was a nature full of smothered fire
 That raged unseen, fed on by fierce desire.
 She oft would slip away to lone retreat

Where none could note the burning fever heat,
Some cool, soft spot in wooded leafy dell,
A hidden nook, where hazy shadows fell,
And there, abandoning all false pretense,
Would writhe and sigh in passion most intense.
Off in her room, disrobing for the night
Before her mirror in a flood of light,
She'd softly smooth her plumply rounded arms
And, gloating o'er her own voluptuous charms,
Dream out a manly form of goodly size
(Especially that part between the thighs);
Then on her couch thus all undressed,
Would press her knees against her heaving breast,
Toss wildly to and fro and wish that she
Might taste the fruit of the forbidden tree,
But such mad thoughts as these were ne'er betrayed
In presence of the dark-skinned maid.
She knew that Olive would have shrank in fright
To see her friend in such a woeful plight.
She had her store of passion, it is true,
But what it was she very little knew,
A husband's love alone in time would show
A depth of passion Margaret did not know.

Time passed and Margaret married Ezra Jones,
An old, but very wealthy bag of bones.
The lovely Olive married Johnny Rapp,
A handsome, jolly, honest, healthy chap.
John owned a cottage just outside of town,
And Jones a mansion with a front of brown.
They saw each other's homes across the street,
And thus the girls, as wives, would often meet.

Mrs. Jones being out in her carriage one day
Drove up to the cottage just over the way,
She was dressed up in duds of the latest new style
That must have cost Ezra a snug little pile.
She spread herself over a couple of chairs,
And showed plain enough she was putting on airs,
And she said: "My dear Olive, don't you wish that you
Had a palace and diamonds and precious stones, too,
O'er the face of her friend came a rose-tinted hue,
And the light in her eye pierced her visitor through,
But she smiled, and replied in the softest of tones
"You value your jewels and precious stones

By the glittering glimmer they bring to you,
 While we are possessed of only two.
 But by these John proveth his love to me,
 Oft' filling my soul with ecstasy.
 And I'd not exchange that precious pair,
 With their wondrous setting beyond compare,
 For all your jewels and setting of gold,
 Your brown-stone-front and wealth untold."
 O'er the face of the blonde came a troubled shade.
 She smothered a sigh, but no answer made.
 And silently rising, with nothing to say,
 Stepped in her carriage and drove away.
 And the strapping young Jehu, who sat on the box,
 Had a great shock of hair that was red as a fox.
 A year had hardly passed away
 When in the cottage cradle lay
 A beautiful babe, its parents joy,
 With its *tiny jewels*—it was a boy.
 It had golden hair and eyes of blue,
 The fruit of a love that was pure and true.
 Meantime in the mansion over the way
 Another babe in its cradle lay.
 On the face of the nurse is a sinister grin,
 As the tickled old Jones comes smiling in.
 But his joy took wings; his smiles all fled,
 When he saw that the baby's hair was red.

THE DRUMMERS AND THE FIFER.

Down in the valley a small rivulet runs there,
 A neat little cavern all covered with hair;
 Two drummers and a fifer to this place did repair,
 The fifer went in, the drummers stayed out—
 Kept jostling and joggling, and boggling about;
 The fifer came out, he hung down his head,
 "By gad," says the drummers,
 "Our fifer is dead!"

There was a young man from Dundee
 Who went on a hell of a spree,
 He wound up the clock
 With the head of his c—k
 And buggered his girl with the key.

AN EMPTY NEST.

While looking through the window at a tree in blossoms
drest,

I saw among the branches an old and empty nest.

I remembered when I saw it, how in a bygone spring
Four tiny bluebirds lived in it beneath their mother's wing.

Once more the blossoms pink and white adorn the little
prong
That holds the nest; but where is that fond mother and
her song?

Where are the tiny birdlings that ventured o'er the rim
Of that serene and cosy nest, to hop along the limb?

Where—

Where—

Where—

Oh, where—

I know there is an idyl here that might ten dollars bring,

But as I cannot quite see the way clearly myself, any
other congenital idiot who wants to undertake the job
may appropriate the
Whole infernal thing.

"Can you tell me," asked a Sundy school teacher of a
little girl, "why the Israelites made a golden calf?" "Be-
cause they hadn't glod enough to make a cow," was the
reply.

"What kind of a man is he? Good, bad, or indifferent?"

"Well, that depends a good deal on who teeters on the
other end of the plank with him."

"How so, sir?"

"Well, if you size him up alongside of Judas Iscariot he
looks up middlin' fair; but when you come to set him down
between such fellers as you an' me, Judge, he does dwindle
terrible surprisin'—he does, for a fact."

Why is it impossible to sweep out a room?

Because you sweep out the dirt and leave the room.

A PARLOR REVELATION.

They appointed to meet in the parlor,
When all of the guests were asleep;
And they parted with sweet protestations,
That each the appointment would keep.

They were punctual, just to the second:
Their greeting was soft as a breath;
And they sat on a lounge in the parlor,
Where all was as silent as death.

And they spooned in that fashion peculiar
To verdancy under love's charm;
She resting her head on his shoulder,
He circling her waist with his arm.

Soon their eyes to the dark grew accustomed,
And then they in terror took wing;
For they saw in that parlor four others
Engaged in the very same thing.

HER ANSWER.

"Come, let us wander through the grove,
The golden day has flown,
And I will tell you of my love
My beautiful, my own.

"The silvery moon in beauty beams,
Unclouded is the sky,
The stars are mirrored in the streams,
And zephyrs softly sigh.

"Among the trees the fireflies flit,
With intermittent gleam,
Upon a mossy knoll we'll sit
And there dream love's young dream."

Then thus replied the maiden sweet:
"I'd rather go with you
To Mulligan's saloon, down street,
And have an oyster stew."

What never flies without both its wings are cut off?
The American army.

ORIGIN OF EVIL.

In the first stillness of the even,
When blushing day began to close,
In the blissful bower of Eden,
Our chaste parents sought repose.

No pain to act lover's glowing passion,
So fit in these late days are seen;
Since girls shapes are spoiled by fashion,
And were never unstrung by sin.

Eve, the fairest child of nature,
In naked beauty stood revealed;
Exposing every limb and feature,
Save what her jetty locks concealed!

Light and wanton curled her tresses,
Where each sprouting lock should grow
Her bosom heaving for caresses,
Seemed blushing berries cast on snow.

Adam —got by lusty nature,
Formed to delight a woman's eyes,
Stood confessed in manly stature,
First of men, in shape and size.

Innocent of nuptial blisses,
Unknown to him, the balm of life;
With unmeaning wild caresses,
Adam teased his virgin wife.

As her arms, Eve held him hard in,
And toyed him with her roving hand,
In the middle of lover's garden;
She saw the tree of knowledge stand.

Stately grew the tree forbidden,
Rich, curling tendrils graced its roots;
In its velvet pods, half hidden,
Hung the tempting, luscious fruits.

With lover's coyest look she viewed it,
And touched it with her roving hand;
Did gently touch, but not renew'd it,
Restrained by the divine command.

At her guilty touch, the tree seemed,
 Against the blue arched sky to knock;
 With nervous vigor every branch beamed
 And swelled the sturdy, solid stock.

Softly sighed the rib formed beauty,
 "How love does new desire produce."
 This pendant fruit o'er came my duty
 I pant, to taste its balmy juice!

Why was this tall tree forbidden?
 So sweet, so pleasant to my eyes?
 Food so fit for hungry maiden—
 So much desired to make me wise.

With beaming eyes and cheeks of fire,—
 Raving, raging for the bliss,
 Blushing, panting with desire,
 She pressed her glowing lips to his!

With taper, gentle fingers, civil,
 She played about the velvet pods.
 "Do let us now know good from evil,
 Dear Adam! let us be like gods!"

"Threatened death will soon overtake me,
 If this forbidden fruit I pluck.
 But life itself will soon forsake me
 Unless its cordial juice I suck."

Her wishful hand half embraced it,
 Her heaving breast to his inclined;
 No more could she resist to taste it,
 But first she peeled its russet rind!

Into the proper place she thrust it,
 And nibbed until its sweets she found;
 Then like an eager glutton lusted,
 And gasping, gave a heavenward bound.

At that hour throughout creation—
 Rode love sublime in triumph then,
 Earth, sea, air gave gratulation,
 And all their offspring joyed like them.

Fish that sported in the Guidon,
Soaring eagle, cooing doves,
Leopard, panther, wolf and lion,
Reptile and insects joined their loves.

Love's fierce fire seized e'en the posies,
That decked the gay enamelled mead;
Amorous pinks, and wanton roses,
Dissolved in love, all shed their seed!

Eve, transported beyond measure,
Stretched in every vital part,
Fainting with excess of pleasure,
For mighty knowledge rift her heart.

"Dearest Adam, what a treasure
We now have added to our joys!
On earth 'tis a celestial pleasure,
Which oft partaking never cloyes."

But when she saw the tree so lofty,
Sapless and shrunk in size so small,
Pointing, she whispered, "Adam" softly,
"See, here death and their the fall."

There was a young lady from Gloster
Whose parents felt sure they had lost her.
They looked in the grass,
Found the print of her —
And the knees of the man who had crossed her.

There was a young lady from Bristol
Who went to the palace called Crystal.
Said she, It's all glass
And as round as my —
And she farted as loud as a pistol.

There was a young sucker from Kent
Whose p — k with a cordee was bent
To save his wife trouble
He put it in double
And blew off his balls when he spent.

THE PERSUASIVE PEDDLER.

He drifted in in a quiet way,
And he softly said what he had to say,

 And we all sat still,

For his manner was bland and his voice was mild;
He seemed like an innocent trusting child.

 How could we kill

A visitor who came in like that,
Who didn't forget to take off his has hat,

 Or wipe his feet,

Who talked in a gentle, modest way,
And softly said what he had to say

 In a tone discreet?

He told of the wares he had to sell,
But so gently he told what he had to tell

 That we still sat still,

For he was so quiet, and so polite
That none of us, somehow, could make it seem right

 To try to fill

The circumambient air with him,
Or to dislocate him limb from limb,

 As we used to do

When agents called and bothered us so
That we really sometimes didn't know

Just what we had done till it was all o-

Ver and we'd got through.

So he mildly sold us scissors, and knives,
And matches, and hair-oil, neck ties, and lives

 Of the presidents,

Elastics, and buttons, and needles and thread,
And shoe-strings, and pencils with movable lead

 (For thirty cents) —

And when he went out, in his quiet way,
After bidding us all a soft "Good day!"

 With a lightened load,

We all looked blankly at what we'd bought,
And we all exclaimed, with a common thought:

 "Well, I'll be blowed!"

The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him can find out by sticking a cambric needle into a mill pond and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole

THE PICNIC.

As the jolly picnic party starting out

Doth assemble.

When the bright-eyed little lady with a pout

Doth dissemble,

Playing that she may be would or may be wouldn't

Take your choice,

Answers yes or no, or makes believe she couldn't

Find her voice,

When the hustler of the party, full of biz.

Rushes round

Later when the "always last one" — Here he is—

With a bound,

Comes in time, you know he always surely does it

By a hair.

When the ladies have got off their dear me sure it,

What a scare.

When the bustle and the hustle settles down

On the train,

When the prophet of the party, Mr. Brown,

Says 'twill rain,

What a sudden, awful silence falls upon us,

When old Jones,

Who imagines that he is a real Adonis,

Drat his bones,

Grabs his daughter Susy's basket—he ought not to

O'er it leans,

Bellows out, By Gosh! I knew it—You forgot to

Bring them beans.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room he grew red in the face and went away mad.

"Oh dear, what a naughty, naughty man Mr. Ingersoll is," said Mrs. Propriety, yesterday, after reading his lecture. "But wouldn't it be nice if it was only true," she continued in an undertone.

If you court a woman, and you are won, and she is won,
what will you become?

One, of course.

COAT OR MEAT?

Yas, sah, I knows dey's raggid, my britches an' dis ole ves'.
An' all de brum to'n off'n my hat—taint fit for jay-bird's
nes—

Whar is my coat? Dat's gone; bu'ned up—an' de onlies'
one I had.

Well, yas, ter tell de hones' truth, I does feel sorter sad.
What! Why didn't I tuk de money I paid for dis hyar meat
An' buy me a coat to kiver my back? Well, now, if dat
don' beat.

Look hyer, boss, you ain' nuver knowd w'ut twuz ter be
hangry for bread.

Ner yit w'ut twuz ter be raggid frum de sole uv yo' foot
ter yo' head.

Dar's er fight twixt de back an' de stummick, an' de po'
man's got no choice.

W'en it comes ter clothin' de nakid back er mindin' de
stummick's voice.

W'en I axes my back for credit, I gets it, dollar an' dime,
But de po' man's empty stummick wants spot cash ev'ry
time.

"LET ME CREEP."

My spirit is centered—

One feeling, one thought,

One terrible wish

In my brain distraught,

Inch by inch

My darling to kiss

From her head to her feet—

Ah, deathly bliss.

From her dear sweet face,

Adown, adown,

Deeper, deeper—

Her arms so round,

Her tender breast,

Her heart's quick beat

Her rustling breath,

Her hands' soft heat.

Drunk with her whiteness,

The sweet skin's smell,

Adown, adown,

Where our parents fell,
Her body, her limbs,
O, soft! O, fair!
My eyes are dimming,
I gasp for air.

So softly, gently,
Adown—there! there!
Rest, my head, rest—
Whisper not where—
And my burning lips
Are buried now
In the dimpled depths
I know not how.
Deeper, deeper—
Ah, God! Ah, God!
I am fainting—I die
“Kissing the rod.”

Senseless I fall
At her pure, pink feet—
My lips are upon them;
My journey's complete—
My life's course is ended,
My voyage is done;
I've nothing to hope for;
Death, you may come.

My chum's a queer fellow. He saw a sign in a window on Sixth avenue reading, “Families supplied here.” What do you suppose he did? Well, he walked right in, plunked \$2 on the counter, and said: “Give me a wife and two children.”

We have a mean landlady at the house where my chum and I board. She's so mean she makes us eat off a round table so we can't get a square meal. My chum said during a thunder-storm the other morning that lighting had struck his plate. I told him he ought to be glad of it, as nothing had struck mine. He complained that his napkin was wet. I told him it had probably been against his bill. He wanted to know how it could get wet there, and I remarked that his bill was all due.

CORRECTING A HERETIC.

"I see our new schoolmarm has got some new fangled notions about 'stronomy,'" observed old Sam Moyer, gazing placidly at the dying tints of a Nebraska sunset. "But I tuk 'em all out of Jane Ophely. She cum hum from school one arternoon and gormed me all over with rubbish about the sun not rising at all, and dead loads of jist sich trash. But I mighty quick convinced her that when the wind was powerful strong from the west the sun was delayed from an hour to an hour and a half in gittin' up, and then I locked her inter the front bedroom to preponderate on it. She'll larn arter awhile to take her old dad's word in preference to some banged and frizzled schoolmarm."

Old Col. Witherspoon was at a party a few nights ago, and the subject of matrimony was under discussion. Gilhooley compared women to snakes.

"Did you hear what the wretch says?" said Mrs. Verger to Col. Witherspoon.

"Yes, mum," replied Col. Witherspoon.

"Now, Colonel, you have been married three times, and can testify as an expert. Why don't you denounce the slander?"

"I know, mum, it's a slander on the snakes, but I'm not going to take up for the snakes. Darn a snake, anyhow. I like to hear 'em abused."

HE WAS CONFIDENT.

There is a suburban youngster who is evidently intended by nature for a lawyer, if nature can be said ever to have intended a man to be a lawyer. He has two prayers that he says at night—sometimes the one and sometimes the other; one is the dear old "Now I lay me," and the other a prayer that this boy calls "The Good Shepherd."

The other night his older sister, who was putting him to bed, improved the occasion by giving him a little lecture on the omnipresence and omniscience of the Creator.

"Mamie," said he, after awhile, "does God know just everything that we are going to do before we do it?"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Does he know that I'm going to say 'Now I lay me?'"

"Yes, Johnny."

"Hal! Well, I ain't going to say it. I'm going to say 'The Good Shepherd!'"

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

A wench going over the Michigan Central Railroad the other night was obliged to respond to nature's call. Not knowing where the water closet was she dropped down between two seats and left her card about as long as your arm and the size of a bologna sausage. Of course the other passengers in the car were indignant as the odor was terrific, and they complained to the conductor. He immediately went to the woman and demanded her ticket. The ticket was produced, and upon examining it he returned to the other passengers and remarked:

"I can't do anything in the matter as her ticket calls for one first-class passage. She has had one, and if she has another I will put her off the train."

A part of an unpublished poem on womanhood by Ira Porter, D. D.

* * * * *

'Twere vain to tell of trials made
How plants and metals were assayed,
How fish was found too cold and dry,
Fowl meat to tame and deer too shy,
How veal and mutton, beef and pork
Were found unfit for such fine work.
A forked radish once 'twas thought
Might answer for the purpose sought.
The scheme was tried with matchless art
And failed, because it was too smart.
At length by toil impatiently grown
God said, I'll make the thing of bone,
A crooked bone, enduring, hard,
Coated with flesh and hair and lard.
And yet so good my work shall be
Man shall no imperfection see,
He'll toil and fight to press her lips,
And die with rapture 'twixt her hips.
He said—and from his pocket large
Produced of chloroform a charge,
Took Adam down between his knees,
Poor man did flounder, cough and sneeze,
But God, firm lashed him to a board
And made him breathe it till he snored.
The fig-leaf coat was open torn,
'Twas soiled and greasy, badly worn,

He whet his thumb nail on a stone
Then cut the flesh from off the bone,
Replaced the phial in his pocket
And jerked the rib from out its socket.
Poor Adam. How his face contorted,
How all his muscles writhed, convorted,
What pain and anguish then he suffered,
But d—d a haint resistance offered.
God staunched the blood with salt and lint
And gave him brandy without stint;
With thorn and tendon closed the wound
And raised him up from sleep profound.
The poor man ope'd his peepers wide
And saw "a goneness" in his side,
The missing bone had left a crack
That ran from belly round to back
A crevice wide and red and black.
Terrors most horrid then assailed him,
Even his manly courage failed him,
He knew not what the devil ailed him,
Till turning round like fowl on spit
He spied another form beslit.

A longitudinal gash it was
Yawning and cavernous and sooty,
'Twould never heal by nature's laws
Nor could he keep it closed with putty.
He stood awhile amazed, alarmed,
Till one by one his wits were gained,
And then half maddened and half charmed
He sought to have the thing explained
Great God! he cried, while I've been sleeping
Some demon o'er my side was creeping
And left me there a transverse wound.
I fear I'll ne'er again be sound,
But still more wondrous is this vision
For there, as if in sheer derision,
Upon that other form I view
Another wound both large and new.
Say, was it not enough that I,
A child of earth and air and sky,
Should be ripped open like a mullet,
Turned up and trussed like roasting pullet.
Must all that wear thy form divine
Be likewise scarred and gashed and baisted?
See this poor creature like a pine

That's girdled and its sap all wasted
I would with love and tender care
Embrace the creature could I dare,
But I'm restrained, my wound is new,
And hers is fresh as you can see.
Say, what the devil shall I do
And what do you design with me?
The maker answered not in ire,
But blandly smiling all the while,
This is the being you require
Your weary moments to beguile,
The wound you seem so much to fear
Is not a gash formed by a cleaver,
'Tis only nature's sluice to clear
Your bodies from unnatural fever.
Go take her to your arms and learn
How best to charm and how to tickle her;
She's fitted well to suit your turn,
Your wound's transverse, her's perpendicular.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

"Some of our exchanges are publishing a curious item to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bung-hole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary about the occurrence."

Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bung-hole and slaked his thirst with the plug; or, if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the horse and slaked its thirst with the plug; or, if the barrel had pulled the bung-hole out of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse; or, if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bung-hole; or, if the bung-hole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel; or, if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bung-hole and plugged his thirst with the slate, it might be well to make some fuss over it.

Again. If the bung had plugged the horse at his barrel hole and slaked his arse with the thirst; or, if the bung had plugged his arse with the slate and horsed his barrel with the thirst hole; or, if the slate had pulled the plug out of the horse hole and bunged his arse with the barrel; or, bunged the plug in his arse and barreled his thirst with the slate-hole; or, if the barrel had plugged the slate and bunged the horse in his arse-hole, then there would have been something remarkable in the item.

FROM BYRON.

There is a tide in the affairs of man

Which—taken at the flood—you know the rest,

And most of us have found it, now and then,

At least we think so, though but few have guessed

The moment, till too late to come again,

But no doubt everything is for the best.

There is a tide in the affairs of women

Which taken at the flood leads, God knows where.

Those navigators must be able seamen,

Whose charts lay down its currents to a hair.

Nor dream of slave nor reverie of freemen

With its strange whirls and eddies can compare.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she

Young, beautiful and daring, who would risk

A throne, the world, the universe to be

Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk

The stars from out the sky than not be free

As are the billows when the breeze is brisk.

Though such as she's a devil, she would man upset,

The commonest ambition fails when passion

O'er throws the same. We readily forget,

Or at the least forgive the loving rash one,

If Anthony be well remembered yet,

'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion.

[CLEOPATRA.]

SATED CURIOSITY.

Said the grocer: 'A lady whom I know very well came to the store yesterday and said she wanted to leave a package with me for an hour or two while she did some shopping. It was a longish, shallow pasteboard box. "What's in it?" I asked. "Never you mind what," she said. "May I look at it?" said I. "No, you can't," she said; "it's something that single men have no business to see." Of course, this made me still more curious, and I begged until she finally said: "Well, go ahead; but it's the last time you'll ever see it." And out she went. I untied the strings, opened the box, and pulled out the mystery. It was a pair of fine silk stockings. The foot and ankle were black, but at the calf began a broad band of yellow that reached to the top, and on this band was embroidered a single word—*chestnuts*."

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

I know not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together;
At table d'hote one night at eight
Our talk began about the weather.
We had no introduction—no;
But this displays no lack of breeding,
Our seats were next each other, so
It was a natural proceeding.

She dressed in stunning English style;
Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.
"Ah! blessed," I thought, "is Britain's isle
If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed apace
Was interspersed with frequent "fahncys."
I'll not deny the "fetching" grace
Of "reahly" slipped betwixt her glances,

Still something nameless made me doubt
Her being truly, bluely Briton.
Yet when one little phrase slipped out
With horror was my bosom smitten,
"I guess—" She could not call it back,
And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
O, lovely Anglo-maniac,
To shatter thus my fond illusion!

TRouble IN THE CAMP.

"I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted?" began a blunt-spoken woman of 45 as she stood before the officials of the Twentieth street station in Detroit a day or two ago.

When they inquired the particulars she handed out a letter and said:

"Observe the envelope. That letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early day for the wedding."

When the Captain had finished the letter, she was ready with another, adding:

"And this is addressed to my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says he can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man."

So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, she handed out a third, with the remark:

"This is directed to my daughter Helen. It is the very same man, and in it he calls her his pansy, and he says he dreams of her."

"Why, he seemed to love the whole family," remarked the captain.

"That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once and engaged to the three of us at the same time. Oh, what wretches there are in this world!"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found him out."

"Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia hadn't opened one of my letters, and if I hadn't searched the girls' pockets while they were asleep, we'd have thought him an innocent lamb."

"And do you want him arrested?"

"No, I guess not, but I want this matter to go into the papers as a warning to other women. Just think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucretia on Wednesday night and Helen on Friday night, and calling each one of us his climbing rose. Oh, sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is."

"Yes, he's pretty tough."

"It has learned me a lesson," she said, as she was ready to go. "The next man that comes sparkling around my house has got to come right out and say which he's after. If it's the girls I won't say nothing, and if it's me it won't do em a bit of good to slam things around and twit me of burying two husbands."

A week ago last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Marquis, of Rock Island delivered a sermon against the sin of dancing. Here is a sample extract:

"The hour is late. There is a delicious intoxication of motion and music — perhaps of wine—in the blood. There is a strange, confused sense of being individually observed among so many, while yet the natural noble shame which guards the purity of man and women alone tog-ther is absent. Such is the occasion, and still hour after hour the dance whirls its gay kaleidoscopic around, bringing hearts so near that they almost beat against each other, mixing the warm breath together, darting the fire of electricity

between the meeting fingers, flushing face, and lightening
the eyes with a quick language."

This has struck us so forcibly that we have made bold
to paraphrase the reverend gentleman's poetical picture as
follows:

The hour is late, and in the veins
Surges a fiery ocean—
As though the blood were but a flood
Of music and of motion.
A feverish sense of envious eyes,
Observing loose embraces,
Dispels the shame which like a flame
Should crimson guilty faces.

So whirl the giddy hours away,
But still the votary lingers;
Pertinent hearts applaud the arts
Of nimble, wanton fingers.
The burning breath, the fireful eyes,
The bosom's ardent flutter—
Each speaks to each the lustful speech
No human tongue dare utter.

TO READ CHARACTER.

Put down the year of your birth.

Add - - - - - 4

Add - - - - - your age.

Multiply by - - - - - 1,000.

Subtract - - - - - 677,423.

Under the figures obtained place the letters of the
alphabet according to place, as per example:

Born in - - - - - 1841.

Add - - - - - 4

1845.

Add age - - - - - 47.

1892.

Multiply by - - - - - 1,000.

1,000.

Subtract - - - - - 1,892,000.

677,423.

1,214,577.

A BAD EGG.

EXCEPTIONAL AND SAD.

Elder Thompson, the famous Universalist preacher who died some years ago, was once asked to marry a couple whose religious views were at variance with his own. After the ceremony the bridegroom expressed his entire satisfaction with the service. "I don't see," he said, "that you could have done it any better if you'd believed in a hell." A little theological discussion followed, in which Elder Thompson advanced the idea that "a man gets his hell in this world." Two years after Father Thompson met the man again.

"You remember you married me," the man said.

"Yes."

"And that I said I hoped it would be just as happy a marriage as if you believed in a hell?"

"You said something like that."

"And that you said some folks got all their hell in this world?"

"I might have said so."

"Parson, you was right."

WHAT SANK THE OREGON.

A beautiful damsel in wrapper and slipper
Sat on the deck of the fast-sailing clipper,
And many a question she put to the skipper.

She told him she never had been on the ocean,
And asked him if he had any sort of a notion
What kept the old thing in eternal commotion.

She plied him with questions that none could reply to,
But still the old skipper politely would try to,
And once in a while the old rascal would lie, too.

"What, think you, ran into and sank the Cunarder?"
The skipper looked up and appeared to regard her
As if he were sorry her questions weren't harder.

"Why, bless ye," he said, as he glanced at the spanker
And motioned a sailor to stand by the anchor,

"'Twas water, I reckon, ran into and sank her."

Camping out in the tent with its slit in the rear,
When the sun goeth down, madam thinks no one near,
Tries on her new chemise to see how it fits,
Some sly old persimmons peeps in at her—
Religious experience.

Ah, the joy of relief from the care and vexation
Of everyday life, how we seek relaxation,
To turn from the world, all its worry and sin,
We are ever in search of a good piece of—
Religious experience.

The women, Lord bless 'em, are full of devotion;
Yet the sly little creatures have caught on the motion
That it pays to feed Parsons on oysters and eggs,
Then get on the swing and exhibit their—
Religious experience.

Thus you see how it worketh, this Methodist plan;
Not a matter of brains, but the pleasure of man,
No use have they here for your Miltons and Pollocks,
They measure you up by the size of your—
Religious experience.

They are close financiers at this "horn of the good;"
All who enter their courts and partake of their food
Must come down with the dust—they do nothing on tick,
Unless you can show them a very large—
Religious experience.

Yes, the Methodist sharp knows the seat of the soul;
The man who can't see it is blind as a mole.
They have built a hotel for this whole "sassy nation,"
We will give it a name: "The Hotel Assig—" /
Religious experience.

THE BOARDER'S MORNING SOLILOQUY.

How swift the hours of sleep glide by!
I hear the sparrow chinning,
The mackerel peddler's screeching cry
Proclaims that day's beginning.
Once more to dress I must begin,
The sun shines out in splendor,
And I hear the thud of the rolling pin
That makes the beefsteak tender.

Modestus Green was a "country Jake,"
A sleepy greehorn half awake.
A big, strong, gawky, awkward lout
Who had never traveled or been about.
He owned a Pennsylvania farm,
Was honest and square and knew no harm;
He had always been shy of the women folks,
Was a standing butt for country jokes.
The girls all said that big Mode Green
Was the darndest fool they ever seen.
But we rather suspect the girls were mad
Because Modestus wasn't bad.
And bad with a country maiden means
One who to'ard modest virtue leans.
Such was Mode Green at 24.
A country bumpkin, nothing more.
But a change came o'er our hero's life
When he struck ile and took a wife.
She was a buxom, flashy dame
(From Philadelphia she came.)
She dressed in style, his money spent,
And set up an establishment;
Kept a nobby team, a coach and all that,
And a coachman as black as a beaver hat.
The days were full of a giddy life,
And Mode was proud of his nobby wife.

Thus passed a year of wedded bliss
When one day madam, with a kiss,
Informed her husband that she felt
A movement underneath her belt.

Old time moved on, there came a day
When madam in a chamber lay;
The nurse and doctor both were there
To introduce the little heir,
Or heiress as the case might be,
And Mode was waiting anxiously.

The labor lingered till the morn,
And then a little babe was born.
Modestus heart was full of joy
When told it was a bouncing boy
And then the doctor struck him dumb

He said there was one more to come,
Then Mr. Green was filled with glee,
He was as tickled as could be,
He danced around and bumped his shins
To think he'd made a pair of twins.
He clapped his hands and sung a song,
And roared with laughter loud and long;
He snickered, chuckling o'er and o'er
And rolled upon the parlor floor.

* * * * *
The doctor came in with a puzzled look
And out of its wrappings a something took;
Then hell poured into Modestus' soul
For the twin was a nigger as black as a coal.

LIZZIE'S EXPERIENCE ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF MARRIAGE.

DEAR NELLIE—You will remember that promise made by our set at Jacksonville—Kate Elwood, Fannie Scott, you and myself—that when either of us got married, we should write to each other and give full particulars of that interesting event, and that we should particularly describe our experience on the first night of the wedding.

Well, dear Nellie, I have taken that important step. I am married, and I have the dearest and sweetest husband in the world. I wish you could see him. You told me to kiss him for you; I did so several times, he is such a sweet fellow. I was married last Tuesday, and as Willie has gone to Pekin, I will write to you about it; but, in the first place, I cannot help saying something about old times at college. What a gay set of girls there were there during the last two terms that you and I attended, especially in room 7 (our room). I shall never forget Kate Elwood, the gayest girl in college. Do you think she was as virtuous as she claimed to be? I believe Gus Elmar got all he wanted out of her the night he took her to Naples in a buggy.

When I was married I had a gay time of it till nearly midnight. All the guests had then departed, pa and ma had gone to bed, and no one remained but Willie and myself and one of the bridesmaids, who took it upon herself to see me to my room, with the request that I should not let Willie use me up. I was all in a tremble from the excitement, joy, temptation and fervor. How my heart beat;

It seemed as though it would jump out of my throat. I did not undress, for I thought I would wait for Willie. He soon entered, closed the door and quickly locked it, and springing to where I sat, seized me in his arms and squeezed the breath out of me, kissing me passionately at the same time. Then he seated himself, drew me upon his lap and began kissing me again. His caresses soon quieted my fears, but excited my desires. After caressing me awhile in a modest manner, Willie became more bold, and slipped his hand under my clothes until it rested on that spot which is the seat of all men's desires. I could not resist him, and when he put his hand on that sacred spot, I could not have resisted him had he tried to kill me. I was burning up with passion. I hugged and kissed him in the most frantic manner. Willie noticed my agitation and stopped. Then he began undressing me, and I soon had nothing on but my underclothes. He then reduced himself to the same state and again clasped me in his arms. I could now distinctly feel his instrument throbbing against my legs, and I became so excited that I fear I did something that would not be considered maidenly, for before I was aware of what I was doing Willie had me stripped stark naked. He then put himself in the same state. Oh, Nellie, you cannot imagine my feelings with shame and amorous desires struggling for the mastery, and Willie standing right before me as naked as I was, and his instrument standing stiff fully nine inches in length and of a size that truly alarmed me. I did not though have much time for meditation, for Willie seized me in his arms, carried me to the bed, laid me down upon it, and after a few burning kisses upon my lips and every part of my body, threw himself upon me and placed his hands between my thighs. I knew that the long-wished for, but dreaded moment, had come. In an instant I felt the head of his instrument inserted in my monkey, and soon the pain was commencing, but Willie, finding himself on the right road, kissed me ardently and threw me off my guard, when he gave a sudden plunge and buried his instrument the whole length into my belly. I could have died with pain, but Willie soothed me with kisses, and my feelings soon returned. He soon began to move in and out of me, every motion giving me more and more pleasure. I threw my arms and legs around him in the wildest manner. I could hardly keep on the bed so thrilling was the pleasure. Willie's motion grew faster and faster and I felt that a crisis was

approaching. He began to breathe harder and harder, and in a second or two more he murmured, "O, Nellie, O-o-o-o-q!" and with a convulsive shiver sank his head upon my bosom, while I felt something hot gushing into me from his instrument. I, too, was delirious with joy, and I hugged and kissed him and bobbed my arse up and down until I too shivered and fell in a calm. Oh, Nellie, it was heaven on earth! After a few minutes we got up and washed ourselves. Willie then sat down in a chair and I on his lap. We did not feel ashamed, though we were stark naked. We talked awhile, when I put my hand down and took hold of his cock; it was soft and small. He played with and tickled my monkey, which made me feel so good that I naturally took his whole cock in my hand and began to rub it up and down. It soon again got large and stiff as a poker, which made me feel so good that I squeezed it tighter and rubbed harder and faster. He soon began to strain and wiggle his arse and hugged and bit me. I felt his already stiff instrument grow stiffer and larger in my hand, and then, just as he hugged and bit me, he spent all over my hand. After a little while we again got on the bed, and during the night we enjoyed the same heavenly bliss several times.

Your Enraptured Friend,
LIZZIE A. FOOTE.

A woodpecker flew to the school-house yard
And he pecked and he pecked, for his pecker was hard;
Then the woodpecker flew to the school-house door
When he pecked and he pecked till his pecker was sore,
After which he flew back in the yard again
And the woodpecker's pecker got over its pain.

He was one of the irrepressible sort of youngsters and had been taken to a neighbor's for a fashionable dinner. Playing with a little dog he noticed something new to him, and at once yelled: "Oh, mamma, mamma, look! See the little red thing sticking out of the doggie's belly!"

The most satisfactory remedy for anal flatulence is expulsion, but a man should be careful in choice of time and place or he is liable to get another sort of expulsion that won't give him so much satisfaction.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Every student of nouns, pronouns and verbs knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining its grammatical construction. The following shows 26 different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not affected:

The weary plowman plods, his homeward way.
 The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.
 His homeward way the weary plowman plods.
 His homeward way the plowman, weary, plods.
 The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
 The plowman, weary, homeward plods his way.
 His way the weary plowman homeward plods.
 His way, the plowman, weary, homeward plods.
 The plowman, homeward, plods his weary way.
 His way the plowman homeward, weary, plods.
 His homeward, weary way, the plowman plods.
 Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.
 Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way.
 Homeward, his way the weary plowman plods.
 Homeward, his way the plowman, weary, plods.
 Homeward his weary way the plowman plods.
 The plowman homeward, weary, plods his way.
 His weary way the plowman homeward plods.
 His weary way the homeward plowman plods.
 Homewad the plowman plods his weary way.
 Homeward the weary plowman ploks his way.
 The plowman, weary, his homeward way plods.
 The plowman plods his homeward weary way.
 Weary, the plowman his way homeward plods.
 Weary, his homeward way the plowman plods.

IT COULDN'T HELP FALLING.

"Pat," said an American to an Irishman who had lately landed and who was staring at Niagara, "did you ever see such a fall as that in the old country?"

"Faith, and I niver did; but do yer see, why shouldn't it fall? What's to prevint it's fallin'? That's what I'd like ter know."

Tell me how to make a tall man short.
 Try to borrow five dollars of him.

A LUCKY DOG.

The genius who "runs" the Detroit Opera House programmes should not go unrecognized. Under the heading

"In a Book Store" he has the following:

Customer—Have you the "Woman in White?"

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Customer—Quite Alone?

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Customer—In the Dark?

Clerk—Yes.

Customer—Well, you're a lucky dog. Good morning.

A CURIOUS PUZZLE.

The following is a very curious puzzle: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five. Then add twenty. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add five. Multiply the sum by ten. Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

CHESTNUTS.

"Ed, who was that girl I saw you walking with the other day?"

"Why, that's my fiancee."

"Um-m! What's her name?"

"Helen French."

"What is it in English?"

"George, where are those ear-muffs my sister made for you?"

"I threw them in the river."

"What! Threw those muffs that my sister spent weeks in making, into the river? Why did you do it?"

"Well, I went into a saloon the other day, and had them on. A fellow asked me to take a drink, and I didn't hear him, so the ear-muffs had to go."

Cleveland will never see Washington again. No! Why, he's dead. Cleveland? No—Washington.

BABY MINE.

Things have come to such a pass,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 I must spank your little ass,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
 I have held you out to pee,
 And now, you scamp, just see!
 You have pissed right on my knee,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 You have pissed right on my knee,
 Baby mine.

I have changed you o'er and o'er,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 It is getting quite a bore,
 Baby mine, baby mine.
 You don't seem to care a bit
 What you miss or what you hit—
 There, you rascal, you have shit!
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 There, you rascal you have shit!
 Baby mine.

I'm so sad I can but sigh,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 I'm so mad that I could cry,
 Baby mine, baby mine,
 You have shit upon the floor,
 And you've smeared it o'er and o'er.
 Hark! there's callers at the door,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 Hark! there's callers at the door,
 Baby mine.

Quit your dancing up and down,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 You'll be smelled all over town,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 Would you were in sweet repose—
 Ah! my caller, there she goes,
 For she's got it up her nose,
 Baby mine, baby mine;
 For she's got it up her nose,
 Baby mine.

But, my darling, you are sweet,
Baby mine, baby mine;
I could kiss your very feet,
Baby mine, baby mine;
It don't matter when you quit,
You may slobber, you may spit,
You may piss and you may shit,
Baby mine, baby mine;
You may piss and you may shit,
Baby mine.

CAMP MEETING.

There's fun at camp meetings moonlight nights;

Yes; fun, and by daylight too.

'Tis funny to see the Christian sights

And the funny things Christians do.

They stroll in the woods and lunch on the sod,

And play with their things, through the love of God.

The young and the old, the sad and the gay,

Turn day into night and night into day.

And enjoy themselves in the good old way.

They do it because they're religious.

Then the months roll round, and the girls grow fat
On the lunches they've taken of Little Old Hat,
Which they took on the grass where they went for prayer
Ne'er dreaming the charge might perchance stay there
Then too late, they regret the lunches grand,
And the fun they had when they took in the stand,
And they don't feel very religious.

And the saying's true: "More souls are made
Than are saved" in a camp meeting's twilight shade.
But 'twas good while it lasted and gave them joy,
As they laid on their backs and pulled in their boy.
Again and again they played with his toy,
Just because 'twas so very religious.

Why does the she cat raise such a hell of a yowl during
her marriage ceremony?

For the same reason that a dog can't quit and walk off
when he gets through.

They axe not built that way.

T. WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

Three thoughts one day in a busy brain

Met in a little bunch of nerve,

And boarding together a lightning train

Unburdened themselves without reserve.

Said the first, I would conquer by force of arms,

At my feet I would make all nations kneel;

I would fill all souls with dire alarms,

And rule with the rod and iron heel.

The second said, with an unctuous smile,

I'd body and soul with feasting fill,

A gourmand I—I would love beguile,

And sense should bend to my sensuous will.

And the third, with a hideous, grinning leer

Nodded and said, I would wait a spell,

And then, in the height of your wild career,

I would carry you both straight down to hell.

THAT AMATEUR FLUTE.

The company were all seated, and the laugh and jest
went round—light-hearted revelers unconscious of their
doom. The executioner entered. He bore in his hand a
silver flute. A malignant smile lighted up his features.
"Ha, ha!" he said, with fiendish glee, "I will administer
unto them an adagio; not a man shall escape."

Now, therefore, this, accompanied with many apologies
to the honored shade of Edgar Allen Poe:

Hear the fluter with his flute—

Silver flute,

O what a world of wailing is awakened by its toot!

How it demi-semi quavers

On the maddened air of night!

And defieth all endeavors

To escape the sound or sight

Of the flute, flute, flute,

With its tootle, tootle, toot—

With reiterated tootings of exasperating toots,

The long protracted tootlings of agonizing toots

Of the flute, flute, flute, flute,

Flute, flute, flute,

And the wheezings and the spittings of its toots.

Should he get that other flute,—

Golden flute,—

Oh, what a deeper anguish will its presence instill!—
How his eyes to heaven he'll raise,

As he plays,

All the days,

How he'll stop us on our ways

With its praise!

And the people, oh the people,

That don't live up in the steeple,

But inhabit Christian parlors

Where he visiteth and plays—

Where he plays, plays, plays—

In the cruelest of ways,

And thinks we ought to listen,

And expects us to be mute,

Who would rather have the ear-ache

Than the music of his flute,—

Of his flute, flute, flute,

And the tootings of its toot,—

Of the toots wherewith he tooteth its agonizing toot,

Of the flute, flwt, fluit, float,

Phlute, phlew, phlewght,

And the tootle, tootle, tootin of its toot.

NO SUCH PERSON.

He had a fly-screen under one arm and a bundle of sticky fly-paper under the other as he entered a Michigan avenue saloon yesterday and said:

"Why don't you keep 'em out?"

"Who vash dot?" asked the saloonist.

"Why, the pesky flies. You've got 'em by the thousand in here, and the fly season has only begun. Shall I put fly-screens in the doors?"

"Vhat for?"

"To keep the flies out."

"Why should I keep der flies out? Flies like some chance to go aroundt und see der city, der same as beoples. If a fly is kept out on der street all der time he might ash vhell be a horse."

"Yes, but they are a great nuisance. I'll put you up a screen door for \$3."

"Not any for me. If a fly vhants to come in here, und pehaves himself in a respectable manner, I have notting to

say. If he don't pehave I bounce him oudt pooty queek,
und don't he forget her."

"Well, try this fly-paper. Every sheet will catch 500
flies."

"Who vhabts to catch 'em?"

"I do—you—everybody."

"I don't see it like dat. If I put dot fly-paper on der
counter somebody come along und wipe his nose mit it, or
somebody leans his elbow on her and vhalks off mit him.
It would be shust like my boy Shake to come in und lick
all der molasses off, to play a shoke on his fadder."

"Say, I'll put down a sheet, and if it doesn't catch
twenty flies in five minutes I'll say no more."

"If you catch twenty flies I have to pry 'em loose mit a
stick und let 'em go, und dat vhas too much work. No,
my friendt; flies must have a chance to get along und take
some comfort. I vhas poor once myself, und I know all
about it."

"I'll give you seven sheets for ten cents."

"Oxactly, but I won't do it. It looks to me like shmall
peeness for a pig man like you to go aroundt mit some
confidence game to schwindle leetle flies."

Ten little parsons preaching love divine,
One kissed his servant girl, then there were 9.
Nine little parsons preaching sinners' fate,
One kissed his neighbor's wife, then there were 8.
Eight little parsons smoothing paths to heaven,
One kissed his boarding mistress, then there were 7.
Seven little parsons exposing satan's tricks,
One starved the children then there were 6.
Six little parsons preaching Christ alive,
One got slinging arsenic, then there were 5.
Five little parsons preaching sin no more,
One shot his sexton, then there were 4.
Four little parsons preaching Calvary,
One got horsewhipped then there were 3.
Three little parsons preaching Christ as true,
One cut his baby's throat, then there were 2.
Two little parsons following the Son,
One beat his child to death, then there was 1.
One little parson, just for pious fan,
Eloped with a deacon's wife, then there was none.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR.

We left the parlor early—
I think 'twas hardly nine—
And, by some happy fortune,
Her room was next to mine.
Resolved, like old Columbus,
New regions to explore,
I took a snug position
By the key-hole in the door.

There, stooping down in silence,
And resting on my knee,
Impatiently I waited
To see what I could see.
She first took off her collar—
It fell upon the floor;
I saw her stoop to get it,
Through the key-hole in the door.

Fair Jennie then proceeded
To doff her pretty dress,
And then her under-garments—
Some fifty, more or less.
To speak the truth correctly,
I think there was a score,
But I could not count correctly
Through the key-hole in the door.

The maiden, then disrobing,
Revealed her pretty breast—
Two round and snowy hillocks,
All crimson at the crest.
And as she gently stroked them,
I softly cried "Encore!"
But ah! she could not hear me
Through the key-hole in the door

Then up before the mirror
The lovely creature stood
Reviewing her rich beauty
And fevering my blood.
My hair uprose, like bristles
Upon the angry boar;
For thrilling sights I witnessed
Through the key-hole in the door.

And as she stood surveying
Her liberated charms,
I wished that, like Briareus,
I had an hundred arms;
But then I could not use them,
Which fact I did deplore,
One can't embrace a maiden
Through the key-hole in the door.

She next unloosed her tresses
Of wavy chestnut hair,
Which fell in streaming cascades
Adown her shoulders bare.
Then quickly she rebound it;
While, silent as before,
I watched the pretty process
Through the key-hole in the door.

The fair Diana, bathing,
Bold Acteon did see;
He would have fared much better
If he had been with me.
I felt great drops of rapture
Exude from every pore,
Ye gods! I felt like jumping
Through the key-hole in the door!

Then down upon the carpet
She sat with graceful ease,
And raised her spotless linen
Above her snowy knees.
A dainty sky-blue garter
On either knee she wore,
Oh! 'twas a glorious picture—
Through the key-hole in the door.

She then, her stockings freeing,
A pair of limbs revealed
As plump, and round, and tapered
As drapery e'er concealed.
Nature had not their equals
In her abundant store,
They seemed like Parian marble,
Through the key-hole in the door.

She then the glowing grate drew near,
Her dainty feet to warm,
And nothing but her chemise
Concealed her lovely form.
I thought, "remove that chemise—
I'll ask for nothing more,"
And I beheld her do it.
Through the key-hole in the door.

And next, with nimble fingers,
She donned a milk-white gown,
And on her bed fair Jennie
Prepared to lay her down.
Methought a bed so ample
Might hold at least one more,
But did not dare to say it
Through the key-hole in the door.

Upon a downy pillow
She gently laid her head,
The lamp was then extinguished,
And darkness veiled the bed.
'Twas no use waiting longer—
I knew the show was o'er;
So I my post abandoned,
By the key-hole in the door.

Ye dreary men of science,
Who strain your eager eyes
In gazing at the planets
That deck the distant skies,
Nature hath greater wonders
Than are dreamed of in your lore,
And a telescope is nothing
To a key-hole in the door.

RURAL SIMPLICITY.

A drummer who had kissed a country girl remarked, ecstastically:—

"How charming it is to press the lips of innocence for the first time!"

"All you city fellows must have gone to the same school. Every mother's son of you says the same thing when he kisses me," she replied.—He took the train for the next jumping off place.

A RIDDLE.

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

Letitia has a large one, and so has Cousin Luca;
Elizabeth has a small one, tho' large enough for use;
A child may have a little one enclosed within a clout;
In fact, all females have one—no girl is born without.

But men, nor boys, nor buck, nor bear, nor ram was ever
known

To have one, either large or small, to rightly call his own.
All fowls have one, not cocks of course, and tho' prolific
breeders.

The fact that fish have none is known to piscatorial readers.

Hermaphrodites have none; mermaids are minus too;
Nell Gwynne possessed a double share, we read, if books
are true;

Lasciviousness there has its source; harlots their use apply;
Without it lust has never been, and even love would die.

'Tis used by all in nuptial bliss, in carnal pleasure found,
Destroy it, life becomes extinct, the world is but a sound.
Beneath a soft and glossy curl, each lass has one in front;
To find it on an animal, you at the stern must hunt.

Now, tell me what the object is, but pause before you guess
it:

If you are mother, maid or man, I swear you don't possess
it.

THE FAMILY IN THE FLAT ACROSS THE HALL.

There's truth in that old saying which we very often hear,
That to make a world it takes all sorts of folks,
But to think of all the millions, that the ones we are so
near

Are the very worst, our patience half provokes
But 'tis just as true as preaching that in all this great broad
land,

There's none which at the present we recall,
Who are quite so disagreeable or difficult to stand
As the family in the flat across the hall.

They have a tin piano which they hammer all day long,

And a poodle dog that barks throughout the night—
It may be very sinful to contemplate such wrong.

But I'll slay the creature some time with delight,
Their children tread as noisily as rampant Texas steers
And pinch the baby just to hear it squall,
If they should move away there won't be many tears
For the family in the flat across the hall.

Our daughter Mabel plays with grace the organ now and
then

And Johnny blows a little on his flute,
While Margaret takes lessons on the fife and mandolin
And Richard plays the violin or lute.
Of evenings all the young folks have a dance or promenade
And once a week we give a parlor ball.
Our home would be real pleasant were it not for noises
made
By the family in the flat across the hall.

MY SOLID GIRL.

Yes, I remember well the eve I asked her to be mine,
And how I prayed the graces that my wish she'd not de-
cline.

I think no other mortal ever loved a maid so well;
I hadn't half enough of words my constancy to tell.
With her my own the future years with sunshine would be
bright.

Without her life would be to me a dreary, starless night.
So my heart went wildly beating and my brain was in a
whirl.

When she placed her hand in mine and said, "I'll be your
solid girl."

She was a fragile creature then of fairy-like design,
I little dreamed that now her weight would double that of
mine;

That the clinging little woman all so delicate and wan
Would in the after years become a stalwart amazon.
But, still it sometimes happens that such changes do occur,
But now that she's the *more* to me I can't think less of her.
Did I not love her dearly I should think myself a churl.
She kept her promise faithfully—she's still my solid girl.

72

The Methodist Church has its rings and its rings;
The Methodist sharp knoweth one or two things,
The latest new dodge is the Lake Bluff hotel,
Where the real old campaigners can gather and tell
Their religious experience.

The parson, in working his free-lunch route,
Is telling a sweet, little lady about
The Hotel at Lake Bluff. "It is built on a rock."
"Tis a mammoth erection." And so is his—
Religious experience.

When the deacon feels frisky, and wants something sleek,
When his wife had gone east, and the organist's sick,
He'll run out to the Bluff, and 'twill be very odd,
But he'll find something better than nursing his—
Religious experience.

The old matron in Israel will freeze to the youth,
Who is just budding out as a teacher of truth,
When the young parson twiggeth and plays well his part,
'Twill do his soul good if he once hears her—
Religious experience.

The young lady convert, in excess of joy,
Will "hook on" the arm of some sixty-year boy,
Go romping through lanes and jumping o'er ditches,
She'll find what's concealed from the world in his—
Religious experience.

Young miss in her teens, who is innocent still,
And Grandfather Grimes wander off down the hill.
On the bank of the lake in her play she will squat;
He lies low in the grass peeping up at her—
Religious experience.

When the charming young widow appears on the scene,
The parson will lead her in pastures so green;
Clear away from the throng, set her down on the grass
And busy himself in reviewing her—
Religious experience.

Here the man of the world plays pious for fun,
Old maid of the spindleshank comes on the run.
She'll offer to yank him right out of sin's rut,
And she'll manage in some way to get at his—
Religious experience.

POETRY AND BEER.

He was fairly well dressed as to hat and coat, but his trousers were bad and his shoes had no heels. In the language of the street, a man is respectable so long as he has heels on his shoes, so our friend was hardly respectable. He went into a saloon on Seventh street and told the barkeeper he would like a beer—bock beer, if the barkeeper had it. Then the stranger said softly, as if to himself, but loud enough for the barkeeper to hear:

"Once there was a Dutchman named Hugle,
Who was learning to play on a bugle,
But he got a high note
Crossways in his throat,

And he only can play Yankee Doodle."

The jingle made the barkeeper laugh, and he put less foam on the beer than was his wont. As he reached for the beer and looked at it thirstily, the stranger said: "Here's another one:

"A young lady that lived in Toledo,
Stood right over a big torpedo,
How foolish."

The barkeeper had his ears cocked for another jingle, and the sudden termination made him laugh more than a jingle would. And the young man with no heels on his shoes was a square up the street before the barkeeper remembered that he had not paid for his beer.

DAWN.

Day's sweetest moments are at dawn;
Refreshed by his long sleep, the Light
Kisses the languid lips of Night
Ere she can rise and hasten on.
All glowing from his dreamless rest,
He holds her closely to his breast,
Warm lip to lip and limb to limb,
Until she dies of love of him.

A hound and frog start in a race with the frog 100 feet ahead. They each jump at the same instant and continue so to do. The frog covers 1 foot and the hound 10 in each jump. When will the hound and frog land side by side?

Answer—Never.

A CAR-DRIVER'S FATE.

"You fellah!" he exclaimed, as he followed a street car down to Jefferson avenue and shook his fist at the driver.

"What ails you?" was the gruff query.

"Behold me! See this collah—this shirtbosom—these pounts!"

"I see. You have been splashed with mud."

"And you did it, sah—you are the fellah! I was crossing the sweet back heah, and was about to meet a pweetty gurl—a pweetty gurl, sah—and would have returned my bwyw, sah—my bwow—when you came along with your old canary-colored vehicle and dashed this mud over me—over me, sah!"

"And you didn't get to bow to the girl?"

"No, sah, of course not! How could I, sah, when I was made wediculous in her eyes? And it was you, sah—you are the fellah!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Nothing, sah—nothing—except that I shall nevah recognize you as a gentleman, sah—nevah, sah! I shall give you the cold cut—the direct cold cut, sah!"

THOSE IMPRACTICABLES.

A chump who thought he knew just how a paper should be run—

He's at the county poor house now—
Decided that he'd demonstrate his knowledge just for fun—

He's at the county poor house now.
It didn't take him very long to spend what cash he had,
And those who once respected him were presently quite mad,

And all who read the paper give it out that they are glad
He's at the county poor house now.

A man in Joliet who made his fortune selling beer—

He's at the county poor house now—
Was finally persuaded that he ought to Satan fear—

He's at the county poor house now.
He raked up every cent he'd made in selling "bock" and "birch"

And gave it every dollar to the wardens of the church—
But somehow providence forgot and left him in the lurch—

He's at the county poor house now.

A fellow in Chicago started in to peddle milk—

He's at the county poor house now—

He did the business honestly and no one tried to bilk—

He's at the county poor house now.

And so this curiosity, the poor deluded man,

Would never pour a single drop of water in his can,

And it wasn't long before he found the business wouldn't
pan—

He's at the county poor house now.

THE DAIRYMAID

A trim little fairy,

So cool and so sweet,

Stood there in the dairy

My coming to greet.

Her dark eyes o'er the churn—

So softly did beam,

That I'm sure they would turn

Sour milk into cream.

She gave the fresh butter

So loving a squeeze—

I wished in a flutter

She'd press me to cheese.

I was thirsty. Alas,

I told her such lies,

That I over the glass

Might look in her eyes.

I drank, with courage sublime

Till, with a low laugh,

She said it was high time

To wean such a calf.

And I begged for one more—

Just two little sips

Of the nectar galore

That brimmed on her lips.

She said "No" with her tongue

And "Yes" with her eye—

Though the tongue may go wrong,

A look cannot lie.

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A LAMENTATION.

Oh, if I were a poet
The world would surely know it—
Ye gods! how I would go it!
From morning until night!
I'd write no rhymes jackassic,
But carmina as classic
And as redolent of Massic
As old Horace used to write!

I would quaff Falernian yellow
'Til my muse got good and mellow—
Then I'd flatter some old fellow
Who had sordid gold to strew;
Let him give it—let him lend it—
Did I only comprehend it
I'd devise a way to spend it
To advantage, p. d. q.!

I'd forswear McClurg and Morris—
Hic difficilis labor is!
And I'd do as did old Horace
When he'd touched his wealthy friend.
I'd refresh my muse with bumming
And I'd keep creation humming
In a fashion most becoming
To a bard with cash to spend.

Of ladies quite as giddy as
Those frisky Roman Lydias
(Models meet for Phidias!)
I'd choose me five or six;
In lyrics would I boast 'em
And in amphoræ I'd toast 'em—
And, then again, I'd roast 'em
When I caught 'em playing tricks!

Alas! I am no poet—
These maundering verses show it,
And I can never go it
As old Horace used to go;
But through his numbers lyrical
And in his lines satirical
I'll learn, as 'twere empirical,
What wise men ought to know!

The Evening for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed.
The Sun behind a bobtail flush
Is setting in the west.
The Planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars.
The Sky has put its night-shirt on
And buttoned it with stars.

I love the timid, shrinking Night,
Its shadows and its dew;
I love the Constellations bright,
So old and and yet so new!
I love Night better than the Day,
For people looking on,
Can't see me skinning round to meet
My own, my darling John!

At a funeral the undertaker arranged for the husband and mother-in-law to ride in the same carriage. "Must I," said the broken-hearted man—"must I ride with that awful woman?" "I think you will have to," answered the undertaker. "Well, if I must, I must," replied he, but to ride with her destroys all the pleasure of the occasion."

My wife Susan's gone dead. If she
Had life till next Friday she'd
Been dead shust two weeks. As
A tree falls so must she stand.
All things is impossible mit God.

A little boy was trudging along the street with a slate under his arm when an old lady stopped him and said kindly:

"That is right, my little boy. I love to see little boys who are anxious to learn and are fond of going to school. Here's a nickel for you."

"Thank ye, mum," said the little boy.

"Been buying a new slate, I see."

"Yes, mum; it's for me fadder."

"For your father?"

"Yes, mum; he keeps a saloon on Second avenyer."

AND ONLY A BOY?

A SUMMER AMOUR.

The thorns which often pricks us most
Are found 'mong sweetest flowers.

FRIEND CLARA: An incident in my boyish life to-night passes before me in all the tinting of a panoramic view; and as my thoughts run back over the checkered pathway of forty years, which has sprinkled my hair with gray, filled my life with thorns and orange blossoms, to a month that has left its imprint on my whole life, I wish that I possessed the power to reproduce the picture in all its colors and do justice to the work which, at your request, I undertake to-night. I regret that the favor you ask is one which compels me to write of myself. To a modest man, lacking that phrenological enlargement that as a rule in men and women predominates to such a lamentable degree, the position is embarrassing, and in the perusal of this I trust your eye will rest on this unpleasant character (I) as little as possible.

I was born neath a warm sun and southern skies, where the air was freighted with the blended odor of the magnolia and jasmine that heightened the senses; where everything had its bud and blossom almost at its birth; where the dreamy languor of the voluptuary seemed inherent in all; where even in those which here in the North would be termed children, the sexual spark only waited for contact to flame up in its power; where girls were mothers at thirteen and grandmas at thirty; but up to my eleventh year I had known only books and sketching; a sweet-tempered, linen-dressed boy, who lived out of the sunshine and ignored the innocent deviltries of youth, who looked upon girls as horrid; whose life was rounded by a pony, books, pictures, and the flowers in the conservatory. But changes for good or evil take place in every life. It came to mine, and on that sweet-sighing summer day in my twelfth year, when Cupid threw apart the silken curtains, revealing beauties of which I had not even dreamed, my hand lost its cunning, to books I said farewell and ambition was dead. That was a day of fate. How bitterly have I cursed it since, how cursed her, who snatched me from my little heaven with its delightful anticipations and chartered me through the hot-house of passion; where every beautiful flower was filled with a subtle poison which raked

the nerves, sapped the life, and deadened the brain. My introduction to the pleasures and mysteries that have ever been associated with the couch of love—the keen relish for which has blasted the family hearthstone and overthrown empires—was not entrusted to a novice, no timid simpering girl, taking her first steps toward the realization of the anticipation of forbidden pleasures, but to a woman, a woman of thirty, who being an apt pupil under the skilful manipulations and teachings of a husband for a term of years, had herself become a preceptor in all those delicate points that surround an amour with such delights and rosy tints.

How plainly do I see her to-night! How much keener my appreciation of the wonderful piece of anatomy that time only still deeper imprints upon my memory, the standard, by which from that time all female perfections and loveliness has been gauged. Ah! she is before me again, and this time unveiled. Look at her! Is she not beautiful? Note the poise of her head, from which her glinted, golden hair falls in such a wealth. See those amber eyes, those wonderfully chiseled lips, so red, pulpy, and moist; her fair cheeks tinted by their reflection. Her shoulders—how perfectly and exquisitely molded—rounded with the same finish of her beautiful swelling globes so daintily pinked and tipped. What belly, back and hips ever had the graceful curves of thine? And you! Rounded arms, white swelling thighs, and full-dimpled knees (in your warm, fond pressure of years ago I feel you again to-night) was the mold broken with your completion? Gone? Yes! Only in memory now.

* * *

We all of things
For the first time taste;
Whether sorrow, pain, or bliss.

The house on the sound, those with whom I lived had taken for the summer months, was very small, only large enough for three and the servant, but it was delightfully situated in a perfect Eden; where all was soft air, perfumes, flowers, and singing birds, and as I recall it now, just the spot for lovers and the complete enjoyment of stolen sweets. One day a carriage rolled up the gravel walk to the door. A beautiful woman was handed out and everything tended to show that we had an unexpected guest. As I stood there with my black, long, curling hair beneath a broad palmetto hat, dressed in white pantaloons

and a green jacket with brass buttons, my face reddened with the sun's rays on the water, she stooped down and kissed me very tenderly many times; and as I remember now they produced a very different sensation from any kisses I had ever known before—I liked them, but I did not know why it was that I hung around her all day and thought her so nice. After she had visited all the forenoon in the house, during which time I had learned that she was the wife of a gentleman who was a friend of my father, but who had gone to California for his health—I am willing to gamble ten now that he had consumption—she took my hand and we went for a stroll around the place, along the beach and up into the lovely woods, with its tangled grasses and wild flowers. What to me then was all that snowy linen; those beautiful ruffled skirts, as she pulled them up to step over some stick or bramble—she did not seem to care how high—revealed the dainties of feet and legs of such matchless beauty that even a cigar-store Indian would lose his head at the sight of them. Ah! how many thousands have longed to live over again the first part of a life with the knowledge they had acquired in the last. Could this happen to me, what a different color the picture of which I am writing would have.

In a dense shade, where the hot sun could not penetrate, we sat down on a log, and after she had taken off my hat and ran her dainty white hands through my hair, she placed my head in her lap and, pulling me close to her panting bosom, she placed her pretty lips on mine and held them there with her eyes shut until sometimes I stifled and almost lost my breath, then she would take her lips away while her eyes sparkled and her cheeks reddened clear to her hair. There was something about it that I liked, for I would ask her to do it again; and she, exclaiming "bless my little man," would press me to her lips again and kiss me until my lips and face were all wet from her lips. Each attack and each pressure seemed to create for me some new and delightful sensation I had not known before; and then, where my little pantaloons buttoned in front, I had a pain, and a great hard lump that hurt me; and in my innocence I told her about it. "Let me see," she said kindly, one of her hands, that had so many pretty rings on her fingers, stole down and unbuttoned my pants, and then, what I had never seen more than two inches long and soft as a baby's flesh, was standing out full five inches and terribly swollen. I was awfully frightened at the sight

and the pain, but she took it in her hand, telling me "it was no matter," and I seemed to get better right away. Then she kissed it four or five times and bit it gently, after which she put it back and buttoned my pantaloons again. I wanted her to hold it some more, but she said "no," that we must go back; and before we reached the house she made me promise on my life that I would never tell what she had done or should choose to do. I would have done anything for her, for I tell you she had made a willing slave of me in the few hours that had passed following her arrival.

During the time between tea and the hour for retiring, and while she was in conversation with the older ones, I hung about her knees playing with her beautiful hands and looking into her wonderful eyes; but I soon felt that I was not as much to her as I had been when out in the woods, and signifying my determination to retire I was informed at the foot of the stairs that I was to sleep across the bed at the foot.

I took off my clothes, then my regular evening sponge off, put on my little short night shirt, and then turning back the coverlet very carefully, as per last instructions, placed me a pillow and crept in. I lay for some time thinking of my afternoon's experience, and the strange and delightful sensations that had been awakened by my newly-found acquaintance; but I could not solve the problem; and, while wishing that night would be very short so that when day came she would take me walking again, I fell asleep.

I do not know how long I slept, but I seemed to be dreaming that some one was tickling one of my ribs; and I awoke only to find that I had a bedfellow, and that it was a pretty pair of feet that had been playing with me. I was wide awake in a instant, and had them in my hands. How soft they were. Gradually my hand stole higher up than her feet, up her limbs, so round and smooth, but I did not know why I did it unless they were soft and felt so warm. The moon was shining brightly through the window and the room was as light as day. I turned over and there was her pretty face and those great eyes looking at me.

"Come up and I will take you in my arms," she whispered, and I was less than a second getting there.

Oh! How she hugged and kissed me, and how nice her plump bare arms felt to my face and neck.

Then she carelessly unfastened her chemise and I saw what I had never seen before in that way—two beautiful bosoms at once. How pretty they looked, so white and so round, in the soft moonlight. She rubbed them panting and heaving, over my face and hips, and then whispered to me to "bite them," and as my lips fastened over the little hard tips her breath almost burned my face and I felt a new joy that I had not learned in the woods, and realized that I was swelling again as I had the afternoon the day before. Then I felt one of her warm hands steal down and take it, while with the other she took my hand and rubbed it up and down on the big part of her soft legs, and then to the softest, prettiest thing I had ever felt in my young life, where she left it.

Oh, what a plaything I had found; so soft, curly and juicy, and as my finger found a delicate opening she jumped as though I had hurt her. Then I felt her open her legs wide apart, after which she whispered to me to get in there and lie on top of her, which I did, and, as she pulled my little shirt up, I felt my bare belly fitting close to hers and that her chemise was clear up to her arms. Then she kissed me and hugged me again, I thought that she would break me in two, and, whispering to me to do just as she told me, she reached down and took the little fellow that was killing me with pain and placed it where I had my finger when I thought I had hurt her. "Now you make it go in," she whispered, and she raised her body clear from the bed with my weight on her, and when she settled back it was in, and she gave a great sigh as I had heard people do who were in trouble. Then she squeezed me and bit me, and seemed to be trying to rock me in a new kind of cradle; then, taking me by my hips, she would push me off and pull me back, never letting that little fellow get out of the nest where she had placed him; and while I felt a tingling sensation in my fingers and toes and up and down my back, she would roll her head on the pillow from side to side, saying "oh! oh! oh!" I whispered to her that I thought I'd have to get up to "pepe," but she said "no," and putting a towel under her hips, she suddenly locked her legs over my back, then, bending her back high from the bed, she panted and held me so for a second, trying to reach my lips, but I was too short—then I lost my senses and all over that pretty lit'l plaything on which I had been laying for ten minute. Her legs and arms unloosed

and I rolled off from her shaking like a leaf; but she kissed me and whispered that I would feel better in a few minutes, and I did. Then she got up carefully and taking the towel she went to the washstand and did something I did not know what (then), and coming back to the bed she took me in her arms, telling me that I *must never tell*, and asking me if it wasn't awful nice, she kissed me a few times, made me kiss her, and with my head on her pretty bosom we fell asleep.

"Wasn't it awful nice?" Well I should say that it was, the little heaven I had created had all been knocked into a cocked hat by the one she had created for me. I smile when I think of my innocence—smile when I reflect what a public benefactor I was at that tender age.

The next morning, after a kiss, a look at the pretty bosom and white bare arms, I received my instructions as to how I should act; and putting on my clothes went down stairs, kicking gently for having to sleep across the bed.

She was a lady of culture and refinement, saw things to be done, and did them with a will; could prepare the choicest of pastries, and, by her winning way, was soon a welcome guest at our cottage on the beach. But who dreamed of the bond—those most intimate of relations—that had so suddenly been established between us?

Breakfast over (at which she was asked the usual questions as to how she had rested, and if I had made her any trouble, etc., all which received the proper replies), I took her out in my boat in the cool of the morning for a ride, and more than once I caught sight of her pretty legs peeping out from under her snowy drapery, that had suddenly grown to have significance with me. She sang to me out on the water, while I rowed and watched what little of her limbs were in sight. But I had a strange desire for one of my age, to see more, and as I said "Mrs B—, you have such pretty legs, would you let me see them higher up?" she said, "Why certainly, my little man, I will do anything for you," and reaching down, she gathered her dress, skirts and ruffles and held them clear up over her face. Gods! What a picture—the tight-fitting stockings, the blue garters above her knees, and the white bare thighs! Then the skirts went down again; but the picture was left in my mind.

In the afternoon we strolled out in the woods and sat in the same place of the day before, when she sang to me and told me stories. She was silent for awhile, and then turn-

ing to me she said: "My little man—for you are a man—what we did last night is what those do who get married. My husband is sick, and for nearly a year he has been gone for his health; and for months I have been almost dying for the pleasure your little hips and your little body gave me last night," and drawing me to her, she kissed me rapidly. I felt very proud of myself after what she said, and immediately asked her if I might do it again when she came to bed; and with a smile she kissed me and said she "would see about it."

She knew the power her beautiful legs had wrought upon me, and on the way back revealed them with every opportunity; and when I asked her if I might put my hand on that little beauty spot, she said "yes, but be quick" and I was; but I did and she liked it as well as I, and reaching down and putting my hand up under her rattling skirts to the modish charm created the same intense thrill that has characterized the same attempt in all my later years.

Before we reached the cottage, she charged me to be sure and eat a hearty supper, and to always eat plenty of meat and eggs and to drink milk.

"Ah! How well I know now why she was so careful in looking after my diet. Meat, eggs and milk! Oh, yes, I think I have followed those instructions every day from that time—from then until now, thirty long years with their lights and shades.

After tea was over I, for the first time in my life, experienced a high degree of restlessness and impatience. What was it that I wanted? I got out my drawings; they had grown dull and stupid. I turned to my books, but they were unsatisfying, and bidding all good-night, I went to bed, but not to sleep. 'Twas she and only she. In the bed, with its tender memories of the night before, I grew even worse; tossing and longing—the moments stretching into hours, while I waited for her coming.

How my heart beat when at last I heard her footsteps on the stairs! As she came in I feigned sleep, and bending over me she kissed me with her hot lips, and I was happy. Then she went to the mirror and began taking down her beautiful hair which loosened, fell below her hips. After she had unhooked her dress and taken it off, she unfastened her skirts and stepped out of them, and, taking off her corset, she stood before me in her short ruffled chemise, while she toileted and coiled up her lovely hair.

How beautiful and fascinating she was as she stepped about here and there; and as she stooped to pick up this and that from the floor I peeped under her little shirt and saw the white bare thighs that I had seen in the boat—that had held me so tightly the night before. Then she sat down and unlaced her shoes, and drawing the stockings from her beautiful legs stood up again.

"I like you," I said to her in a low tone, as she stepped to the bed, whispering, "you little rascal, have you been awake all this time watching me?" I inclined my head, and putting my arms around her neck whispered that I had been waiting so long for her to come, and that I thought she was so nice and pretty.

"Please your heart, she replied, "do you think so?"

I answered "yes," and asked her if she wouldn't please take all off, and, looking at me a second, she shrugged her lovely shoulders and the chemise slipped down to her feet; then I saw her all at once from her full neck to her toes—saw what I had longed to see—that little beauty with golden hair which had almost killed me with joy the night before.

"Now are you satisfied?" she asked, and she bent over me while her bosom rested on my face; and as I put my hands on them as though to keep them, she put on her chemise—then took it off again—and putting out the light, came to bed.

. . . was less than a moment getting by her side and she was less in getting me in her arms. I knew now what she wanted, what I wanted; the ice had been broken, I was an apt pupil, and the secret fire of my youth had burst forth in all its fury. I bit her arms, her belly, her legs, bit and sucked her rosy nipples; kissed her from head to foot; tickled her little beauty with golden curls; got onto and off from her, put my head between her fat, hot thighs which pressed it until I thought it would split; sported from knees to lips in a wild delirium of new found ecstasy, her breath burning my cheeks as I rested a moment with my head on her heating bubbles. Then, holding me tightly, she put a sudden stop to my gambols, and sliding her hand down to my little friend, who had attained his majority—and was no slouch for twelve years I assure you—she put me on my back and bending over me she nibbled him gently with her red damp lips; and then, falling on her back, she lifted me, as though with iron force, above her, and opening her quivering thighs let me down gently, saying "all ready," and taking in her hand the pet who was

eager for his duty, she gently parted the golden hairs, and having fitted him, locked her arms around my body, and raising her buttocks from the bed I pressed gently down and she fell back with a smile and glowing cheeks. The motion she had produced in her way the night before, I now felt that I could perform without assistance, and as I did so, she tried to kiss me, and whispered "that's right," her voice fluttering so that I thought she was choking. I had found the secret of her pleasure and hers was mine; and as I alternately tickled her, briskly, then gently, I remember a suppressed fluttering moan which I now know was the acme of bliss. But I grew tired and fell where I lay, yet linked together the bliss went on in a delicious throbbing that can never be told. Soon she gasped "more! more!" and I, loving her so strongly that I would do anything for her, began again the gentle movement.

She whispered to me, but I was getting deaf and blind with rapture, and then I whispered to her that it was coming; she straightened her snowy legs, drew them together, threw her belly up against mine, loosened her arms, quivered from head to foot, gasped "now then!" and, as a thick mist gathered in my eyes, I felt the hot stream go from me to her and all was over.

"Oh, you sweet boy," she said, as she pulled me up to her lips, covering me with kisses and biting my neck, "you don't know how happy you have made me to-night, how you have satisfied my restless, burning fever," and getting up she went to the washstand, where she remained a moment or two, then, putting on her chemise, she came back to bed, and taking me in her arms I fell asleep while she was smoothing my hair.

On the following morning I awoke as bright as a dollar and happy as a lark, and after raising and peeping under the thin cover, through which the sun was shinning, lighting her beautiful, velvety skin with a rosy tint, I ran my hand all over her beauties here and there, petted the little flaxen-haired darling, crawled up to her bubbles, and nibbled there awhile, and then with her morning kiss on my lips I went down stairs and out to see my pony that for two days had seen less of me than he had at any time since the day he was given to me as a reward for my diligent course in school.

How many times since the days which I am recalling have I thought of that little cottage and wondered if fate had

ordained that my room should be above the close curtained parlor that was seldom used, and never after the sun was down.

Ah! wise heads, I would that your confidence in the innocence of your boy had been less strong, then the seeds of an engrossing passion which have ripened and borne fruit these long years would never have been sown.

How long it seemed to me before she came down to breakfast. I could think of nothing but her and the many beauties she had unveiled to my young eyes and vivid senses, my only thought to feel her kisses and dally with the pretty charms concealed beneath her whitest of skirts and pretty embroideries. But she came and I was happy.

That day she complained of headache and we neither went boating or walking but remained at the house all day, and when she came to bed she took me in her arms but did not kiss me much, and told me that I must go to sleep and not think of that as she was feeling badly. Her words cast a gloom over my young life, but I did as I was told and bore my grief in silence. On the following day she was well again and in her usual happy mood.

* * *

We bless that which antipodes pain
And sunshine is sweetest after rain.

After dinner, the sun being behind the clouds and not too warm, we went down to the boat for a ride. She talked to me while I rowed and kept my eyes on hers, and observing that once in a while my eyes glanced toward her little feet she seemed to know by intuition what was in my thoughts, and up went all that hid what I longed to see. The sight sent the blood to my white face, and as she put down her skirts she looked at me and smiling said: "My little sweetheart, if you will row to some nice, quiet, little spot where no one goes and we can be alone you can lie between the legs you think so pretty and like so much." I was a little tired of the oars, but at her words I grew suddenly strong, and being near a long strip of land that ran out into the sound I pulled up to the point and we got out and had walked but a few steps when we came to a nice little grass plot on which we sat down after she had spread out a light shawl that I had observed on her arm as we went down to the boat.

With the exception of the twittering birds and the water washing up against the shore all was still as death. The

great pines and cedars that moan so in the summer air were even still, while the absence of the sea breeze among the jasmine and honeysuckles made their odor almost stifling there under that dense foliage.

"Oh, little one, ain't this nice?" she said to me as she took off her hat and tossed it to one side, "what a nice time we will have here alone in the lovely shade," and putting her arm around me she fell back on the shawl taking me with her. We were both on our backs looking up among the green leaves. Soon she drew me closer to her and asked me what I wanted, and as I placed one of my hands on the bosom of her dress she began to unhook it at the neck one by one until all were done and I saw them peeping out over her chemise so white and round. Then she unclasped her corset. By this time I was up on my knees and unbuttoning her chemise. I turned the corners back and took the pretty things, all undressed, in my hands. Then I bent over them and kissed them, bit that I would have given my life to have one of them all in my mouth.

I was feeling good all over as she pulled me down to her and began kissing me in such a new way, she seemed to cover my whole mouth with her lips and sucked it all in between them. I felt her hot tongue in my mouth and almost down my throat, while her breath came hot and her bubbles rose and fell. I turned and saw her skirts above her knees, and as with one hand I reached down to pull them higher so as to feast my eyes I felt her hand working into my pants and tickling the little eggs that I thought would burst with pain. I had just got my hand on the little bird's nest, that was such an infatuation to me, when she said: "Jump up quick and take off your pants."

As I arose to do her bidding, what a delightful view I had of her many charms, and those bare thighs! how intensely inviting do I remember them. My pants off I walked to her and stood over her, the little soldier standing hard and proud. She put up one of her hands and took hold of it, and then raised herself until her lips could touch it. Oh, how she squeezed and bit it, all the time muttering some little words of affection. Then springing from her I put my head down between her white legs and kissed little goldy until she rolled and moaned and said she could stand it no longer.

"Do it now! do it now!" she said, and as she threw her thighs apart, I crawled between them and rested my weight on her belly. Then I felt her warm fingers arranging things; and when she had placed her pet as she wanted him, I felt him among the parted curls that seemed all wet gliding so smoothly until it was all in and our bodies close together. Oh, what delight! She seemed to be doing the same thing to me with her mossy lips that she had with the others when she kissed me a few moments before, and I felt as though she would draw me to her very heart, body and all, as she lay there murmuring, "Oh, you sweet boy; oh, you sweet boy." "Now you do it to me nice," she said, and as I drew it back gently and then plunged him back quickly, I felt her body drawing and writhing under me with some new motion of her buttocks that I had not felt before, which was highly electrifying to us both; but how wet and smooth she was there. Soon she began to draw her legs up and then straighten them out again, her hands squeezing her bubbles while, with her eyes shut, she rolled her hean from side to side, a gentle moan escaping her half opead lips.

"Now! Now! Quick! Quick!" she said, as she opened her eyes and started suddenly. I felt that I was dying with delight, but I immediately began knocking more vigorously at her little gateway, and as she locked her legs over my back, holding them so tight that I could not move, I felt a tingling, twitching sensation of delight, and in a second her velvet-lined lips were sipping the hot stream of my youthful passion. Her arms fell lifeless at her side; her fat legs dropped from my back; and the smile on her beautiful face spoke more than words.

While I was putting on my pants she went away but was soon back again, and kissing and hugging me a few times we went down to the boat and home.

Ah! how that woman in three days had crept into my life. I was her's body and soul; she was my sunshine, my life; no thought that was not of her, no act but that tending to gain her smiles. I could look in her face and eyes for hours and never weary of it. Little did I know then what the heart was; what it could suffer; what it could stand; and yet how short was the time until mine was put to the test.

The days came and went, but there was no abating in my desire to see her charms; to know the delightful intoxications that I found in her arms. She did not always

humor me in my desires however, knowing that for her pleasure I must have time to secrete to be equal to her passion; but she was always kind and gentle and outside of what I chose. How often, while standing, she has allowed me to stoop down and get under her skirts, and, with my arms around her hips, let me bury my face high up between her swelling thighs until I was almost suffocated.

Yes, the mold was broken after those hips and legs were shaped.

**

Unexpected pleasure
Doth highest pleasure round.

Two weeks had almost elapsed since the day she came and still our relations were unsuspected.

One morning she wished to go to the city and return in the evening. On her promise to take good care of me, I was allowed to accompany her.

On arriving, we went to a hotel and were placed in a lovely room. We ran about the stores until noon and then to the room, and, after putting off our things, we went to dinner. She ordered for me just what she said I must eat; and while I saw things that I wanted I did not let her know it but obeyed her in everything. After we had finished our dinner we went to our room, and, after closing the lower shitters, she began to take off her clothes while my eyes were wide with wonder. One thing and then another was taken off until finally she stood with nothing on but her stockings and chemise. She seemed to hesitate a second, and then, taking those off, she threw herself on the bed with her hands over her head.

How sweet she was, and, as I stood looking at her, she said, "come my little man, ain't you going to take yours off and come and lie with me."

I was going to be in heaven again; and I had mine off in half the time she had taken, and was as naked as she was when I stepped up and stood beside her.

Taking her playmate, in her hand so soft and white, she tickled him a while and saw him grow, and after nibbling me a little on my belly, she threw her arms around me and tossed me over on the bed, and straightening me out full length, she drew me closely to her hot skin and covered me with kisses. As soon as she loosened her embrace I had my mouth on one of the nipples of her snowy breast (and as I remember now that act struck every electrical wire in

my body—it does yet), one hand over the little "poulter" nestling in the soft of her thighs, and as my finger found its way in slowly she rather liked the two sensations; her cheeks growing redder each moment she grasped the fellow, who at his full size was throbbing at her side, then, jumping up quickly, she took the pillows and throwing them together on the bed told me how to lie on them. When she had me bent over them to her idea, that which she was longing to feel wedged in her mossy lips was standing up hard and proud. Then getting over me in the right position I felt her place it between the hot lips and, after a gentle motion on her part, it was all in where she seemed so delighted to have it. "There now! ain't that nice?" she asked, with a look of mingled joy and pride, and then she began to slide up and down on it (in a peculiar way that I have not known since), her bosom jumping with every move that seemed to send fire through my veins to my brain. I could feel that she was making me awful wet where we were linked, but the sensation was hot and delightful, and as she kept at work I saw her grasp her bosoms as though she would crush them; her motion became more rapid, her lips swelled, she shut her eyes and threw back her head, flung out her arms and drew them back again, and as she trembled all over my delight reached its height; and, as my love messenger took wings and flew, she fell forward on me with all her weight almost crushing my bones. She lay panting and gasping for a moment, and as she jumped to the floor I saw that he who had given her so much comfort, also my belly, bore delicate crimson stains. She saw it and, blushing deeply, said it was no matter, and sponging me off I put on my shirt and lay with my face to the wall as she had asked me to do. Soon she came with her chemise on, and taking me in her arms we went to sleep, my face resting in her white bosom. After awaking we arose and dressed and at eight were at the cottage.

**

Ah! naught so bright
But sometime will lustre lose.

That night brought a change in her. When she came to bed she as usual let me get in her snowy arms, but the kisses I had learned to love were missing. She allowed me freedom with her bosom, but with any attempt to put my hand under her chemise she took it away, saying: "No, no more."

Ah! in those boyish days I did not know that nature had ordered an armistice in favor of the little citadel which had so often been stoned, stormed, and entered. The last rapture I ever knew lying between her voluptuous swelling thighs was on that day she took me with her to the city, and that night my young boyish heart felt its first aches and trouble.

Two days after she kissed me sweetly at the gate, saying that she would never forget me (it has been mutual), and when the carriage that took her away was out of sight the sky seemed darkened the grass was dead, the flowers had lost their perfume and beauty.

My heart seemed like a lump of ice. My life followed on after that carriage—followed her for days and weeks out on the long miles which lay between us. I grew nervous, pale, and restless. I could eat nothing, and that bed was so big and lonesome that I could not sleep—only lie and toss while my fevered brain sketched and re-sketched the beautiful life figures which she had unveiled for my eager eyes. Books, flowers, drawing, pony—all things of the past. The juice of the orange I had sucked was still in my mouth, the spark she had discovered and fanned was burning me alive. The strain at last was too much; memory was lost in unconsciousness, and on the same bed so hallowed by the lingerings of the past I was battling with death.

After long weeks I was victorious, and when strong enough returned to school. But, ah! in those few days she injected into my veins the sweet poison which has remained for years.

I sacrificed health and ambition, but in exchange took my first lessons in an art that has puzzled the world, which in later years has been held in high appreciation, which now I sometimes think repays me for all.

Trusting that in the perusal of this you will be rewarded with all the pleasurable emotions that you have anticipated—that I have written nothing to burst the front buttons from the pantaloons of my gentlemen friends, or bring the dear girls to the use of a long-necked cologne bottle to quench the flame in their electrical generators, my task is finished.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

There is something in a kiss that's so refreshing

When the lips of her you kiss are soft and warm;

Chief of all the warm heart's thrill possessing

To kiss and press some lovely woman's form,
To look in her soft, half-shut eyes, entrancing;
Watch the color come that tints her pretty cheek,
To a stolen kiss a blush is the enhancing.
While sealed the ruby lips that cannot speak,
And while on this sweet subject I'm reflecting
Let me whisper of a truth—and it is this:
The thrill one gives and gets is in selecting,
For lips vary in their power of hidden bliss;
While the girlish rosebud mouth may look enticing,
Full crimson moist lips try and never miss—
There is something in their trembling so sufficing,
Tis the swelling, juicy lips that hold a kiss.

After man came woman, and she has been after him ever since.

One hair in the hash will cause more hard feelings than seven mottoes on the wall can overcome.

When a policeman finds a man full he takes him to the station-house and his friends bail him out.

There is one advantage in buying tripe—if you can't eat it, it serves admirably for half-soeling boots.

"You wouldn't take a man's last cent for a cigar, would you?" "Certainly I would." "Well, here it is then; give me the cigar."

An Irishman, watching a game of base-ball, was sent to grass by a foul. "A foul, was it? Begorra, I thought it was a mule."

A clergyman, meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed, "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded, "Sho am I, parson!"

A Nashville woman committed suicide because her husband persisted in eating Limburger cheese. Here is a hint for husbands. The racket may not always work, but it can be tried.

THREE LOVES

There were three maidens who loved a knight
They sat together one summer day.
One cried, "I love him, and I could die
For a single smile as he passed this way."

The second said, "I would give my own,
Oh, so gladly, to save his life."

The third—she spoke not, but sadly thought,
"Ah, would to heaven, I was his wife."

The knight was a perfect Don Juan
And of the maidens, he wed all three:
They dragged him before the beak on the bench,
And he got ten years for bigamy.

WENT FOR HIM.

A rough looking specimen of humanity was promenading up Chatham street, New York, when he came plumply upon a Jew—a specimen of his race about whom there was no mistake. Without a word of warning the rough knocked him in the gutter. Picking himself up, and taking his bleeding nose between his thumb and finger, he demanded an explanation.

"Shut up, I'll bust you agin," shouted the aggressor, approaching him again.

"I hav never done nottings mit you, and for what you smash me in de nose?" asked Abraham.

"Yes, yer have. Ver Jews crucified Jesus Christ and I've a mind to go fer yer agin."

"But, mein Gott, dat vash eideen hundred years ago," said the Jew.

"Well, I don't care if it was, I only heard of it last night," shouted the unwashed—and he went for him again.

THEY WERE BOTH HALF BREEDS.

"Yes," boasted an Englishman in the West, "I have Tudor blood in my veins from my mother's side of the family, and Plantagenet from my father's."

"Is that so," said a citizen. "My blood is a little mixed too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger. Shake!"

1	14	15	4
12	7	6	9
8	11	10	5
13	2	3	16

Count 34 in all directions.

To place eight men on the squares of a checker board with no two in a line diagonal or otherwise. Beginning at the left hand corner, count and place the checkers as follows:

2 4 6 8 3 1 7 5
or
1 7 4 6 8 2 5 3

There are also other variations.

A young lady who was suffering from inability to control her water called upon a physician, and stating her unfortunate condition was informed that an examination was necessary. The physician was a kind-hearted, fatherly man, and in conducting the examination paid careful attention to the proprieties. The young lady was placed in a reclining chair, the parts carefully exposed, and the doctor bent down to view the situation. It was at this inopportune moment that her fountain spouted and took the doctor square in the face. Straightening up with a jerk he reached for a towel and sputtered out: "Young lady, you don't need a physician. What you want is a plumber."

"Please, sir," said a little girl who was sweeping a crossing for a living, "you have given me a bad penny." "Never mind, little girl, you may keep it for your honesty."

Every young doctor will get on if he only has patients.

BURIAL OF CORPORAL LOVE

Not a sound was heard, save the tick of the clock,
As her form to the sofa I hurried,
And the brave little soldier stood stiff and grim,
By the grave where he was to be buried.

I buried him quickly, one cold winter's night,
The soil with his round head turning,
By the glare of the woodfire's steady light,
And the candle dimly burning.

No useless cundum enclosed his form,
Nor in sheet or shirt I wound him;
But he stood like a warrior—stout and firm,
With his hair curled proudly around him.

Few and short were the words we said,
And they bore no trace of sorrow;
And I said, as I felt for her maidenhead,
"Sweet love, 'twill be gone on the morrow."

But half our pleasant task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
So I quickened my motions and got off my gun,
Which so long had been ready for firing.

Slowly and sadly I buttoned him up
In the crotch of my pants, shrunk and wrinkled,
I spoke not, he stirred not, but bowed o'er my stories
He lay, while the dim candle twinkled.

Lightly they'll speak of him, now 'tis done,
And with calumny's tongue they'll upbraid him;
But little he'll care, if they let him alone,
In the grave where I tenderly laid him.

A candid old bachelor says—"After all, a woman's heart
is the sweetest thing in the world. It's a perfect honey-
comb, full of sells."

The mother who gave her little boy castor oil was in-
formed by the infant that he would be much obliged if she
would castor oil somewhere else.

A SENATOR'S SLIMY JOKE.

John Law—not related to the Mississippi bubble—distinguished in that, a member of congress from Indiana himself during the war of the rebellion, he had a father in congress during the war with Mexico, and a grandfather in congress during the war of the revolution, used to tell a story every time he came to Washington about Senator MacDougall, of California, who was in congress with him during the war. Washington was full of holes and quagmires, and the senator from California was frequently full of spirits. So it was not surprising that he found himself one dark night at the bottom of a deep sewer in one of the principal avenues. He struggled for a while to get out, but finally relaxed his efforts and, rolling over in the mud, went quietly to sleep. In the early morning some passing policeman, peering into the sewer, saw the senator there, and straightway drew him up. He was a very funny looking object, slime from head to foot. But his wit was as keen as ever. "Who are you, anyway?" demanded one of the policemen, shaking him impatiently. "Well," said the statesman, "last night I was Senator MacDougall, of California, but this morning I seem to be sewered." The expression on the face of the solemn secretary of state when he first heard the joke may be easily imagined.

The room was poorly lighted,
He couldn't see, he said,
And when he tried to kiss her mouth
He almost lost his head.
Because 'twas open wide, you see—
Her lips were rosy red—
But when he went to kiss that mouth
His head fell in, instead.

Here lies Thomas Huddlestome—
Reader, don't smile—
But reflect as this tombstone you view;
That death who killed him
In a very short while
Will Huddle a Stone for you.

Here lies Ann Mann,
She lived an Old Maid,
And died an Old Mann.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

This is the tale. Not long ago
 A good man died—as all must die.
 When dead, he looked around, you know,
 And quiered by what route to fly.

Heavenward, of course. His life had been
 To christendom a beacon light.
 Earth's centuries no soul had seen
 More pure, or good, or grand or bright.

Broad are his wings, swift in his flight
 Upward, and out far in the east.
 He sees the realm that knows no night,
 Where songs of praise have never ceased.

Straight at the gate, a happy soul
 He comes, to claim eternal rest.
 Naught cares he now what billows roll.
 His name is writ among the blest.

With voice attuned to glad new song
 He hails the guard upon the wall.
 Open the gates. Time has been long
 To wait release from Adam's fall.

Over the wall "Creation's Head,"
 Regal, kingly, grand, sublime
 Appeared, and smiling kindly said,
 Whence come you, stranger? From what clime?

I, said the soul, am from the Earth.
 Pass on, my friend. You can't come in.
 Why, my good sir. E'en since my birth
 I've loved the Lord and hated sin.

Pass on. 'Tis law, I'd have you know.
 That none of Earth admitted be,
 Since, eighteen hundred years ago,
 They tried to swear a child on me.

Old maid—Doctor, what can I take for my breath?
 Doctor (after getting one snuff of it)—My God, madam.
 Try chewing shit. That may help it some.

It is pleasant to become a parent; twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be blessed with twins, but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. Now, there dwells out West a worthy German, who, a few years ago, was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her, "Katrine, dat ish goot." A couple of years later the good woman placed before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins. "Vell," said Hans, "dat vash petter ask der oder dime. I trinks more ash ten glass peer on dat." But the good woman next time gave birth to triplets and that made him "shpoke mit his mouf shust a liddle." "Mein Gott, Katrine! vat ish de matter on you? Petter you ahtop dis pisness, for der come more ash a village full. I got 'nuff mit such foolishness."

TWO SUMMER IDYLS.

(1.) An humble boy, with a Shining pail, Went gladly singing Adown the dale, To where the cow with The brindle tail On clover her palate did Regale. A bumble bee did Gayly sail Far over the soft and Shadowy vale, to where the boy with the Shining pail, was milking the cow With the brindle tail. (2.) The bee lit down on the Cow's left ear. Her heels flew up through The Atmosphere—And, through the leaves of a chestnut tree, The boy soared into Eternity.

"Are dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "dey ab got plenty of fire, and the bells are now ringing for water."

A lady wanted her little girl to bathe in a room, the windows of which opened into a yard in which were some fowls. "But," said the little girl, "I don't want to bathe before the chickens." "O, never mind the chickens," said the mother. "I won't bathe before the rooster, anyhow."

When the courting at midnight is ended
And he stands with his hat in his fist,
While she lovingly lingers beside him
To bid him "ta-ta" and be kissed,
How busy his thought of the future,
I bet, if his thought he would speak
He would ask how the devil they'd manage
To exist on ten dollars a week.

THE PEALING OF THE ORGAN

The wooing of the maid had been "au fait,"
The youth respectable, the parents wealthy,
He, strong and lusty, she, bright-eyed and gay,
And (strange to say) both parties healthy.

Before the chancel rail they bowed together,
He has vowed to cherish, she has lisped "obey."
Henceforth they're one, no matter what the weather
The organ peals. He bears his bride away.

* * * * *
The honeymoon and wedding tour are done.
Home to their nest, a vine-embowered spot;
They know at last that life has just begun,
Their eyes are opened. 'Tis a true love knot.

Her friends drop in and talk about the wedding.
That is—the girls do (funny little creatures)
The old folks talk housekeeping and the bedding,
They know how 'tis, they're educated teachers.

They run the gamut of small talk and querie,
Ask questions of the trip, of him, the weather,
Vote him a noble fellow, "her" a dearie,
Decide that they will travel well together.

Sweet Kittie asks: "When you did wed and go forth
What was it you enjoyed with greatest zest?"
This answer came: "Of all the forms, etc.,
The peeling of the organ pleased me best."

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.

There was a young Vassar B. A.,
Who troubled her head all one day,
What the quotient would be
Were C U N T
Divided by C O C K.

A young Harvard student passed by.
She asked him the problem to try.
He made the division
With utmost precision—
The quotient was B A B Y.

A little love, a little glove,
A little rosebud for a token;
A little sigh for days gone by,
A little girl heart-broken

Another man woos Sarah Ann
With bank book well extended;
A social crown, a house in town,
And Sarah's heart is mended.

The purest water runs from the hardest rock and the
smoothest tongue wags in the hardest cheek.

"When you strike ile, stop borin; menny a man haz
bored clean threw, and let it all run out at the bottom."

Jones: "Fact is, some dogs know mor'n their master."
Robinson: "That's so, got just such a dog in my kennel."

"My Darling's Shoes" is the name of a new ballad, but
"the old man's boot" is generally considered more touch-
ing.

Facetious man (to seasick chum): "I say, old fellow
you're not sick, are you?" Chum: "You don't suppose I'm
doing it for fun, do you?"

Western settler (overwhelmed by spring freshet)—House
gone! Stock gone! Barn gone! Guess I can stand it,
though; old women gone, too!"

A Vassar College miss reads the prayerbook response
thus: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall
be, world without men. Ah, me!"

Some "horrid brute" has discovered that the difference
between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times
when you can shut up an umbrella.

Young man, if it is 11 o'clock, and she goes to the piano
and plays a few bars of "The Sweet By-and-By," you may
consider the seance over for the night.

73

* A wealthy young gentleman living in Chicago owned a very fine Newfoundland dog which had been taught to go to a market near by and purchase his dog-meat when feeding time came. His dogship learned to appreciate the value and sphere of usefulness of money. He was also a kind and generous dog, for on several occasions he had been known to call upon his master for a second coin to purchase more at a time when he himself could not be hungry. Watch being kept it was found that Carlo would buy the second supply and give it away to some hungry, stray or poor neighbor. He was a very knowing dog. One day last fall Carlo came to his master for a second supply. There was company in the house—several young ladies and their beaux—and the dog having attracted special attention to himself by his importunate insistence that the cash should be given him, his owner stated the generous trait of the dog, and then for the fun of it gave him a \$2 bill.

Giving the noble animal time enough to go to the butcher shop and get the meat the whole party sallied out to witness the generous benefaction. They searched the street half round the block and at last found Carlo up an alley fast to a bitch who had the \$2 bill in her mouth.

His name was Baldus Holbear, but when the teacher asked him to spell it this is the way the young rascal did it.

B A L D—bald,

And there's yer bald,

A double S—ass,

And there's yer ass,

And there's yer bald ass,

H O L E—hole,

And there's yer hole,

And there's yer ass hole,

And there's yer bald ass hole.

B A R E—bare,

And there's yer bare,

And there's yer hole bare,

And there's yer ass-hole bare,

And there's yer bald ass-hole bare.

State the derivation and definition of the word virgin Latin: Vir—a man, Gin—a trap. Ergo-Virgin—a man trap.

NO PASSES GIVEN.

Search the Scriptures.

Thou shalt not pass.—Numbers xx., 18.

Suffer not a man to pass.—Judges iii., 28.

The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum i., 15.

None shall ever pass.—Isaiah xxxiv., 10.

This generation shall not pass.—Mark xiii., 30.

Though they roar, yet can they not pass.—Jeremiah v., 22.

Far there is more rejoicing over one passenger that payeth his fare than ninety-nine that goeth upon a free pass.—McDaniel i., 1.

So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah i., 3.

Here lies the man Richard
And Mary, his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches.

A widow in the West advertised "that the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

There was a man in our town,
He was so wondrous wise,
He thought his business would run itself
And he didn't advertise.
Well, business was dull at first,
But better times came, and it's queer,
One day with a rush he sold all his stuff,
But the Sheriff was auctioneer.

She was decorating her room with pictures, and he perched his photo up on the topmost nail. Then she sat down to admire her work and remarked, quietly: "Now everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high!"

THE STREET-WALKER.

They met by chance on the crowded street
And a sly little wink he espied;
A moment more and two pairs of feet
Were traveling side by side.

Their acquaintance was brief, their words were few,
Of her name he is ignorant still.
If you ask where they went and what did they do.
Well! It cost him a \$5 bill.

REMARKABLE ECHO.

A young Irish priest, desirous of impressing a couple of young lady tourists with the beauties of nature and the neatness of his hospitality, invited them to visit with him the place of a remarkable echo.

They accepted with thanks, and in due time, under his guidance, arrived at the spot. It was a wild, rocky point among the hills and nature had truly made a sound-reflector of the mountains and valleys. It was with a deal of pride that the young priest lifted up his melodious baritone in a resonant halloo, which went rolling away in a magnificent echo, and (strange to relate) seemed to return, and from a point not far away, just round a jutting rock, repeat itself clearly and distinctly. It was a wonderful echo.

Again and again the halloo was sent forth with the same result. At length, to vary the tones, the priest called out this sentence: "Phat air ye dooin' thayre?"

From behind the jutting rock this answer came: "Shitin', ye bugger."

A lady and gentleman, disputing upon a subject, the lady testily remarked: "Sir, we cannot agree in anything." "You are wrong, madam," said he. "If you should go into a room in which there were but two beds, a woman in one and a man in the other, with which would you sleep?" "With the woman," replied the lady. "So would I," replied the gent.

An ounce of "Keep your mouth shut" is better than a pound of "Explanation" after you've said it.

HOW HE THREW HER LOVE AWAY.

"I do not believe you."

Ethelbert McGuire winced as Myrtle Hathaway spoke these words—cruel, bitter words, that seemed to sear his very soul as he stood there in the gloaming, the time of silence and shadows. The swallows were twittering among the leaves in their noisy way, the ice-cream larks were casting their baleful light across the broad thoroughfare from which the rattle, the roar and the crash of life in a great city has just departed.

"You cannot mean it, Myrtle," the young man says in a voice choked with emotion. "You surely cannot doubt my word—the word of one to whom you have plighted your troth, and in whose life your future is bound up."

"But I do mean it," replied the girl, "although God knows my life would be brighter, happier were it not so. I have loved you with a strong, country butter love that has become a part of my very existence. And it is when I have taught my heart to beat responsive to your every word, when I have come to believe in you with all the passionate trustfulness of a woman's nature, that you come to me here, on this beautiful June evening, when the heavens are panoplied with stars, and the air is balmy with the perfume of roses, you say to me that you have never bet on a horse race—you tell me this solemnly and earnestly, knowing that my heart will not let me judge harshly any action of yours. No, Ethelbert, I love you with a maddening ninety-days-or-ten-per-cent-off-for-cash-trust that is beyond compare, but I cannot let you abuse my trust. I am but a girl, a sensitive, passionate, one-bustle-and-a-four-dollar-bang girl, but I am not a chump," and Myrtle turned to enter the parlor.

"But I swear it!" exclaimed Ethelbert. "I swear to you that I would not bet four dollars against ten that Maud S could beat three minutes."

"You would not?" asked the girl.

"No," was the reply, "I would not bet on anything."

"Then," said the girl, speaking slowly and with grave tenderness, "you had better head for the gate; I can never place my happiness and chances for spring bonnets in the hands of a man who would let so sure a things as that get away."

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Down in a flat a chinch bug sat,
The river ran near by,
and she sucked the sweet from the juicy wheat
And thought of the corn and rye.
So she looked about, a place picked out
To staked her off a patch.
Then laid her eggs by barrels and kegs
And fixed them so they'd hatch.
And she shook her head, looked wise and said
As sure as you are born
We will not stop till we eat the crop
Of wheat and oats and corn.
But alas, how strange, there came a change
O'er the spirit of her dream,
For the river is swelling and there is no telling
When you're safe along that stream.
Then came a cloud, it thundered loud,
Then came an awful flood,
And she could'nt thrive where she had to dive
About six feet for food
So she looked around for higher ground
And then got up to leave,
And she settles down on a little mound
And laughs in her sleeve.
And now, you bet, it was awful wet,
The rain kept pouring down.
And every breeze she thought she'd freeze
And her young ones all would drown.
But she kept up hope, she didn't mope
Around and whine and fret.
But she kept at work. She didn't shirk,
And she's running that knoll yet.

The moral is, if you strike a bliz-
Zard, get right up and dare it.
And if you've struck some ugly luck
Why, damn it, grin and bear it.

WHAT HE TOLD HIS WIFE.

The angler fixed his gaudy flies,
Right gracefully he tossed 'em;
He hooked two trout of monstrous size,
And then, by Jove, he lost 'em!

IN THE BY AND BY.

When cows climb the apple trees early in March, and pick off the fruit with their tails,
When messenger boys get a move on themselves that in swiftness may rival the snails,
When rivers run backward, when fire won't burn, when dudes get an atom of sense,
When the sly politician is caught unawares and gets off on the wrong side the fence,
Oh! that is the time when New York should wake up and in earnest begin to prepare,
For when she has finished the work she's begun she may then talk of holding the fair.

"Mamma," he said, "what makes people die?" "Everybody's got to die," said mamma, in the usual evasive way in which people answer children's questions. "If God made people, what does He mean by making them die?" "My child, you forget that people must die to make room for the children that are always being born. There would not be room for the new people if nobody died." "That's so," said the little fellow, contemplatively; "and then there's so many dogs."

"Have you seen 'Olivette?'" "No, but I have a sister, Frances, who can skate. Good evening!"

"Here lies Donald and his wife
Janet McFee,
Aged 40 hee,
And 30 shee."

It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stains and all, with the stove and a red-headed servant girl thrown in.

"Beneath this stone our baby lays,
He neither cries nor hollers,
He lived just one and twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars."

Young man—Excuse me, but haven't I seen your face before?

Old man—I never wear it behind

Here lies the body of John Smith,
Buried in the Cloisters,
If he don't jump at the last trump,
Call "Oysters."

Alberto—Do you love me, darling?

Claribel—Have I not had all the chairs taken from the room except this?

Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,
Mouth almighty and teeth accordin',
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth you're gone, By Thunder.

"Do you drink?" asked a lady of a peddler. He dropped his pack and remarked, "Vell, I shust lieve drink mit you as any odder mans."

BAHAN — Feb. 16, at his residence in this city, JAMES BAHAN, aged 32 years and 6 months. Funeral Sunday, by cars to Calvary. Friends of the family are invited to attend.

A precious one from me has gone
The voice I loved is stilled.

A place is vacant in my home
Which never can be filled.

From his loving wife, JULIA.

"Ah, doctaw, does the yellow fevaw attack the highaw awdas?" asked an exquisite of a New Orleans physician.
"No, but it's death on fools, and you'd better leave the city."

A little boy who told a lie—
As little boys oft will,
When put to bed began to cry
Till told he should lie still.

When Rhea, the actress, was in Boston, Mr. Clapp, of the *Advertiser*, called on her—but for some reason or other was not received. Mr. Dyer, of the *Globe*, was received, and published in his paper his interview with Rhea—after which Mr. Clapp sent these lines to Rhea.

Let the *Tizer* have its fling,
The *Globe* thy heart shall cheer;
To Clapp's opinion do not cling—
But cherish Dyer—Rhea.

Let managers their fortunes try,
Cheerfully thy courses steer;
Keep on thy purse a watchful eye—
Look out for lucre—Rhea.

Wouldst have the critics praise thy art?
This is the way, my dear—
Give him the treasures of thy hear'
And Clapp's a goner—Rhea.

Miss Emma Stout was a maiden fair
Who loved to bathe and swim.
John Slim was a youth with yellow hair,
And a dudelet the boys called him.

Miss Emma Stout went out one day
To the pond on old Stout's farm.
John Slim in walking went that way;
Poor fellow, he meant no harm.

But the fates where they will can make things hot
And his led him down to the water.
Of course to the very self same spot
Where swam old Stout's fair daughter.

They met by chance, this awful day,
And Slim was embarrassed, 'tis true,
For facts are stubborn, and I must say
He saw em-bare-arsed, too.

He saw much then, and he ached to see more,
Which he did, and he felt of it, too.
And now with em-bare-arsed beside him he'll snore,
He's embarrassed no more. How are you?

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SOCRATIC LOVE.

The story goes that Socrates, that wise Athenian codger,
Carried concealed about his clothes a rara avis dodger.
Wherewith he used, whenever he felt particularly nippy,
To ransack holes that did not appertain to his Xantippe.
Young Alcibiades, they say, was such a pink of fashion
As to excite old Socrates into a flame of passion.
Which spurred him not Xantippe-wards, to coddle and to
hug'er,
But filled him with a violent and lewd desire to bugger.

Now wit ye well that in those parts it was not reckoned
nasty

For sage philosophers to turn their tools to pedagogy.
The sapient Plato, whom they called in those old times the
master,

Did know a tergo, as they say, a pretty boy, bright Aster,
And old Diogenes, who thrived by raising of the dickens
Was wont to occupy all bums from pupils down to chickens.
Whilst that revered and austere man, the great and pious

Solon,

Did penetrate a Thracian youth into his transver colon.
In short, it was the usual thing for horny Greeks to diddle
This gummy vent instead of that with which the ladies
piddle.

Now, Alcibiades was tall and straight as any arrow,
His buttocks thrilled old Socrates unto his very bones,
No hair as yet profaned the vale that cleft the robes
asunder,

No hair to stay the fetid breath of borborygmal thunder—
No hair to interrupt the course of his diurnal urnure.
And gather from that excrement a rank dilberric bordure.
His sphincter was as fair a band, so Socrates protested,
As ever kept ones victuals in or passed them undigested;
No hemorrhoids had ever marred its soft and sensuous

beauty,
And on its virgin folds no prick had spent its pleasing
duty:

Like some sweet bud it nestled there, and the wind blew
gently thro' it,—
Scenting the breeze, old Socrates more madly longed to
do it.

But Alcibiades was wont to make absurd objection
When Socrates proposed the scheme of forming a connection.

The youth conceived the childish whim that buggery was
nasty—

That his podex was for voiding dung, and not for pederasty;
And so he grew from day to day, and his bum waxed hourly
fatter,

And Socrates was nearly dead to get at that fecal matter

It so befel that on a day in sweaty summer weather,
They walked in the Acropolis quite casually together;
And as they walked, the youth bent down to tie his sandal
laces—

They always come unloose, you know, at the meanest times
and places!

And as he stooped he lifted high and left without protection

The virgin tract of his lower gut from the pod to the sigmoid lexion.

For weeks and months old Socrates had had a priapism.
And his ponderous cods, a sight for Gods! were both sur-
charged with gism.

Seeing that bum and this first chance, he made up his
mind to spot 'em,
So he hit 'em a lick with his Attic prick, and occupied
Alcy's bottom.

In the poor Athenian boy begged, belovéd, pissed
parted;

Full many minutes lapsed before his friend and he were
parted;

And while old Socrates explored the tantalizing glories
Of rugæ and of plicæ and of quivering levatores,
The victim of his lust cried out: "Ehue! that all in vain I
Should to this hour have kept intact my rosy sphincter
an!

Fool that I was to keep it sweet and clean for this old
codger

With his three cornered yelper and his greasy balls to
rodger!

Why did I not yield up my charms to Xenophon's em-
braces,

As I have had the chance to do at divers times and places?

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Why not give up my blooming wealth of callipygous
 treasure To handsome Cimon's burning lust, or pious Plato's
 pleasure? How would these men have glori'd in my coy and virgin
 rectum, With nary thought of vagrant dung or of cundumas to pro-
 tect 'em! But now, ye Gods! this lecherous goat with Sodomic skul-
 duggery Doth rive my arse in twain with his incarnate god of bug-
 gery! And when he pulls that pintle out with which just now he
 shuts in The sighs my liver longs to vent, how shall I keep my guts
 in!"

Thus rallied the youth against the fate that threatened to
 undo him— But Soc, all heedless to his cries, right briskly socked it to
 him; He packed his sperm so firmly in that colon soft and callow
 That when, thereafter, Alcy pooped, the poop was mostly
 tallow.

" Mammy and I together lived
 Just two years and a half;
 She went first—I followed next,
 The cow before the calf."

Here I lie: no wonder I'm dead
 For a broad-wheeled wagon went over my head.
 Grim death took me without a warning,
 I was well at night and died in the morning.

Touch not this stone with pick or spade,
 For here it is that I am laid;
 'Tis here I was by Cupid smitten,
 'Tis here I first received the mitten,
 And, whether I was wrong or right,
 I left this world Miss Blake to spite.

The world's most royal heritage is his—
 Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

MAN—CAN—OIL

There was a little man
And he had a little can
And a quart of kerosene or more was in it;
And upon the kitchen fire
To make it burn still higher
He poured the oil; a fraction of a minute
Then there was no little man,
And there was no little can.
The tale's so sad, I can't go—oh—
Oh, why did I ever begin it?

A boy got fooling with his father's horses, until one of them put his foot into his face. He was carried and the doctor sewed up his lip, and bandaged his eye, poulticed his cheeks, but he puffed up and laid about a number of days. When he began to get a little better, he called for a looking-glass, and casting his eyes upon his countenance fell.

"Father," said he, "do you think I shall ever be as pretty again?"

"No, my son," the old man replied; "you will never be so pretty again, but you'll know a damned sight more."

A Virginian preacher, who bought his butter from his brother Paul, sent for a fresh supply for his Supper, and was in the midst of his sermon when his servant returned and took his seat in the church. The preacher had eloquently related what Matthew, Luke and John had said in relation to the subject of the text, and he then said in thundering tones: "And what say Paul?" The negro, thinking the question addressed to him, replied in the hearing of the whole congregation: "Marse Paul says as how you can't get any more butter till you've paid for dat you got last week."

A young clergyman in Iowa recently married a country girl in the following brief manner: "Do you want one another?" Both replied yes. "Well, then, have one another."

There is one beauty about a mustard plaster, viz.: wearers don't hanker after any other underclothing.

THE THREE WIVES.

A gentleman had married twice,
And strange to say, each bride
Upon the morn' succeeding to
The wedding day had died.

He mourned his first a proper time
Before he took his second,
And when she died he sought his third,
By rule of three he reckoned.

Quite undismayed by their sad fate
A maiden fair and young
Soon listened to the tender vows,
That fell from his smooth tongue.

The day was set, the bridal dress
Was ordered; for he Pa,
When asked, had given his consent,
But, troubled was her Ma.

"My dear," she to her daughter said,
"This match must be prevented,
For if you wed this man 'twill be
Most bitterly repented."

"La, Ma, how strangely you do talk,"
Exclaimed the pretty dear.
"Why? What objection can you have?
Oh, do not be so queer."

"Well, Mary Ann, the fate of both
His dead wives is enveloped
In mystery. The man must be
Prodigiously developed."

"He has a liver-lifter, child,
With which he ripped their wombs
And tore the kidneys from their backs,
And laid them in their tombs."

"Good gracious, Ma," exclaimed the girl
With pleasure in her eyes.
"Now, do you really think he has
A teaser of such size?"

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"I'm certain of it, Mary Ann.
Why! if he was bereft
Of full six inches of his yard
He'd still have thirty left."

"Oh! Ma! how nice. I'll take your word
Because you know the ropes.
I'll marry him, but do not Ma,
Deceive me with false hopes."

"Tis strange that o'er his buried wives
No stone can now be found,
For to each wife he put stones
When she was underground.

"Well, if the fact that neither has
A headstone be deplored,
You must acknowledge, Ma, at least,
That each has her tailboard."

"Pshaw! Mary Ann, what stuff you talk.
I say it is a shame
No stones should in the graveyard rise
To mark their death and name.

That you should see stones rise above
The yard, can't be expected,
For while the yard is standing high
The stones are not erected.

"Well, have your own way, willful child.
I've given you fair warning.
Wed him, but don't expect to be
A living girl next morning."

"I do not, Ma, for if he has
More than enough for two men,
The chances are, no girl I'll be
Next morning—but a woman."

The mother left—the daughter laughed,
And ne'er her council heeded.
And never maiden longed more for
The wedding day than she did.

It came at length, and with it came
 The male and female cousins,
 And neighbors and acquaintances
 Came flocking in by dozens.

And then the bride—that dainty dish
 Of female flesh, was dressed
 To be partaken of, when by
 The parson it was blessed.

The dainty dish so nice and hot
 Her husband soon found nigh him,
 And then it was uncovered first
 And then was covered by him.

But when the sky-like lobster boiled,
 Had turned from black to red,
 As Butler says—and morning broke,
 The hapless bride lay dead.

Throughout the house the frantic cries
 Of her poor ma were heard,
 "I'll know the cause, and this day must
 The two be disinterred."

They were exhumed; the doctor came
 And looked at all the three.
 "Now, let this monster," cried the dame,
 "Just show his tool to me.

"For I'm as sure as sure can be
 He has a splitter got,
 For 'tis no trifle that can kill
 Three women on the spot."

They looked, and barely one inch clear
 His tool stood out before
 And all his wives had broke their backs
 In trying to get more.

FOOD OF THE GODS.

We are compelled (though reluctant) to believe that ancient history, while in the main reliable, is in minor details oftentimes indefinite. This may in part be due to a lack of thorough educational fitness, insufficient data, or carelessness on the part of the translator. Dates and

periods of time are vague and unsatisfactory. To such extent is this unfortunately true, that the charge is not infrequently made that said dates and periods have in many instances maliciously and with evil intent been changed and falsified. Strange as it may seem, there are now living those who have the temerity to doubt the recorded age of Methuselah. Research has failed to indicate the precise date of the incidents of ancient history we are about to record. We only know that they transpired long prior to the christian era, and that the history is true in detail as we here present it.

King Be-ans the Wise, was by lineal succession the Mighty Ruler over the Grecian Empire. The term *lineal succession* is undoubtedly used in this connection to indicate the cause or means by which the said succession was brought about. Hence we conclude that Be-ans' immediate predecessor came to his mortal end at the end of a line or rope. Got to the end of his rope as it were. Be-ans was mighty in war—at least we must so grant as we have no statistics at hand for nailing the lie—and the record also states that he was famous as a philanthropist. Learned men came from the Egyptian and Babylonian courts to do honor to his power, wisdom and generous hospitality (especially the hospitality, for those old fellows seemed to recognize a good thing when they saw it on the table). The gods, of whom they had a whole circus tent full in those days, dealt kindly with the king and seemed to vie with each other in showering blessings upon him. He had of wives some forty, more or less, of concubines 365 (one for each day in the calander), and was unto all the soft snaps about his imperial court and several country maidens beside. He had a cinch on the priesthood and a private inquisition of his own. Under a judicious system of moral suasion, confiscation and righteous decapitation the imperial coffers were always full. The people bowed down before him, and (no matter what they thought) they said they loved him. He lived on the fat of the Grecian Empire. Virtuous, wealthy, full of honors, prog and grog, what more could he ask. Yet the king was not content. He longed for something—he knew not what—that would place his name above all others on the records of fame. Waking or sleeping, this longing grew upon him and he continually besought the gods for satisfaction of his need. He offered sacrifices, burned all of his wives who were over 40 years of age, drowned 7,000 cripples, malcontent and

children, beheaded all the wealthy citizens of Athens and confiscated their estates. In all things consulted the oracles and was righteously anxious to stand well in the sight of gods and men.

So marvelous was the goodness of the king that a consultation in his behalf was held among the gods, and as a reward of merit the boon he craved was granted. The grand mogul of the genni of the universe was commanded to place in the hand of the king the seed of the food of the gods, that he might, partaking thereof, become more and more godlike, wise, nervy and conspicuous, and leave as a heritage to his people a loving remembrance of the good king Be-ans.

So it was that when Be-ans the king arose from his virtuous couch on the 7th day of the 3rd month, in the uncertain year B. C., he found in his hand full measure of small seeds, the like whereof had not been known before in all the world. They were of pure white, and speckled and black, oblong, hard, shining and in form like unto an egg. And when the king beheld he did rejoice, and called together the magicians and the wise men, saying, "Verily, this is the whereof thereof. These be a present from the gods. Whoop! Eureka! Now in due season will we plant, and the trees which come up from the seeds shall fill the whole earth with wisdom and glory, and the fame of King Be-ans shall endure to the end of the world." Then said the wise men: "What name shall be given to the wonderful seeds?" And they said, "Let them be called after the name of the king," and it was so.

Now the king felt as though he wanted a corner on the market in the handling of the seeds, so he builded a high wall enclosing a large tract of very fertile ground—the place where the refuse of his private inquisition had been planted—and therein were placed twelve nobles, who had been privately brought before the inquisition on a charge of sedition, their wealth being confiscated and their wives and daughters (the good looking ones) parceled out to court favorites. They (the nobles) were graciously given permission to continue to draw their breath, and solemnly promised pardon and restitution full and complete after that they had planted, weeded, harvested and garnered solely for the king, the fruit of the wonderful seeds.

In a dream which came to the king shortly after the planting, he was informed that one of these nobles had thought of surreptitiously eating one of the seeds. The

dream did not set forth which was the guilty party, so as a measure of wise precaution, the twelve were secretly brought from the enclosure and decapitated, twelve other nobles being substituted under the same preliminaries and promises. Similar dreams decided the fate of these and sundry other dozens who followed. So do the gods protect their faithful servants, and thus is true merit sustained and the guilty punished—Selah. In due time the seeds sent forth their tender shoots, and fructified by the fertilizing principle of the rotting carcasses of the enemies of state, they sprang up toward the light and warmth of the sun, but instead of a hardy tree with luscious fruit came a fibrous leafy plant with shell or pod, in which were concealed abundant store of seed like unto those which had been planted by the nobles.

Then came unto the king the wise men and the astrologers, saying: "Oh, virtuous king! great humbug! mighty hocus pocus! son of the gods! Dear sir—We, the cringing sycophants, hangers-on and toadies of your august majesty, have made use of our most mysterious incantations, divinations and tomfoolery, and the gods have revealed unto us that the seed in the plant which thou hast planted is the food of the gods, sent unto the king for his feasting and for his glory forever. Moreover, it is also revealed unto us the manner of the preparation of the seed, that they may be placed before the king as a savory and satisfying feed."

Then the king caught on, in more ways than one, for he winked with his eye and said unto himself: "These fellows either would that I be poisoned by the unknown seeds or that I test them by a feast in which they get the first whack." So he said unto himself: "I'll fool 'em." Then, after the seeds had been gathered, everyone of them, even many large measures full, and brought unto the king, he sent immediately for the imperial cook, and according to the directions of the wise men, so gave he instructions for the preparation of a portion of the seeds in this wise, viz.: For twelve hours were the seeds to be soaked in pure water from the fountain in the midst of the gardens of the palace. Then were they to be placed in a large pot or vessel with a hunk of the flesh of swine, fully covered with the water from the fountain, to be placed on the fire and there cooked until the seeds were soft and (the cook first washing his hands) easily mashed between the thumb and finger. Then were the seeds, which had been seasoned with salt in

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the cooking, to be placed in a deep earthen dish, the swine flesh to be placed upon the top of the seeds and the food so prepared, baked in an oven.

So were the instructions given and even so did the chief cook as instructed and failed not in aught therein, for he knew his employer and was not unmindful of the private inquisition. Now the king was no sucker, and he said unto himself, I will give a big feed of the seeds unto my prime minister, who is an irredeemable ass. If the seeds be poisonous they will through the flesh mortify him unto his death and his country's gain, but if they be the food of the gods and full of wisdom their strength will avail not on him who is without brains and altogether a model prime minister.

And when the food had been brought before the king he had his minister attend as he had planned, and in the royal presence the consummate ass (as aforesaid) did eat and gorge and stuff his belly full, nigh unto bursting, for the king ordered a peck of the seeds. And when the minister was full, even to the nimmost capacity of his enormous paunch, the king commanded that he be placed under strong guard in a room of the imperial palace. Now it had been the custom of the prime minister when he had eaten to fall immediately into a doze, and it was so that when he had been placed in the room as ordered by the king, he was soon fast asleep. And the king did watch over him as he slept, for this thing was wholly in the mind of the king, and he would have personal knowledge of the effect of the food that had been prepared from the seeds. So he watched over the prime minister. And when two or three hours had passed, and he who had eaten still slept, their came over the face of the sleeper a drawing of the features as of pain, and the signs increased in frequency and expressiveness, until suddenly (as it were in the midst of the body of the minister) there were strange rumblings and gurglings, which were presently followed by bursting explosive sounds from within, outward sounds of such frequency and force that the king was amazed. The explosions rapidly grew in intensity until it seemed to the king as though the very gods themselves were present and had thunderstruck as it were, but his mind still continued to stand up and take notes, and he saw that after each explosion the countenance of the sleeper changed, the signs of distress giving place to an appearance of beatific ecstasy,

and the king reasoned thereon, saying unto himself: This is indeed no poison but the food of the gods. The beast who has eaten thereof does first suffer in the struggle with the flesh, when wisdom, born of this food, doth strive to gain a foothold. The explosions are caused by the sundering of the tie that has temporarily bound the godlike, the divine afflatus, to the gross carcass of the prime minister. Then is his countenance, even the face of the beast, lit up with a sign of holy peace, a symbol of the wisdom that had been generated in his base shell.

Then the king charged the still sleeping and roaring minister with seditious disturbance, and he was then and there beheaded; for, thought the king, possibly some wisdom may be retained by the chief vassal, in which case he will be wholly unsuited for the office he holds—In this respect the world has little changed.

Then the king had more of the seeds prepared and did seat himself to eat thereof, thinking to go slow in the business and not be in too great haste in laying the foundation of this new process wisdom. But when he had eaten one spoonful he wanted more and, king-like, what he wanted he got, so he ate and ate until all that had been prepared was devoured even unto the last seed in the dish. Then was the king wroth because that he had not ordered the cooking of a larger quantity, and the chief cook also became a scapegoat for his anger and a part of the imperial fertilizer. Now, when the king had retired to his private harem for meditation, he did feel as full as a fatted goose and began to suffer by reason of sharp pangs of pain in the body below the stomach, and there were rumblings and gurglings within him and pressings, and his face did draw with puckering. Then came also unto the king explosions from below like unto the rush and roar of a mighty storm, and after each explosion a gentle soothing feeling of supreme delight that more than compensated for preceding pain, insomuch that the king did fairly revel in delight at the pain for love of the sense of peace to follow. This circumstance it was which led to the aphorism: "To make one appreciate heaven first give him a taste of hell."

After the storm died away by reason of the complete digestion of the food the king slept, and in dreams beheld the gods bending over him with smiles and benediction and shooting him full of wisdom with a horse syringe filled with seeds of the wonderful plant.

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When the king awoke he called for the new chief cook and ordered more be-ans. He was struck on 'em, for he thought he knew more than before and the food filled his long felt want and his paunch to the extreme of satisfaction. Thus did the king continue to feast and grow in wisdom, and he held a corner on the market, for none other in all the kingdom was permitted to eat of the food of the gods.

Then did come unto the king ambassadors from the court of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, saying: "Behold, Oh, king, we have heard of the wonderful plant, the gift of the gods. Now, therefore, we pray you send thereof unto our master, even unto Ptolemy, the king, that he also may eat and be wise with the new wisdom. Now Be-ans, the king did not desire to let Ptolemy onto the snap, but he reasoned with himself that the King of Egypt was powerful in arms and mighty men of valor; therefore, Be-ans being wise to discretion, said: "If I send not the be-ans the son of a gun will come and gobble the whole crop." So he sent half a bushel with his compliments and full instructions as to the cooking of same—the seeds, not the com-piments.

Now when Ptolemy, the King of Egypt did receive the seeds, which had been brought by his ambassadors, he ordered his cooks to prepare the whole batch at a baking, for he wist not how they wrought.

Now there was a law in the kingdom of Egypt that whosoever suffered any explosion or rumbling noise to escape from below the body should be deemed guilty of heinous crime and suffer the penalty of death. This law has, under the enlightenment and civilization of the later centuries, been repealed, and that which was once a fearful crime is now regarded as a delightful and harmless pastime—such is the effect of education. Now Ptolemy, the king, did fast during all the time of the preparation of the seeds, for he said unto himself, I propose to have a hell of a big feed, and when he was apprised that the food of the gods was prepared he commanded that it be taken to the royal table, and it being so done he did seat himself therat, and surrounded by his courtiers and the ambassadors from many a foreign land fell to with a will, giving himself up to the enjoyment of the feast. So tickled was the royal palate that he ceased not cramming until the whole mess had been stored in his royal insides.

The Queen of Babylon having just arrived with her court to form an alliance with the king for the purpose of subduing the rebellious tribes of Mesopotamia an audience was commanded in the royal temple, and dressed in glittering robes and surrounded by his guards and officers of state the king commanded silence. Then rising from his golden throne the royal lips parted as though to issue his commands in the matter of the visit of the queen, but no sound issued therefrom. The Queen of Babylon with her princes and ambassadors gazed upon the king in silent awe. Over the face of the king had crept a sickly hue, an anguished spell. He seemed to be convulsed by the wildest terror, his noble form writhed in agony, and nature could endure no more. Casting aside all thought of consequence he let forth an explosion that shook the entire city. Shrieks of joy broke from his lips, lightning seemed to leap from his eyes filling the temple with a supernatural light and a pungent odor pervaded the air. Regardless of the ancient law he gave himself up to the ecstasy of the moment. His royal stern gave forth such blasts as never before were heard by mortal ears. Explosion after explosion came with ever increasing rapidity and force. The temple was filled with a dense fog. The walls of the building began to tremble. Terror seized upon the assembled multitude, and ambassadors, queen, courtiers, guards, statesmen, all fled from the royal presence, and many in their fright cast themselves into the sea and miserably perished. The whole city was in a tumult and prayed the gods that the earthquake might not utterly destroy them.

King Ptolemy, whose bum now made noise enough to silence a battery of the largest guns, fled howling from the city, and climbing to the apex of the Sphinx and collecting all his remaining powers gave vent to such a tremendous explosion that his body flew into a thousand fragments, and the next year the country for hundreds of miles around was covered with a dense undergrowth of his inspiring plant.

The nation mourned the loss of the good king, and gathering such of his remains as could be found placed them in a casket or basket and buried them in the brain of the Sphinx. There, where he met with such a strange death, the fragments are supposed to remain until this day.

The good King Be-ans continued to eat moderately of the seeds through a long, virtuous and happy life, and when her left this world by the unknown route, his worthy

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successor used the remains as a fertilizer for the new crop.
This is the true history of the introduction into the world
of that food of the gods which the good people of Boston,
Mass., consume at the rate of 100,000 bushels a year.
Herein lies the secret of their culture, their refinement,
their wisdom, their beans.

A young man attending college, being asked how many
animals went to bed with a new married couple,
answered in the following poetical strain:

One night after having paraded the streets,
These animals met between two pair of sheets,
Two dears, four calves, two asses, two bears,
One game cock and monkey and two nests of hairs.

The deers and the hairs stretched down from the head,
While the calves ranged themselves at the foot of the bed;
The rest of the animals all lay in pairs,
Save the game cock and monkey who slept with the hairs.

While the most of the animals slept without fear
The hairs and the asses so frightened the deer
That in rubbing together sometime in the night,
The game cock and monkey got into a fight.

The game cock soon found himself highly enraged,
And the monkey lay quiet though somewhat engaged,
For she knew that the game cock, whose gill was so red,
After spending his fury would then hang his head.

The monkey was sly, and concluded to lay
Till the cock beat his brains out, then have her own way.
She winked her one eye, and cunningly said
That no fuss would she make with the beasts in the bed.

But the rest of the animals took sides in pairs,
For fear of some damage being done to the hairs;
Though all were engaged, all sizes and classes,
All the blood that was spilt was between the two asses.

With their scrambling and kicking, and the rest of it,
It was very uncertain who got the best of it;
But the monkey whose strength had not suffered much shock,
Commenced again soon picking a fuss with the cock.

There was blood spilt 'tis true, but with so little pain
That both were quite willing to try it again.
The last battle closed, though the monkey was tame,
Very much like the first, a simple draw game.

THE GRISSETTE AND THE STUDENT.

A PETITE COMEDIE IN ONE ACT.

SCENE—A bedroom on the sixth floor in the Quartier Latin, Paris; usual furniture of a student's chamber; clock on mantelpiece.

Student (alone)—Close on to 2 o'clock, and the dear girl's letter tells me to expect her a little before (pulls out a letter and reads), yes, here it is, 2 o'clock, a little before, if anything. She asks if I've been good; faithful, she means, of course (reading). "I long to be in the arms of my darling Charlie; I'm all impatience" (folding up the letter). Not more than I am, that's certain. (Looking at the clock.) Only wants five minutes. (A tap at the door.) Who's there?

Fanny (outside)—Me.

Student (feigning not to recognize the voice)—Who's me?

Fanny (outside)—Met Fanny, to be sure! Let me come in.

(Student opens the door; enter Fanny out of breath with the exertion of ascending the six flights.)

Fanny—Oh! La! La! What a number of stairs to climb before we can get at you, Charlie; and the old servant had the cheek to ask me where I was going to; think of that! And when I told her, asked me to repeat it—to rile me, of course. Ugh! I abominate the old reptile. Buss me, Charlie! Wait a bit, though; I must take off my bonnet or you'll squeeze it out of shape.

Student (eagerly)—Let me take it off for you, love.

Fanny (taking it off and handing it to him)—There! Does it love its little Fanny? (They embrace.)

Student (holding her in his arms)—Rather.

Fanny (puts out her mouth again to be kissed)—It must promise to be a very good boy now. No naughtiness.

Student (tongueing her mouth)—Of course not.

Fanny—No, not like that, Charlie; that's very naughty. Oh! you little devil! You make me feel so funny. Don't!

I can't bear it. Be good now. See what you have done to my shawl. You'd never guess what have brought for you.

Student (kissing her again)—Some garters?

Fanny (leaping up and disengaging herself)—Garters? What an idea.

Student—Braces, then.

Fanny (laughing)—Silly; some nice preserved plums sent from home. I know my Charlie likes them.

Student (feeling her bosom)—Things well preserved? Rather.

Fanny—Charlie, don't (kissing him). There. (Student draws her to him on a chair, returning her kiss four fold.) No, not like that. Charlie, you'll make me (he squeezes her bottom). Naughty boy, what are you doing? I won't—there—you promised to be good (playfully disengaging herself and seating herself on another chair). I've brought my work and you shall read to me something interesting—not too exciting, you know. There! (adjusting her dress) now I can arrange myself a little. What a long time since I've seen my naughty boy; it may kiss its Fanny again if it's good. (Student complies.) Better than that. That was so cold. (Their mouths fasten together in a long, voluptuous kiss.)

Student (uncovering her neck)—What a delicious neck (devours it).

Fanny (unfastening the front of her dress and shows her bosom)—Do you think so, love?

Student (kissing her breasts rapturously)—Oh! rather!

Fanny—Oh, don't, Charlie, don't. I shall—you promised to be so good, you know.

Student—So I am, rather (takes her on his knee and raises her dress).

Fanny (resisting feebly)—No, no, I won't! Charlie, what are you doing? (He displays her bottom covered by her drawers, opens them, and discloses two beautiful white cheeks.) Naughty, naughty boy—I won't—not so tight, dear—you hurt something with your trouser buttons. (They kiss ardently.)

Student (unfastening her drawers and letting them fall, unbuttoning his trousers at the same time)—There, darling, it doesn't hurt now, does it? (He puts his finger in her quim.)

Fanny—Naughty boy, no; but you make me feel so funny.

Student (turning her fairly around and putting his dick where his finger was)—Nice, isn't it, ducky?

Fanny (in languishing tones)—Yes, oh! it's too bad of you, Charlie.

Student (pushing it in).

* Fanny (shaking him off)—Not there, Charlie, on the bed. It will be so much nicer there. (He carries her to the bed, lays her down and mounts.) Wait a moment, dear boy, let me get my dress well up (raises her dress up above her waist) There; now you can get at it—why, you are going into the wrong place (putting her hand to his person). Let me guide it; that's a good boy; now, be a long time, won't you. Isn't it naughty?

Student—Oh, but it's nice (begins to move vigorously).

Fanny (moving up and down)—Oh, Charlie! what rapture! what delicious pleasure! tell me is it nice?

Student (kissing her ardently)—Rather.

Fanny (half stifled)—Does it love its Fanny?

Student—Rather.

Fanny—Move, Charlie—but you musn't come yet—you won't, will you—you'll—wait for—your Fanny—won't you? Oh! don't! Oh! I feel it—now—now—Charlie! Oh—h! I'm coming—I'm coming—I'm coming! Do you feel me? Oh! farther in—give it to me all—oh! I shall die! you—dear—dear—darling! You've killed me with pleasure!

M. Prudhomme's voice (from the next chamber)—We can't have murder done here like that, young fellow.

Fanny (in a weak voice)—What's that, Charlie?

Voice (again)—If you go on like that you will cause me to lay violent hands on myself.

Fanny—Oh! Charley, do you hear that?

Student—An old ass (rolls on one side).

Fanny (beginning to grope with her hands)—Oh! I declare, the dear boy is getting to be quite big again.

Student—He can't get in, that's one thing.

Fanny—Why not, Charlie? (Moving her hand up and down his pego.)

Student—I defy him to get through the wall, and the door's locked all right enough.

Fanny—What do you mean, darling? He's stiff enough to go through a wall! Just look at him! (raises herself up and doddles his pego.)

* Student—I was thinking of that old fool, Fanny. What a delicious pet you are (prepares to mount again).

Fanny—Wait a minute, darling. We'll have it Adam and Eve fashion this time. I want to feel you all over, my Charlie.

Voice (again)—Oh, lord! (with a groan).

Student (raising his voice)—Shut up, you old ass! (gets off the bed).

Fanny (getting off the bed also and stripping)—He'd like to get up, poor man (laughs loudly).

Student (stripped to his shirt)—Rather (playfully slapping Fanny's bottom). She is now stripped to her chemise.

Fanny (taking hold of his pego)—Isn't he a fine fellow? Don't look, Charlie! (proceeds to take off her chemise.)

Student (taking off his shirt)—Don't you! (Both laugh heartily as they appear nude.) Delicious darling! (both kiss.)

Fanny—On the bed, Charlie (he lifts her on the bed and mounts); not too fast this time, dear boy, make it last a long time.

Voice (in next room)—You hear, young man, not too fast.

Student—Shut up, you old fool! He can't stand it, poor devil! (They laugh.)

Fanny—Never mind him, kiss me, Charlie dear (they kiss, he squeezing her bottom all the time). Oh! how nice you make me feel, you dear boy! I shall come again soon, I know I shall.

Student—Darling Fanny!

Fanny (wriggling)—Give it me—all—all, Charlie, every push—Oh! that's nice! What does it feel like, dear boy? Isn't it rapture?

Student—Rather!

Fanny—Tell me you love me, Charlie. Does it love its little Fanny?

Student (moving up and down)—Rather!

Fanny (bounding up and down)—That's it, darling! Move like that! Oh—hi! Isn't it nice! Oh—hi!

Student—Rather!

Fanny—Put your tongue in my mouth! Your darling tongue all down my throat (he does so). Oh—hi!

Student—My own darling!

Fanny—Dear boy, say it likes its little—little—

Student—Cunt? Rather!

Fanny—Naughty boy—and she likes its—

Student—Prick!

Fanny—Does it like her to squeeze him, like this? Tell me when you're coming, Charlie; not without its Fanny, will it?

Student (bounding up and down)—No, darling!

Fanny—It wouldn't; would it? We'll come together, oh! What bliss! Dear Charlie kill me drive it right—up me! Kill me with pleasure I shall sp—end!

Student (spending)—Yes now darling!

Fanny—Yes—Yes! One moment! Now! Oh—Charlie—I faint! I die! Oh—h! (faints).

(A groan in the adjoining chamber as the curtain falls.)

STORIES FROM THE CHESTNUT CLUB.

A gentleman stepped into a shop kept by a Hebrew. The old gentleman was busy waiting on a customer, so he called to his daughter: "Rachael! Rachael! Come and show the schentleman what you hav in your drawers."

A man was driving an ass along a country road, when suddenly the brute stopped and refused to proceed. Looking for a cause, the man discovered a young fellow mounting a girl in a fence corner. He was going for her in great shape, and his backside worked like a churn. The old man urged the beast to move on, but not a move. Finally he said: "Young fellow, won't you keep your arse still 'till I get my ass past?"

A drummer, taken short in a hotel, rushed for the closet. A Sheeney was there before him, and notwithstanding the very evident urgency of the drummer's case, he seemed determined to take his time. Thinking to hurry matters, the sufferer began to sniff and whew as though the scent was quite offensive. Presently the Sheeney looked up and said: "Mine frent, did you think I was filled mit shweet voilets?"

Mike—I say, Pat, what is the quickest thing in the world?

Pat—Lightning, Moike.

Mike—No, Pat; its thought. Thought will travel around the world in a second.

Pat—I can tell yez of something that's quicker than thought. Be-jabers thought is sometimes mighty slow. The other day Oi shit me breeches before I thought.

A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

The best-natured woman in the United States lives in Austin. She has been married a number of years to a man named Ferguson, but she and her husband have never had a quarrel yet, and he has frequently boasted that it is utterly impossible to make her angry. Ferguson made several desperate attempts to see if he could not exasperate her to look cross or scowl at him, merely to gratify his curiosity, but the more outrageously he acted the more affable and loving she behaved.

Last week he was talking to a friend about what a hard time he had trying to find out if his wife had a temper. The friend offered to bet \$50 that if Ferguson were to go home drunk, raise a row, and pull the table cloth full of dishes off the table she would show some signs of annoyance. Ferguson said he didn't want to rob a friend of his money, for he knew he would win, but they at last made the bet of \$50, the friend to hide in the front yard and watch the proceedings of the convention through the window.

Ferguson came home late and apparently fighting drunk. She met him at the gate, kissed him, and assisted his tottering steps to the house. He sat down hard in the middle of the floor and howled out,

"Confound your ugly picture, what did you mean by pulling that chair from under me?"

"Oh, I hope you did not hurt yourself. It was my awkwardness, but I'll try and not do it again." And she helped him to his feet, although she had had nothing in the world to do with his falling.

He then sat down on the sofa, and sliding off on the floor, abused her like a pickpocket for lifting up the other end of the sofa, all of which she took good naturedly, and finally she led him to the supper table. He threw a plate at her, but she acted as if she had not noticed it, and asked if he would have tea or coffee. Then the brute seized the table-cloth and sat down on the floor, pulling the dishes and everything else over with him in one grand crash.

What did this noble woman do? Do you suppose she grumbled and talked about going home to her ma, or that she sat down and cried like a fool, or that she sulked or pouted? Not a bit of it. With a pleasant smile she said:

"Why, George, that's a new idea, ain't it? We have been married ten years, and have never yet ate our supper

on the floor. Won't it be fun—just like those picnics we used to go to before we got married?" And then this angelic woman deliberately sat down on the floor alongside of the waiter, arranged the dishes and fixed him up a nice supper.

This broke George all up. He owned up he was only fooling her, and offered to give her the \$50 to get her a new hat, but she took the money and bought him a new suit of clothes and a box of cigars.

THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or right,
I shall always go in for the weaker dog,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perhaps what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it *in cog*,
But, with heart and with glass filled chock to the brim,
Here's luck to the bottom dog.

"So you are the new girl," said the boarder to the new waiter; "and by what name are we to call you?" "Pearl," said the maid, with a saucy toss of her head. "Oh," asked the smart boarder, "are you the pearl of great price?" "No, I'm the pearl that was cast before swine." There was a long silence, broken only by the buzz of the flies in the milk pitcher.

BUSINESS.

Everyone has heard of the famous female brokers of New York, but not everyone knows how or what kind of business is transacted at their establishment. The details of some of it are curious and interesting.

"Are either of the proprietors in?"

"I am one of them."

"If you are disengaged I would like to see you a short time on business."

"Very well, sir. Step into the private office. Well, what is it."

"Madam, I am a bull. I've got a big thing and I'm sure there is something in it. My reason for calling is to see if I can get you ladies to take hold of it. I am sure that by working it up vigorously we can both get something out of it. I will give you all the assistance in my power, and I don't doubt that I can give you satisfaction."

"Well, sir, I don't question the merits of that big thing of yours, and would not hesitate to examine further into it if it was not for one great drawback. We are just now troubled with our monthly affairs and accounts, and it will take some days to get through with them. After that, if you will call, we will try to make an opening for you."

Scene 1.—Young lady standing before picture of Virgin.

Holy Mother, I believe

Without sin thou didst conceive.

Holy Mother, thus believing,

May I sin without conceiving?

Yes, my daughter, thus believing,

Thou mayst sin without conceiving,

But on this express condition

Use a condum in coition.

Scene 2.—Nine months later. Same young lady, Same place.

Holy Mother, I obeyed you,

And although I don't upraid you,

You in whom I fondly trusted,

I conceived. The cundum busted.

Why is a fart like the music of a violin?
Because it comes from the gut.

Pretty little Chinawoman cook a little chow-chow
Live beside a little hill, in a little house,
Take a little pussy-cat and a little bow-wow,
Cook 'em in a little kettle with a little mouse.

A WITTY REPLY.

A gentleman of this city, who, by the way, had a fad or two, was walking down-town the other day with a witty lady, the intimate and guest of his wife, when he began to revile facetiously the gait and carriage of her sex. "Even you," said he, "walk with a very mechanical step." "Yes," she instantly replied, "I am going with a crank."

THE LITTLE FELLOW WAS PUZZLED.

Smith—Your little son, Mrs. G., is an unusually bright boy. Mrs. G.—So his teacher says. Tommy (aged six)—Mr. Smith, in my geography lesson to-day it said that the people of the Fiji Islands wore no clothes. Mrs. G. (blushing)—Hush, hush, my dear! Tommy (persistently)—I only wanted to ask Mr. Smith how they told the men from the women?

THE POLICEMAN'S CHANGE OF BASE.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired in this row?" the magistrate asked the policeman who made the complaint.

"Right on the spot—right in the crowd," replied the officer proudly.

"And where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Three blocks down the street; under the stone bridge, at the end of the culvert."

ABLY DEFENDED, BUT—

There is a story of a man who was tried for stealing a pair of trousers. He was ably defended, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. The prisoner's counsel collected his fee and then said to the vindicated statesman:

"Well, get out; you're free."

"I'll wait till he goes," returned the victim of slander, pointing to the plaintiff. "I don't want him to see me."

"Why not?"

"Cause I've got them breeches on."

COUNTY COURT, CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N.Y.
ACTION FOR RAPE,

SALLETT HAMILTON, { Age of Plaintiff, 70 years,
 vs. { Age of Defendant, 81 years.
 DAVID WOODIN.

Defendant, for answer to the plaintiff's complaint in the above entitled action, fearlessly and openly denies each and every assertion therein contained.

And defendant further says, that he is 81 years old, weak, irresolute, infirm, dilapidated, infirm, charred in the wick, and all the appurtenances connected therewith have succumbed to the conquering power of age.

No more he walks with stately tread,
 His eye is dim, his passion dead;
 Warped in back, with shaky head,
 He never done it—he is to dead.

For a second and further answer, the defendant says, that he is a lunatic, with full credentials; incapable of committing any crime; shaky in thought; cross-eyed in memory; irrational; wild and visionary; incidentally subject to fits and starts; destitute of method; barren in expedient; numb and uncertain as to results; has no knowledge of the present, unsettled and blind as to the future, and too trembling and paralytic for penetration. In short, is a demented, disheveled, old remnant of manhood—too cross-grained to love and too supererogated to hug.

Figs from thistles? No! They cannot grow;
 Nor rape from joints so stiff and slow!
 The essential oil, dried up in blood and bones,
 With no erection and with withered stones.

JOHN H. BAKER,
Attorney for Defendant.

Minister to young lady—Why, how your face is bitten up by mosquitos?
 Young lady—Land sakes, that's nothing. You should see my legs.

A young lady flourishing a perfumed handkerchief before a young gent, he remarked upon the sweetness of the odor, whereupon she said: "Oh, that's nothing. You just ought to smell my drawers."

THEY ALL DO IT.

Fight against it all you can,
Though sad the thought, all come to it.
The luxury was made for man,
And though forbidden, all do it.
Yes, the roosters and the hens do it,
The weasels and the wrens do it,
The pheasants and the fens do it,
The wild comanche braves do it,
And kings and queens, why they are perfect slaves to it.
Temptation will bring to it,
Goats in fall and spring do it,
And dogs, they just fall off and swim to it.
Parsons doff their pantaloons to it,
Wildcats, munks, and coons do it,
And boars, they bend their backs and spoon to it;
Butterflies and bees do it,
Cold earth-worms come up in swarms and underneath the
trees do it,
And frogs they settle down and freeze to it;
Well, I suppose they all do it.
I'm nothing but a lonely woman,
With every pulse and feeling human,
But I'm not such as folks call common,
And I swear I'll never do it.
The deed is rash and I would rue it,
I'd scorn the act, and well you know it,
But I'll lay still and let you do it.

When the schoolmarm convention was held in Chicago a few years ago 10,000 young ladies flocked into the city from all over the United States, the thermometer went up to 104° in the shade. No wonder. During the prohibition convention the rain poured down for four days. The Chicago weather clerk is a dandy.

An excitable youth in Nantucket
Once cooled his hot head in a bucket.
He could not get it out
So he still goes about
With it fast in the pail where he stuck it.

MARJORIE DAW.

Sweet Marjorie Daw was a saucy mink—
 Enchanting, entrancing, divine,
 Her smile was the twin of a generous drink
 Of sparkling, delicious, old wine.

She had read, and traveled, and been around,
 Knew cards and dice, and all that
 And I rather suspected that she had e'en found
 What was meant by the term, "old hat."

She was not a spring chicken, I well knew that.

She was sharp at a repartee,
 On the least provocation she'd kick off my hat,

She could beat me at climbing a tree.

She would quote Rabelais, sing a naughty hymn,

And she'd hint at some funny things,
 Such as high old sprees, or a moonlight swim.

In a costume of cupid's *sans* wings.

Her eyes were as black as eyes ever are,

But her garters were always blue.

I know, for I've often seen that far

When I buttoned her little shoe.

There had always seemed to be someone about

When we wanted sweet solitude.

She knew what I wanted, I haven't a doubt,

And wished that folks wouldn't intrude.

But at last, she is mine, I am going to steal

One crack while I've got her alone.

As she sits on my lap, she cannot help feel

That "John Henry" is hard as a bone.

Her head on my shoulder has languidly drooped,

I'm a victor at last in loves wars.

Eh! Hello! What is this? Can't get it in? Scooped?

She had put on her Methodist drawers.

"Oh, grandma!" cried a mischievous little urchin, "I
 cheated the hens so nicely just now! I threw them your
 gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and they
 ate them up as fast as they could."

SHORT SKETCHES OF BIBLE HISTORY.

A story is told of an Irishman who had been mining with very little success in California and to whom a Yankee had sold a "Peep Show" with which he had been raking in the shekels to a great extent for some time previous. The first arrangement was that the vender should accompany the Irishman and do the lecturing part of the show at so much a week; but at the end of the first week Pat thought he had mastered the set speeches which the Yankee invariably used sufficiently to dispense with his services and by doing the talking himself could save about twenty dollars a week. He accordingly started out with only a small boy to turn the crank, and had no sooner put up the Peep Box than a big six-foot ten-inch miner presented himself and forked out the fifty cents for a peep at the panorama.

"Now," says Pat, "ye just put your eye against the hole and keep it there until you hear me say, 'boy turn the crank,' and then look what you'll see. You're ready, are you?" "Yes." "Then boy turn the crank and there you see the Garden of Eden, the garden itself can easily be distinguished by the beautiful flowers you see all around and the little birds singing on the branches of the trees and all as tame as barn-door chickens. That's Eve over there, the beautiful naked woman with a fig-leaf over her twot; and the fine looking young man standing beside her feeling her bubbles that's Adam. All he's got on, too, is a fig-leaf, and that aint big enough to hide his damned old dingus, for you see the head and neck of it hanging down perceptibly, while his balls are exposed entirely. But you mustn't look too long. Boy, turn the crank. And that shows you Daniel in the lion's den. There's no use pointing Dan out, because he's the only man there, nor the lion, that big ferocious baste you see in the corner snapping and grabbing all the time at the prophet's bare arse; but there's one there that can't be pointed out, for neither you nor I nor any one else can see him, and that's the angel of the Lord who stands by unbeknownst to them all and hinders the lion each bite he makes. But the prophet, you see, feels that the angel is there, though he can't see him, and that's why he turns his arse to the lion with scornful indifference. So much for having faith in the Lord. Boy, turn the crank."

"Now you have the third scene. That's the Deluge, when, as the good book says, 'the waters covered the whole

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face of the earth, and the Ark of Noah floated about upon the waters. There's the ark on the great waste of waters, as you will notice, and not a single sign of land as far as the eye can reach: you see the three men sitting on deck enjoying the beautiful sunset and their evening cigar, that's Noah and his two sons, Shem and Japhet. You can't see Ham for he's down in the hold shoveling shit from the animals' quarters, and it's all the black son-of-a bitch is good for anyway. Boy, turn the crank.

"And here you see Balaam on his way to curse the children of Israel. But the children of Israel, you know, are the chosen people of God, so when Balaam is on his way he is stopped by an angel who warns him to go back at once and that he'd be wise to hould his jaw and not say another word. Sure it was my ass spoke, not me," says the prophet. "So I should judge from the smell," says the angel, "and you ought to be ashamed to behave so before the angel of the Lord, on which it disappeared and Balaam turned back overwhelmed with the rebuke. Boy, turn the crank.

"And this gives the fifth scene—Lot and his two daughters. You'll observe there's only one of the girls there, the other is waiting outside the cave while the ouid man puts the blocks to her sister. It's not the right thing to do, I know, being contrary to the laws of God and man, but they seem to be liking it anyway, and maybe we shouldn't be too hard on them as they all think they're the only ones left on the face of the earth, and that it's their duty to do all they can to re-people it; and, besides that, I'm thinking the morals of none of them is the best, for you know they had been living for years in Sodom, and Sodom, we know, was the worst place for wild fucking of all descriptions that's mentioned in the bible (barring Chicago). Boy, turn the crank.

"Now this gives us another fucking scene, leastways it is not exactly a fucking scene, though it came near being one. It shows you Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Now Mrs. Potiphar you'll know was the most beautiful woman at the court of Pharaoh, but she was an arrant whore and had set her heart on having a piece from Joseph, who was a comely lad in the full vigor of youth. But then, you see, Joseph was a high-principled young fellow and he tells Mrs. Potiphar that he never could reconcile it with his conscience to make so free with his master's wife, for she had just been asking him to go upstairs and have one of

these things; but no, he would rather risk being sent to a loathsome dungeon than accede to her solicitations, which shows the difference between him and you, you son-of-a-bitch, who would give up your last five dollar piece to have a rap at the damndest old Chinese whore that ever came prowling about the diggings."

"Who are you calling a son-of-a-bitch?" asks the man at the peep hole. "I'm calling you a son-of-a-bitch," says Pat, and with that the audience jumps up and lets Pat have one under the ear, and Pat returns on the other's nose, and there they grapple and fall over carrying the Peep Show with them and smashing it all to pieces, and in less than two minutes we have them both rolling about in the mud chewing each other's ears and noses to their heart's content.

Extract from "Brown's Guide to Texas"—Hannibal, Mo., to Denison, Texas, 575 miles, as the pigeon flies.

1. The birds are going mad with joy in the willows by the rivulet yonder.
2. The sweet-smelling cedars rustle their boughs gently.
3. The dew-drops are sparkling on the long, waving grass.
4. The fragrance of sweet-smelling flowers is wafted toward our window, and, as the train moves slower, we catch the gentle music of running waters.
5. The mists of the golden morning, like a great stage curtain, were being slowly lifted from Mother Earth.
6. The beams of the morning sun are breaking through the gold and silver clouds way over toward the Caddo Hills and we are whirling on our way—where? To Texas.
7. We have seen the Centennial.
8. We went by the great Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad and we cannot resist the temptation of returning to our southern home by the same route.
9. The prosperity of this great pioneer line has also brought our prosperity, and, aside from its charming scenery, its courteous officers and employes, its beautiful cars and ponderous iron horses, we feel that we owe it our patronage "for value received."
10. We are gliding along on the smooth, steel rails, like the billowy clouds in the distance. Already, as we near the "Gate City"—Denison—we can feel the gentle southern breeze that but yesterday toyed among the palm and

orange groves of Mexico, that but yesterday moved the swaying mess on the grand old trees near the "Gem of the Gulf"—Galveston; that but yesterday kissed the brooks around historic San Antonio.

11. Yes, we are going to Texas; but, dear reader, why is our journey so pleasant?

12. Why are we surrounded by such fascinating scenery? Simply because we are riding over the pride of the great Southwest—the M., K. & T. R. R. We are passing through the wonderful Indian Territory.

13. We have left behind us a country of overcrowded cities, villages and towns; a country where the earnings of the mechanic, the factory girl, the laborer, the merchant and the clerk are but a stipend, from a cold, dreary north to a sunny, southern clime; to a country where not only the rich may find profitable fields of enterprise for their wealth, but the cunning hand of the mechanic may find steady employment and good wages, where the farmer, the stock-raiser and the laborer may find free lands; where every son and daughter of the north may find a mild and healthy climate, fertile soil, reliable seasons, employment, prosperity, health, wealth and happiness.

This is also an "Extract"—double distilled—Comparisons are sometimes odious—Denison to Hell, one-half mile, as the buzzard flies.

1. The birds are moulting in the willows by the rivulet yonder and going mad with joy at the prospect of increased fucking facilities.

2. The sweet-smelling farts of the weary emigrant rustles the boughs gently.

3. The soft tird-drops are sparkling on the decayed cottonwood ties.

4. The fragrance of the sweet-scented Texas son-of-a-bitch is wafted toward our window as the train stops at a grocery to "liquor up."

5. The mists of the golden morning, like a bloody shirt-tail, are being lifted from the form of a blear-eyed prostitute, exposing her ass to the scorching rays of the noonday sun.

6. The beams of this noonday sun are breaking through the nether garments of a Texas "bulldozer" as he is whirling on his way—where? To hell.

* 7. We have seen her ass.

8. We went through it on the M. K. & T. and we cannot resist the temptation of returning to our Texas home by the way of an apothecary shop and lay in a fresh supply of balsam copeppermint and cubebs.

9. The prosperity of this great tin-car line has brought a torrent of syphilitic competition upon the country.

10. It has brought the "clap" of the north to bear upon the jaundiced and sallow penis of the south. It has brought the smooth-bored Yankee assholes where they can be rifled out by the rasping corn-dodgers of Texas.

11. Let us go into the country where the trantula lies in wait for a bite at the unsuspecting bollocks of the traveler as he stops to shit on a cactus.

12. Let us go by the M. K. & T. to a country where the wolf disputes with the rattlesnake the possession of the squatter's cabin and where the only music is the cowboy as he farts "Dixie" through a tin horn.

13. We left a country where there are school houses for a country where there are nothing but the tirds that usually surround them. We have left the cold north for a country where the climate resembles that of a brick-kiln briskly fanned by the breezes from hell. We have left a country where the soft notes of the pistol are varied only by the shriek of the victim who has a bowie-knife "druv" up to the hilt in his arse, where the bones of famished whores strew the plains; where the swarthy Mexican cohabits with his mule and produces the cowboy; where the whisky riddles like a shot-gun, the guts of the wretched devils who drink it, where the chief glory of man is to be a son-of-a-bitch and go to hell via the jim-jams.

It was parade day or examination day in school. The trustees and the friends and parents had come to see the young idea shooters spread themselves. After several of the larger classes had been heard from the infants were called up and ranged along a toe crack. Now, this class had been coached by the teacher on the old catechism, "Who made you," etc., so that each child knew only the answers to his or her own questions. The young lady teacher, preoccupied with other more weighty issues, had not noted the absence of the first boy. So she began with the first question: "Who made you?" Boy No. 2, who now stood at the head of the class, hesitated for a minute, and then blurted out: "Out of the dust of the earth. The boy wot God made's got the belly ache and gone home."

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HENRY WARD BEECHER'S MEDITATIONS.

They may talk of beauty,
 Of flowers and stars,
 Of sunshine and moonlight,
 Of lutes and guitars,
 Of their castles of stone,
 And their temples of brick,
But give me the stones
 That back up a stiff prick.
And give me the girl
 Who opens her thighs,
 With your tongue in her mouth
 As she rolls up her eyes,
 With her strawberry bosom
 Upheaving in front,
And her round belly smooth
 To the hair of her cunt;
 That locks her ivory legs
 Over your back
As she guides your prick gently
 Right up in her crack,
 Where it glides in as slick
 As a snake in the grass,
 And your bollocks rest smooth
 On the cheeks of her arse;
 Whose long locks encumber
 Her bosom's fair charms;
 Who closely enfolds you
 Within her white arms;
 Who plays up so gently
 At first, and so slow,
 And presses you close
 To her bubbles of snow;
 She quickens and strengthens
 Her stroke at each pass,
 Expanding her thighs
 And contracting her ass,
 Till the stroke of your piston
 Compels her to grunt,
 And your prick tightens up
 All the space in her cunt;
 And like lips that have tasted
 Persimmons not ripe;
 Her arse-hole is puckered

As hard as new tripe;
And she pitches you up
And down you come soak
Through the depth of her cunt
With the whole of your cock,
Till its head is as red
As a night cap in bed.
Or crest of a gobbler
Just going to tread;
Then she squeezes you close
And plays up more quick,
Jerks a little more strong
At each throb of your prick,
Till a thousand electrical
Wires unseen
Send your prick in and out
Like a sewing machine;
Till she quivers and thrills
From her lips like a rose,
Down her thighs to the very
Tip ends of her toes,
And you strain every nerve
Till the bedstead will crack,
And a tingling sensation
Runs all down your back,
And her bosom swells higher,
Her breath comes more quick
As she trembles beneath
Every stroke of your prick;
She clasps you more close
And more tight at each jab,
And commences to spend
As she feels your prick throb;
Half fainting and gasping
Beneath the last stroke,
She closes her eyes,
And you pantingly soak,
Till your spirits o'erpowered
Beginning to flag,
You draw out as loose
And limber as a rag;
And you turn from her breast
To the pillow so fair,
To lie by her side
And toy with her hair,

Whose long wavy ringlets
Neglectedly flow
Round her ivory neck
And bosom of snow,
Her eyes just half closed
'Neath the soft shading lash,
So mellow, soon kindle
Anew with a flash.
Her spirits recovering,
Her hand very quick
Glides softly along, and
Takes hold of your prick,
With soft dimpled fingers
She daintily takes
The head in her hand
As if touching a snake;
Then she rubs it a little,
And pulls the skin back
That droopingly hangs
So wrinkled and slack;
She clasps her soft fingers
Around it with ease,
Gives a few gentle dubs
And a delicate squeeze,
Till under the pressure
And warmth of her hand,
The cords began swelling,
The head to expand,
Then dubs a little more,
Gives a circular wag,
And gently takes up
Your cods in their bag,
And carefully dangles them
Up 'twixt your legs
As cautious in handling
As a pan of new eggs;
Then takes the old fellow
Again by the throat,
And gently strokes down
His close fitting coat,
Till the gallant old fellow
By being caressed,
Begins to grow proud
And erect his red crest,
Growing longer and stronger,

More stiff and more thick,
Till he hardens and stands
A magnificent prick;
Then with ravishing kisses
You cover her face,
Her smooth naked waist
With your arms you embrace;
From her juicy red lips
The sweet kisses you suck;
Part the long silky hair
On her cunt for a fuck;
Till its red pouting lips
Are laid open and bare,
Like a brilliant moss rose
Imbedded in hair;
Then she smilingly opens
Her thighs for your pin,
And laughingly tells you
"Now Lemons, go in."

"NOT BUILT THAT WAY."

A boy will eat and a boy will drink,
And a boy will play all day;
But a boy won't work and a boy won't think,
Because he ain't built that way.

A girl will sing and a girl will dance,
And a girl will work crochet;
But she can't throw a stone and hit a church,
Because she ain't built that way.

A girl will flirt and a girl will mash,
And ne'er give herself away;
But she can't strike a match on the seat of her pants,
Because she ain't built that way.

She may perhaps ride straddle when a young and giddy gal,
And cut some naughty capers in her play;
But she cannot utilize a standing urinal,
Just because she ain't built that way.

Sign on a dry goods store:
DON'T GO DOWN TOWN TO BE CHEATED.
COME IN HERE.

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Adam and Eve were snaked out of the Garden.

A Dutchman repeated the adage, "birds mit one fedder goes mit demselves."

The early bird catches the worm. Later in the day the leisurely sportsman gathers in the bird.

Sir George says he don't wonder his sweetheart is afraid of lightning—she's so awfully attractive.

"Ah, my son, did you not know it was sinful to catch fish on Sunday?" "Who's a ketchin' any fish?"

What is the difference between a dude and a jackass? It is principally a difference in the size of their canes.

This appeared over a fisherman:

He's done a catching cod;
He's gone to meet his God.

"What do you know about the cuckoo?" asked a school-teacher of little Johnny. "Nuthin', 'cept that he don't lay his eggs himself."

A Detroit restaurant hangs out a sign of "free chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an axe and a wood pile.

A German lately married, says, "Id vas yoost so easy as a needle cook valk ouid mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a womans."

"Is that mule tame?" asked a farmer of an American dealer in domestic quadrupeds. "He's tame enough in front," answered the dealer.

The Philadelphia *News* says it is better to have loved and lost than to be obliged to get up at 5 o'clock on cold winter mornings to start a fire.

A WONDERFUL ORGAN.

To * * * *

The erection of an organ in any church circle is always desirable—it opens up a future, and occasionally a sister. The organ I propose to furnish you is one of the self-erecting kind, and therefore would be less expensive than the one you propose. It can be worked by hand, but not perfectly, the co-operation of the young sisters being necessary to complete ecstasy. If all the conditions are perfect, the sister completely resigned, then a complete state of beatitude follows, after which

"Not one wave of trouble rolls across my peaceful breast."

is sung in a restful manner. It is needless to add that the organ is played out for that day, and if erected at all, it must stand on its head.

I do not recommend my organ solely on account of its size, and it is not claimed that it would do for a whole circuit or conference. I do claim, however, that it just the size for a good-sized congregation. Neither do I think the size of the pipe is so important as the tone, and it is the latter that has given my organ such a reputation wherever I have introduced it. My organ has a bellows attachment, adjusted to heat and cold, and chronometer balance. If touched by the delicate hand of a soulful sister, the response is instantaneous, and the vibrations at once permeate the whole spinal column. Temporary collapse follows, but *prolapsus uteri* never. When the organ is being operated well, a drooping of the eyelids, flushed cheek and "lolling" of the tongue supervenes. If the diagnosis is completed, the toes will be found tied in knots. Rest and fresh air will, however, restore the normal functions. All this I can promise for my organ, and have abundant testimony to prove it.

The organ heretofore used by the female portion of your church has undoubtedly been that old, collapsed, wind-broken, squeaky one, owned by the preacher, and used so extensively by Beecher in his Plymouth Church congregation. It was good in its day, but belongs to ancient history. The bellows hangs too low, and the pipe, though of large size, is leaky. Besides this, the cost of erection is enormous, and it is always liable to take the wrong shoot and miss a note. The most valuable use it can be put to is in taking it to church sociables and betting which way it will fall.

You are entirely mistaken about my organ being out of repair. It is in excellent working order. It has been used slightly this winter in the skating rinks, and has got a revelation in the rural districts, and very soothing to the bowels. I have sometimes thought the "peal" was affected, but that is superficial. I have known girls of thirteen to play it successfully, while to the wife and widow it fills a long felt want. There are no "aching voids" in the neighborhood where it resides. It is self-sustaining, and has a head of its own. It is a daisy. It will play simultaneously pianissimo, fortissimo, allegro, dandino and fisher's hornpipe in a way to astonish the congregation. All it wants is reciprocity on the part of a plump, tight-built sister and one who can take up her stock as she goes along. Wind may escape but water, never. After the tune is played out the musicians will be played out also, and both look and feel ashamed. No effort on the part of the operator is necessary to stop, for when the old thing is run down it stops itself. The impression at first will be, that while the operator may linger a week or two, that it is too dead to skin.

The value of such an instrument to a village choir is beyond calculation. It is better felt than described, and the smile of heavenly satisfaction that will settle on the face of the sister upon feeling the thrill of this organ, as it pours its sweet bliss into her soul, will make even heaven a howling wilderness.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-seven
A man went out at half past eleven,
He stepped into a grocery store
And on the sill he met a woman.
Says she my dear, says he my duck,
What will you charge me for a pound of candles?
They took a walk around the block,
And in her hand he placed his traveling bag.
She swore by Castor and by Pollox
He had a very charming watch-chain.
While she was heaving passions sighs
He tried to get between her and a barrel.
Says she, you are a perfect brick
And have a fascinating way about you.

CLEOPATRA.

"Upon a couch of crimson silk she lay,
And floated down the slumberous, murky Nile
Her wondrous eyes rebuked the god of day,
While the bright sun grew dim before her smile.

The warm air, fragrant from a lotus land,
Swept like a sensuous breath across the day.
What wonder that Antony, with nerveless hand,
Drunk from her kisses, threw all the world away?

Why wonder that he found a keener zest
Beside this piece of perfect faultless clay,
Than waiting on the shores of Rome's unrest,
As willing captive at her feet he lay?

Her voice, like some soft, low-tuned instrument
With music sweet, her royal love proclaims;
It stills the tempest of his discontent,
And for her sweet enchantment he gives—fame.

Love is her theme, and Antony her god—
He lays his manhood at her royal feet,
And smiles at the ruins, while the flood
Of love sweeps o'er him warm and sweet."

THE THEOLOGICAL NEST-HIDER.

A noted divine in Brooklyn there dwelt
Who oft the limbs of Elizabeth felt;
Then washing his fingers for fear that they smelt
Would point us the way up to heaven.

But fingering seed-ends gave neither content;
Though fingering was all that at first he had meant,
Till his penis got stiff and on mischief was bent
And pointed direct up to heaven.

Such love and entreaty shown forth in his face
She yielded at last to his ardent embrace,
But not until Henry had knelt and asked grace
And thanked all the angels in heaven.

In morals our Henry was virtuous and firm,
"Nest-hiding," he called it—Theological term,
And then his old root made her monkey to squirm
As he pointed direct up to heaven.

Mere diddling was sinful, he very well knew,
 Except when a priest had united the two,
 But nest-hiding for object kept always in view
 Would make them feel nearer to heaven.

'Tis true that he worked like a profligate man,
 And never let up with a flash in the pan,
 But then, you remember, his action began
 With the grace that he offered to heaven.

She played to his stroke like a woman of sin,
 And twisted her arse to get all of it in,
 But to say that they diddled is surely too thin
 When grace had been offered to heaven.

When Henry had finished he lifted his eyes
 And prayed in a voice sadly broken with sighs
 In thanks to a woman's fair belly and thighs
 That made him feel nearer to heaven.

He said it was moral when practiced for love,
 That she was as innocent still as a dove,
 For she would discover when risen above
 Nest-hiding was practiced in heaven.

But Theodore T. held a different view,
 And swore in his wrath to old Beecher pursue
 For trespassing in his Elizabeth's fife
 To lead her still nearer to heaven.

Our Henry then chose a committee to search,
 Whose answer left Theodore out in the lurch.
 They said 'twas the usual way of the church
 To lead them still nearer to heaven.

MORAL.

The devil to prove religion a farce
 Wanted a first-class preacher;
 He baited his hook with Elizabeth's arse
 And fished out Henry Ward Beecher.

Here lies John Hugg
 As snug as a bug in a rug;
 Here lies John Hugger,
 A little snugger than that other bugger.

TEMPTATION

You might as well say to the bee,
As he lights on the lips of a flower:
" Its beauty, you're welcome to see,
But the honey must stay and get sour."

Do you think he would list to you long,
With the treasure just under his eyes?
No; he'd find the temptation too strong,
And make a bold dash for the prize.

Or, supposing a bird on a tree,
Where cherries were rosy and sweet,
And you told him to let them all be
For you thought them too pretty to eat.

Do you think your command he'd obey,
And with feasting his eyes be content?
No. To let such fruit spoil—he would say
Was never Dame Nature's intent.

So, do not be cruel and cold
And ask me to promise in vain,
For when pretty lips open to scold
They but tempt me to trespass again.

EASILY UNDERSTOOD

Mrs. Penn—" William, I read an advertisement in one of the papers stating that for a dollar in stamps the advertiser would send by return mail a sure way to get rid of rats in the house."

Mr. Penn—" Well?"

Mrs. Penn—" I sent a dollar in stamps, William and received an answer."

Mr. Penn—" What was it?"

Mrs. Penn—" William, the cheat told me to move."

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen—You're a beautiful creature,
And the hen just for that
Laid two eggs in his hat,
And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher.

Why is a blade of grass like a promissory note?
It matured by falling due (dew).

One with all the charms combined
 Of those I've named above,
 Then, with her I'd happy live,
 My whole heart to her I'd give
 My composite love.

Wife—What time did you get in last night, John?

Husband—Two o'clock, my dear

Wife—Where were you, John?

Husband—At work at the office, my dear.

Wife—That's right, John, never tell a lie. Mary, take
 Mr. Brown's shoes off the mantelpiece and get his night
 key out of the clock.

MY GIRL.

Her eyes are as blue as the heaven above,
 And her smile is angel sweet,
 And a thrill runs along my spinal cord
 When our lips in rapture meet.

Her voice makes music all the day,
 And her sunlit golden hair
 Sits like a crown on her classic head;
 She's the fairest of the fair.

Smith, (to Jones who is reading a telegram with a look
 of anguish on his face)—What's the matter, old fellow?
 Somebody dead?

Jones, (crushing the telegram)—No; somebody alive.
 Twins!

Here's to the tree of life
 That maidens love to span,
 It stands between two stones
 Upon the Isle of Man.

Here's to the little bush
 That would that tree entwine,
 It blossoms once in every month,
 And bears its fruit in nine.

What is the prettiest thing in bonnets? The ladies' faces,

A NOVELETTE.

"Coal costs money!!"

A bitter, mocking smile—the smile of a demon that has been baffled in his unholy efforts to lure a soul to the uttermost depths of the Inferno—played around the Grecian lips of Girofle Mahaffy, as these cruel words fell with incisiveness from her lips. Over the backyard fence came the silvery gleams of the inconstant moon as she moved through the heavens in brilliant splendor and touched with a gentle hand the moss-covered wood shed and caused the dog, whose blood-curdling bay had fallen in such fearful cadences upon Rupert Hetherington's large, West Side ears, to stand out, perfect in every outline, against the pure mezzo tints of the recently-painted doorsteps.

"You are jesting, sweetheart," murmured Rupert, pulling up his pants, so that they would not wrinkle at the knees, and seating himself beside the girl.

"Am I?" was the reply, in cold, Crystal Lake accents that seemed to Rupert to pierce his very vest. "If you really think so, look out of the window."

Rupert obeyed. The moonlight streamed into the room as he pushed aside the heavy pomegranate curtains, falling in mellow splendor on vases of malachite and alabaster, on statue and bronze. Tazzas of jasper and lapis lazuli stood in recess and alcove, crowded with flowers; curious trifles in gold and silver carving, in amber and mosaic stood on table and etageres. A curiously-wrought side-board that was new in the days of the Crusaders stood at his left. The fire glowed ruddily in the grate, the pure white flames leaping up the chimney as if in very glee. Amber-tinted sour-mash, as Rupert well knew, lay concealed within the recesses of the side-board. Outside, the keen wind of December whistled shrilly through the dead branches of the sturdy oaks, telling of the cold and suffering that was to come ere the soft breath of spring kissed the earth into life again. The bleak moorland, black and dreary, stretched away to the eastward, and across its sullen face the rabbits were running. Rupert saw all this at a glance.

While engaged with the sombre thoughts which the same induced, a hand fell lightly upon his shoulder. He turned and faced Girofle.

"And do you really mean what you say?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the girl. "There must be some kind of an understanding. I cannot bluff away all the days of my youth."

"Enough," said Rupert, "I will marry you."

"But, when?" asked the girl.

Leaning over the beautiful creature, he kissed in her ear
the fateful words:

When the women vote.

When New York gets the Fair.

When the Chicagoos win a game.

A MISS.

We saw her tripping down the village street,
A vision fair that brighter made the day.

Beneath her snowy skirt her dainty feet,
Played hide and seek in quite a charming way.

The maid was costumed in the latest style:

Her bustle was the regular size:

Her lips were parted in a winning smile,

And mischief sparkled in her bright blue eyes.

Her cheeks were glowing like the crimson bright

That tints the skies when Sol sinks in the west;

Between her coral lips gleamed teeth as white,

As foam that flashes on the billow's crest.

She neared us and our hearts went pit-a-pat;

She passed us with a pretty, conscious air;

And then we noticed that her dainty hat

Was perched on massive coils of rich red hair

Up street and down, we gazed with eager eyes,

As disappeared from view the vision bright;

Then at each other stared in dumb surprise:

It was a miss; no white horse hove in sight!

Scene—Restaurant.

Bald-headed man.

Red-headed man.

Strangers to each other.

Fly lights on bald head.

Bald-headed man makes pass at fly.

Red-headed man grins and facetiously asks: "They
didn't have much hair where you came from, did they?"

Bald-headed man—Yes, dead loads of it, but it was ~~red~~,
and I told 'em to stick it in their arse.

Here lies Reddy Pepper,
Hot by name, but not by nature;
He brewed good ale for every creature,
He brewed good ale, and sold it too,
And unto each man gave his due.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been some time, observed that, when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

"Here lies my dear wife,
A sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her,
I should lie too."

"What a blessing it is," said a hard-working Irishman, "that night never comes on till late in the day, whin a man is tired and can't work any at all at all."

I was well;
Wished to be better.
Took physic—
Here I am.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life-preserver—only put on at the moment of immediate danger, and then half time put on hind side before.

Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

It takes eight hundred full blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume, while ten cents worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

Here lie two brothers by misfortune surrounded,
One died of his wounds and the other was drowned.

I have never known a sekond wife but what was boss
of the situashun.

F1
A FRENCH CRISIS.

Since Butler sang of dildoes and Villon loved to treat
Of certain gros-grained margots whom he rogered in the
street.

Since Rabelais and Rochester and Chaucer chose to sing
Of that which gave them subtle joy—that is to say, the
thing.

Why should not I, an humble bard, be pardoned if I write
Of a certain strange occurrence which has lastly come to
sight?

II.

One evening in December on the Boulevard de Prix,
While the sombre bells of Notre Dame announced the hour
of six.

A dapper wight named Edward met tripping down the way
A madam with a character and gown decollete;
A babbling, buxom, blooming, bubbling, billowy-bubbled
dame—

Camille Maria Jesus Hector Limousin of name.

III.

Tho' fair she was of countenance, she was as lewd a bitch
As ever wallowed in a bed or mouzled in a ditch;
And, maugre wealth and family, she was as foul a minx;
As ever fondled scabby cods or nursed gangrenous dinks;
She'd tumbled one American, and with his drooling yard
The august house of Grevy fell, and fell almighty hard!

IV.

She'd toyed with Simon's senile tap and burnt Clemenceau's
tail,

With howling Rochefort had she drank of Mother Wat-
kin's ale;

With Ferry and with Carnot she had wrestled for a fall—
She'd drained old Goblet 'til he lay no good against the
wall.

She did not swive for sustenance—she rather lived to swive,
And at the two-back beast she beat the veriest whore alive!

V.

No prurient dame of high degree nor wench of tarnished
fame

Could be compared with Limousin at this close-buttock
game;

The Greeks had thirteen postures and the Hindoos sixty-four,

And Cleopatra's aggregate was seventy-five or more;
What were a hundred postures to this fantastic queen?
She had at least a thousand—and each of them tres bien!

VI.

On top (the pumping method), or lying on her side,
Or spread upon her billowy bum (a la the blushing bride);
Or standing up, or sitting down, or resting on all-four,
(This was the favorite posture of the Russian Empress
whore);

Or dressed, or naked—every way her genius would invent
To catch the silvery substance that tickleth when 'tis spent.

VII.

She'd nignog, duffle, smuggle, concomitate, and quagge,
She'd dance the shaking-of-the sheets, fadoodie wap and shag;
She'd come the caster, niggle, jerk and hear the nightingale,
She'd nest-hide, dance St. Leger's round, and do it with her tail;
She'd break her leg above the knee, pound, click, and tread as well,
And with a holy father put the devil into hell.

VIII.

She'd wrestle, bang, cohabit, futuere, cram, and jig,
Jumme, copulate, accompany, swive, fornicate, and frig;
Go goosing or go grousing, and, if needs be, cooning go,
Rasp, roger, diddle, bugger, screw, canoodle, kife, and mow;
There was no form of harlotry nor any size of tarse
That had not run the gamut 'twixt her nostrils and her arse.

IX.

What shall I term that slimy pit, that orifice of sin
That let her liquefactions out and other factions in?
A tuppence, twitchet, coney, commodity or nock,
Pudendum, titmose, dummelhead, quaint, merkin, naf or jock?
Call it whatever pleases you—there's nothing in a name,
And tho' it had been dubbed a rose it would have smelt the same.

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X.

And he? He was as fine a buck as ever topped a ewe,
Or with his facie penis clave a virgin clam in two;
The flush of lusty manhood lent its beauty to his face
And the outlines of his sturdy frame were full of virile
grace,

But what seemed fairer still than these to Limousin's keen
eyes

Was the ne plus ultra yelper that swang between his thighs

XI.

To this illustrious pego and its adjacent flop
Let other kingoes, lobs, and yards in adoration drop;
These other virgas, placket-rackets, pintlets, strunts, and
jocks,

And all the brood of priapismic candidates for pox—
Fie on the meweing mentulae! for what, oh! what were these
Beside that Phallic glory that hung below his knees!

XII.

Your pillycocks are competent for tickling mouse's ears,
And tools hight lobs are brute know to call for bridal tears;
But the yelper that's ambitious to enact heroic roles
Must be of such proportions as to stretch the roomiest
holes,

With dornicks so proficient that, when they cease to spout
The lady cannot pee the dose, but has to cough it out.

XIII.

This tool of his was one foot long and had three corners to
it,

It's beveled velvet head stood up when in the mood to do it;
And as it stood and breathed and pufred and murmured
sort of sadly,

What woman (if she felt at all) but hankered for it madly?
And then, those cods! when dainty hands in amorous
dalliance squeezed 'em

They threw a stream which ladies say beyond all telling
pleased 'em.

XIV.

This monumental penis had frigged through all creation—
The libby, bouzer, bagle, bundle, bawd of every nation,
The courtezan, the concubine, the hiren, and the harlot;
The widow in her grassy weeds, the splatterdash in scarlet;

The madam in her drawing-room with social homage
honored,

The washee-washee almond-eye whose queie is cat a-
cornered.

XV.

From Colorado in the west to Mannheim in the east
(And that's a goodly distance—six thousand miles at least).
This prick had mown a swath of twats of every size and
age,

So numerous I could not write their number on this page.
Where e're he went he left behind a gory, gummy trail
Of lacerated, satiated, ripped-up female tail.

XVI.

'Twas to the bearer of this tool that Limousin applied
For the pleasant little service he had never yet denied;
And when she asked him "voulez?" he was fly enough to
see

He would have to meet the crisis, so he bravely answered
"oui."

A crisis is a crisis, but a French one (we've heard tell)
Outcrisis all crises, and that is simply hell!

XVII.

He modestly unfolded his Brobdignagian prick
And he hit that foreign madam's thing just one goshawful
lick.

She gave a grawsome tremor and she shrieked aloud "Mon
Dieu!"

Her eyeballs rolled up in her head, her lips turned black
and blue;

But there he lay and sozzled 'till he'd pumped her full, and
then

He went and hired a doctor to sew her up again.

John Snooks was modest and his pretty little wife
Was modest also, and they lived a happy life
They had their friends as you and I have and they came
One eve to have a supper, we would do the same
They ranged themselves around the Snooks's festal board
John at the head, She at the foot, he carved she poured.
When in the intricate unjoining of a fowl
John's face began to pucker in a scowl

LAY OF THE FIRST ROBIN.

Oh, I'm the first robin just dropped into town!
 Peewee! peewink! pewiddledewink!
 Catch on to my sister, all lined with swansdown!
 Pewiddledewiddledewink!
 Pray pardon my voice! I've a frog in my throat,
 And I really can't tackle my 'way-up note
 With my feet in the pockets of my stuffed coat!
 Pewiddledewiddledewink!

So this is the new style of beautiful spring!
 Peewee! peewink! pewiddledewink!
 I b'lieve it has frozen my northeast wing!
 Pewiddledewiddledewink!
 I've just had my breakfast of ice-cream on toast,
 And I long for a hot stove to get a shin-roast;
 If my nose gets much redder I'll kindle this post!
 Pewiddledewiddledewink!

If this is the best style of spring you've on hand—
 Peewee! peewink! pewiddledewink!
 Just stuff it or frame it, d'you understand?
 Pewiddledewiddledewink!
 Ah! here comes a hunter with gun full of lead.
 I think I'll meander to my little bed.
 He might aim at me and shoot somebody dead!
 To tal see you later! Don't drink!

"I wish, mamma," said little Johnny Fizzletop, "that I lived in South Africa." "Why, my son, do you wish you lived in South Africa?" "Why, the mammas down there don't wear any slippers, you know." "Yes, my son, but you must also remember that little boys in South Africa don't wear any pants, either." "That's so," said Johnny; "it's queer I never thought anything about that."

Marriage is like a brilliant taper's light,
 Placed at a window on a summer's night;
 Attracting all the insects of the air,
 To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
 Those who are out—butt heads against the pane
 Those who are in—butt to get out again.

ON THE DELAWARE

The other evening I stole away
To meet my lover on the bay.
I met him and we took a walk
Along the beach to have a talk;
And as we walked, both hand in hand,
Each footprint planted on the sand.
He turned and said: "Dear, do you care
If I kiss you on the Delaware?"

He said he loved me and I must
A secret kiss to him entrust.
His arms around me then he threw,
And closely to his bosom drew—
I turned and said I did not care,
So he kissed me on the Delaware.

As we on the beach, together sat,
To have a little social chat,
Soon to hug me he began,
And in my bosom his hand he ran.
I could not resist, I do declare,
So he felt my tits on the Delaware.

Then in a minute I saw his drift,
His hand was soon beneath my shift,
With kisses sweet, mature and warm—
With promise fair he'd do no harm;
The temptation great, to my surprise,
He put his hand between my thighs;
To keep the secret he did swear,
And he felt my cunt on the Delaware.

He took my hand—oh! what a shock!
He placed in it his long, stiff cock;
I felt its stiffness and its length,
It seem to give it still more strength,
And just below this hung the tags
As large and fair young bags
As you seldom will find anywhere,
Hung 'tween his legs on the Delaware.

He pulled it out and at me did shake it,
I then concluded I must take it;
I feared it, yet I thought it best,
As I had the chance to try the test.

He laid me down, and then he tries
 To get his knees between my thighs;
 And nestled his cock within the hair
 That covered my cunt, on the Delaware.

I opened my thighs, for I did love it,
 Gave him a chance to further shove it;
 's every stroke in me was driven,
 thought to him more flow was given.
 My cunt felt good, and just above it
 I felt so nice when home he drove it.
 He soon had not an inch to spare,
 For I took it all on the Delaware.

He shoved it up both firm and strong,
 You couldn't tell who the tags belong
 And as his cock was in me driven
 I forgot of earth and thought of heaven.
 How sweet it felt when he did begin
 To work it quickly out and in;
 I could not resist, I done my share,
 For it felt so good on the Delaware.

He then began to blow and grunt,
 And firmly placed it in my cunt.
 He kissed me sweet and home he sent;
 Oh! how delicious we both spent!
 I felt so good I could not stop
 Till he had spent the last sweet drop.
 We both had all that we could bear
 Of fucking on the Delaware.

When I got up I began to think
 How close I was on ruin's brink.
 I resolved and promised to refrain
 From ever doing so again.
 I knew I was doing wrong, of the same
 I felt ashamed, but had none to blame.
 And rose hereafter to beware
 Of fucking on the Delaware.

In an hour or so I began to feel bad but high also
 That an inch or two I'd like to steal.
 I turned and looked, and with a head
 Hung down as if entirely dead.

That prick that was so stiff and strong
Was dead and not two inches long.
I then sat down in deep despair
Of its rising again on the Delaware.

Then said I, love come let us go,
We are late to-night you know.
Come, button up, and I took his hand,
And I found his prick was on a stand.
I forgot my resolve and back I laid.
Between my thighs his prick he played.
I often wonder how a prick so blunt
Can be run so easily in woman's cunt;
I found it easy, and I thought it fair
To sock it home on the Delaware.

And now, dear reader, let me say
There is no lady that would not play
With a long stiff prick if they got a chance
To have it stuck in her she'd fairly dance.
I loved it at first, I've had it but twice,
Some say it is naughty, I say it is nice;
They say it is dangerous, but what do I care
If I am knocked up on the Delaware.

Respectfully referred to T. T., for his remarks as regards
"They all do it."

It is said we are all good at "hacking,"
Dancing, drinking, hugging and smacking.
The boar, you see, has his fun pork-packing,
And the boys have a jolly time "cracking."

There is nothing more fine than a good dog fight,
Nothing more pleasant than a cat bawl at night.
They must all have some fun and pursue it,
All have their "things," and you bet they all do it.

So don't kick the old boar when he's cramming a sow,
Or bother the cats when they're having a row;
For they are having good times making kittens and pigs,
What the boys used to call 'em—little feather-bed jigs.

Cats fight and bawl and make a big noise,
Dogs do the same, but not so with the boys;
They slip round the back fence, whistle and then knock,
And in a few minutes they have out their cock.

So you all must have it; it's naughty but nice.
 So the preachers they want it and get many a slice.
 They talk religion to the old, the boys and the lass
 And use the good book to get them some arse.

Senators, too, are not slow on a cram,
 And they seldom go up town without bouncing a han.
 They think they are sly, but you bet we all know
 They are hell on the widows if you give them a show.

Fishes, birds and reptiles are all in the van;
 Animals of all kinds, too, take a hand.
 They all have to have it—'tis nature you know,
 So don't hurt a spider when he's having a go.

A church member was once exhorted by his pastor to work for the Lord. The seed fell on good ground. At the next prayer meeting he was ready with his report, which ran this wise: 'Brethren, when our pastor exhorted us to do something, I resolved that I would talk to some unconverted person about religion. I began by inviting a man to come and attend our meetings. "Why should I go to meeting?" said he; and I told him he might learn something worth knowing. "What should I learn?" he asked; and I told him he would learn that he was a sinner. "But how do you know that I am a sinner?" said he; and I told him that the Bible said so. "But I don't believe the Bible" was his answer. Then we disputed about it; and, brethren, I got so mad I could have kicked him!"

MORNING CALL.

I saw her at the door bell,
 I saw her reach and get it,
 I saw her but a moment
 And then I saw her twitch it.

So gently did she touch the knob,
 No butterfly could match it.
 The door plate dim she stooped to see
 And then I saw her snatch it.

She waited for an answer long,
 But no one came to fetch it.
 Then spread herself for pulling strong,
 And, Lord, how she did stretch it.

DISILLUSION.

She stands, a thing of beauty passing fair!
Around her head the struggling sunlight skims,
And, oh, the beauty of her wet, brown hair,
The lissome languor of her perfect limbs!

I would I could describe her standing there
Above the dimpled pool's white marble rim,
Pausing with pretty, hesitating air
Ere plunging in the pool to dive and swim.

Breathless she rises, rosy as the dawn.
The water from her hair she lightly flings,
She is a princess to the manner born;
Like cerements her linen tunic clings.

Lightly she walks into the sun-kissed mist,
And, bending o'er another nymph as fair,
She gently strokes her shoulder, arm, and wrist,
And twines her fingers in her soft, damp hair.

Who can she be? And what may be her name?
Who is this nymph who so much beauty hath?
Venus? Or Helen of immortal fame?
No, an attendant in a Russian bath.

Sunday-school class—Stupid boy; pretty girl teacher.
Teacher (to stupid boy)—How did Samson slay the
Philistines?

Stupid boy don't know anything about it, but the bright
boy behind him does, and leaning forward whispers the
answer to stupid boy: "With the jaw-bone of an ass."
Stupid boy repeats the answer as he catches it, thus: "He
jawbed 'em in the ass."

A traveler called at a country tavern and was met at the
front porch by the rosy, buxom hostess. After a word as
to the weather and the times, the traveler noticing a bird
of the parrot order in a cage near the door, asked what
sort of a bird it was. The lady said it was a cockatoo, and
also informed the gentleman that they hung the bird out in
front as an attraction to travelers. "Well, madam," said
the traveler, "don't you think it would be a greater attrac-
tion if you would hang out a cunt or two?"

Uncle Moses and Dinah sneaked up into the haymow and were soon going it under a full head of steam. It was just at this time that an old hen roosting on a pole overhead took occasion to void about a ladlefull of soft paste. The gob fell spat upon Dinah's lip, ran into her nose and mouth and smeared all over her face. For just one instant the old wench held her wind, then she heaved the old man about six feet and jumped up, spitting and sputtering.

"G'way frum heah, you ole fool. You is vomicked all ovah me. Foh de lawd, you is rotten. Pears lak you done got only one gut and you'se frowed up dat chicken you eaten las' week. By de tas'e and smell you oughter been buried mo'n a month. Don' you nebber come a-nigh dis ole woman any mo'. Tw! tw! tw!!!"

The sewing circle was in session, when a smart young man came in, intent on showing his good clothes and his wit. A little five year old miss was sitting on a stool industriously stitching away with a darning needle. The young man evidently thought there was a chance to show off his brightness by catechising the child, so he says:

"Who made you, Susy?" And Susy answered:
"My pa made me wiv a darnin' needle."

SHE CAME DOWN ON HER

A young lady gave her roller-skating experience as follows:

You ought to have seen me, said the vivacious young lady to the new minister. I'd just got my skates on and made a start, when I came down on my —

Maggie! said her mother.

What? Oh, it was too funny for anything. One skate went one way and the other'n t'other way and down I went on my —

Margaret! reprovingly spoke her father.

Well, what? They scooted out from under me, and I came down on my —

Margaret!! yelled both parents.

On my little brother, who had me by the hand, and liked to have smashed him. Now, what's the matter?

Kissing is like seven-up. If he begs and she thinks she can make points in the game she will give him one.

CLEOPATRA'S SIZE.

Cleopatra was a little sawed-off, vest pocket edition of a woman, only four feet six inches high—according to her mummy. Was it for this diminutive chippie that Antony rashly threw a world away?

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Yes, grim death approaches nigh,

But you have less cause for crying,

Cleopatra, dear, than I—

If the task be not too trying

I will state the reason why:

Ages hence, Oh! Cleopatra,

When your mummy, long entombed,

In its sepulchre by Nilus

By explorers is exhumed,

And the tape line to your stature

By their fingers is applied,

All the world will ask in wonder,

Was't for this Antonius died?

Was it for this little sawed off,

For this chip—this four feet six,

Antony, the great triumvir,

Cæsar's rival crossed the Styx?

Is this glorious Cleopatra,

Famed in story and in song,

Fulvia's and Octavia's rival,

Four and fifty inches long?

Was it for this Liliputian,

Antony provoked a strife

With his countrymen, the Romans,

Lost a world and gave his life?

This it is, Oh! Cleopatra,

Nilus' s'pent, Egypt's queen,

This it is t. + to Antonius

Makes the pang of death so keen.

A fellow on being brought before a magistrate on charge of rape, was asked how under the sun he could make such a fool of himself?

He replied as follows:

"I am sure I don't know. If I had felt five minutes before as I did five minutes after I wouldn't have done it."

Bob Shaw came home to tea just a few minutes earlier than usual. His wife remarked about his being ahead of time. Bob said he had a pressing business engagement down town in the evening, and being somewhat fagged and dusty came home early that he might have a bath. Bob went at once to their bedroom, slipped out of his clothes, and stepped into the bathroom adjoining. Mrs. Bob happened to see the corner of a small envelope sticking out of a vest pocket, and quietly abstracting the little missive therein read:

"DEAR BOB—We are to have a little jamboree tonight, come down and bring your stuffed goose. Your own, "Gussie."

Mrs. Bob carefully replaced the tender missive, removed her outer wrappings and corset, and donned a loose, flowing Mother-Hubbard sort of a gown. When Bob came out of the bath stark naked and glowing with health, strength, and manly vigor he was met by Mrs. B. with smiles and kisses and little pats and teasing toying that were irresistible, and in less time than it takes to tell Bob was lying panting, gasping, and blinking between the limbs of Mrs. Shaw. So plump and voluptuous was she that he could not get away until a second time the monarch had fallen.

Bob dressed and had his tea, lit a cigar, threw himself into an easy chair and said: "My dear, I don't think I will go down town this evening. Fact is I haven't stayed at home with you as much as I might. You're a dear, good, little girl, anyway." Then Mrs. Bob opened her pretty red lips and in the softest and sweetest of tones, said: "Now Bob, dear, I know how you love me, and how true you are. I am sure it is unselfish of you to remain with me, but business engagements you know, Bobby, should always be kept. I don't want you to feel that you are neglecting business on account of your silly little wife. So put on your boots and hat, my love, and keep your engagement, and—and—by the way, you may say to Gussie that I have taken the liberty of removing the stuffing from that goose."

"Hil where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irish man of a man passing, with a very short pair. "I got them where they grew." "By my soul, you've pulled them a year too soon."

THE GOOD STORY.

There is a story of the long ago
That Master Finner's brush immortalized
In that familiar, highly colored sketch
We oft have turned to look again and smile,
So broadly comical the painter's theme.
Two monks—their jolly faces all aglow,
Their poshly waistcoats full of rare, old wine,
One talking with a storyteller's zest,
The other an appreciative friend,
And each in full enjoyment of the point,
Which, as the artist shows, has just been reached
In climax of absurd predicament,
This tale my halting muse would fain repeat.

Whether the story's told upon himself
Tradition does not state explicitly,
But we infer, so well he reels it off,
He's speaking from the card—experience.

Once on a time, no matter when or where
(These dates and places are no consequence)
Belated monk called at a wayside inn
And asked of good mine host and buxom wife
(Who, ever mindful of the coming day,
And full of earnest hospitality,
Were still awake, and planning ways and means)
He asked, I say, a rest for weary limbs,
Which they had gladly granted him at once.
But travelers were many, and their beds
Were full, a double complement in each.
This they regretted, for they had respect
For all who wear the livery of the church,
And felt it hardship to themselves that they
Were unprepared his quest to gratify.
The landlord was an honest-hearted soul
Who loved good cheer in every sort of way,
Was full of story, joke, and anecdote,
Himself proposed to sit up with his guest
And while away the tedious hours of night
In social chat (with something on the side).
He said it made no odds to him at all,
Sleep was the least of his requirement;
He would enjoy it, so it was arranged.
The wife retired; the good man brewed some ale.

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And through the quiet gliding hours of night
These two (the host and priest) grew friends
O'er joke and feast and story and the glass.
Time rolled along, the large, old-fashioned clock
Told off the hours until the point of four,
Then in the smiling hostess comes to say
That she has taken all the rest she needs,
And if their guest do not objection make
She will give up her bed to him till morn
While she will find enough for her to do
In preparation for the coming day.
Quite willing he to take the needed rest,
The dominie accepted of the chance,
Retired to the chamber, said his prayers,
Rolled into bed and soon was fast asleep.
But presently a bladder o'erwell filled
Disturbs his sleep and routs him out of bed.
There's very little light within the room,
So getting down upon his knees he gropes
Beneath the bed in search of earthen pot.
But all in vain, the dish eludes his grasp.
At least he cannot find it if 'tis there;
He searches all the room in anxious haste,
His bladder all this time is getting in its work
And piling up the agony tenfold.
What shall he do? The door is fast without,
The window is too high to serve his turn;
No bowl, no pot, no dish, nothing at all
In which, at which, by which to ease himself.
In dire distress he casts his eyes around
In hope of something that will help his case
His eye lights on the baby's crib in which
The chubby infant soundly sleeping lay.
A bright thought flashed across the victim's mind,
Here was a simple means of sweet relief
And nobody the wiser for the trick
(Babes almost nightly soak their bedding through).
No sooner thought of than 'twas almost done;
He softly lifts the infant from the crib
And gently lays it on the larger bed;
Then grasping with a hurried hand the stem
Of that full bladder poured its contents in
The very centre of the empty crib,
Then with a chuckle at so cute a scheme
Returns the baby to its damped bed.

And with a smile of heavenly content
Lies down prepared for peaceful, dreamless sleep.
A moment only, then with sudden bound
A started monk was out upon the floor.

* * * * *
While he'd been wetting down the baby's crib
The babe had made an awful muss in bed.

A FISHERMAN'S TRUE STORY.

A pelican, you know, has but one gut. Well, one day when I was out rambling around and killing time, I saw a pelican swallow a fish weighing say about two pounds. Unfortunately, he had caught the fish head first, and it was no sooner out of sight than it reappeared behind the pelican. But the bird didn't propose to lose its dinner in that way. So he whirled; the fish dodged, but was caught as before, by the head. Again he shot through the tunnel and came out with a rush. Then the pelican got unto him again, by the head as usual, but he didn't seem in a hurry to swallow him. Holding the fish in his mouth he swam close to a flat-sided rock, backed square up against it and chucked the fish into his gullet once more. For a moment I thought he had the fish fowl. (He was in the fowl for a moment, anyway.) But the washing of the waves teetered the bird and let the door open far enough for the escape of the fish. Then the wonderful reasoning power of the bird came into full play. Grabbing the fish again the bird began a swaying, swinging motion back and forth. This continued for but a brief period, then suddenly gulping the fish he doubled himself into a hoop, stuck his bill into his own stern, and turning his eye up at myself, the lone spectator on shore, winked a sly wink which seemed to say: "I've got the son of a bitch now."

When a man gets old
His balls are cold
And the head of his pecker is blue
If he does try to diddle
It bends in the middle
And that's what's the matter with young

Why is an Irishman like a fart? They are both noisy.
You can't get either of them to go back where they came from. And they are both everlastingly raising a stink.

INCIDENT OF 1884.

Old Jones was a broad shouldered, sturdy old granger,
 Rough, bluff, and with courage to face any danger.
 He entered this world through the pine woods of Maine,
 And, being a republican, whooped 'er for Blaine.
 The old man was red hot all through the campaign.
 He worked, but alas! all his work was in vain.

So mad was he when election was through
 That he swore a broad streak of cereleean blue,
 And he called to his daughter—the beautiful Sal,
 Saying, "Swear to me this, like a dutiful gal,
 No matter what comes, you never will wed
 A democrat cub," and she swore as he said.

Time sped, and brought John Smith to woo;
 Sal fell in love, as all girls do.

John was tall, strong-limbed and about thirty-two,
 Brown-bearded, good-natured and quite well to do.
 With an eye that was mixture of blue and the gray.
 Well-read and much-traveled, inclined to be gay.
 Yet as good and as clean as the best of the men.
 Such a chap as could capture nine girls out of ten.

And Sally was healthy and bonny and sweet,
 A form full of grace, pretty hands and small feet,
 Black eyes and black hair and a rose on her cheek.
 And a mouth that would make e'en a Samson feel weak.
 She was chuck full of fun—had of passion her share,
 And though innocent still, kinder wanted it there.

The courting days passed and the wedding day came.
 She's no longer Sal Jones—Mrs. Smith is her name.
 Returned from the wedding, they take Jones' blessing,
 Then go their room and ere long are undressing.

John shed his linen, donned his gown,
 Rolled into bed and waited.
 Sal slowly shook her tresses down,
 Her bosom palpitated.

On a sudden she started. Too late she has thought
 Of her oath. In her love 'twas the one thing forgot.

John, darling, I meant to have told you,
I know that I ought to have done it.
Before my bare arms can enfold you,
• I have thought—just before you begin it.

When election was o'er
To my father I swore
No democrat ever to wed, sir.
If you was one before
You must be one no more
Or I cannot get into your bed, sir.

John didn't care for politics, but John was quite a tease.
Was not at all a party-man—would die sweet Sal to please.
But still he thought he saw a chance to win a point or two,
So he says, "I am a democrat—old timer—through and
through."

Sal gathered up her clothing and scud across the hall,
And in another bedroom sat forlorn.
John lay in bed and waited, his face turned to the wall,
A raging fever scorched his ear of corn.

The minutes passed, no sound is heard,
"Poor boy, he's all alone!"
She opes the door, John never stirred.
"Say, Johnny, did you groan."

Oh, no, says Johnny, I'm all right,
You'd better come to bed.
Sal knows she won't live through the night,
She wishes she was dead.

So back she goes, she fears her oath.
She wants to, but she can't.

John's tool has reached enormous growth,
It fairly makes him pant.

And he says to himself, I will put up a job
On the dear little maiden forlorn,
So he kicks off the clothes and the masculine knob
Stuck up like an ear of red corn.

Again the door opens, and Sally peeps in,
Her eyes open wide with amaze.
What is it she sees! How delicious to sin
With this organ that nods at her gaze.

John, dear, are you sure you're a democrat now?
 As she speaks, the rich blood mantles bosom and brow.
 Don't you think you could vote a split ticket just once?
 John opens his arms, "Come along, little dunce"

I'm a democrat, Sally. Don't run off again.
 But *this* fellow (he puts her hand on it)
 Is a damned black republican—voted for Blaine.
 He's a *wife* awake. See his red bonnet.

With a sigh that died out in a silvery note
 She whispered, "Why didn't you tell me before?
 Please let the republican come up and vote,
 The polls have been open an hour or more."

RAILROAD EXPERIENCE.

Pretty Kalamazoo girl alone in seat.
 Traveling man in next seat.
 Traveling man writes on slip of paper: "I'd like to," and
 tosses it over.

Kalamazoo girl writes as follows: "If there is any sense
 of decency in *you* it is lost to sight. I do not want any
 further introduction to you than this, for it is evident you
 aim to insult *five* out of six ladies you meet; follow your
 present course if you will, but never dare address me
 again."

He read it by the italic words, and he got there just the
 same.

Last spring.

A little horse-hair sofa
 In a parlor stood;
 A youth and maiden courting,
 So far—so good.

This spring.

A little crib, with baby
 Making lots of bother,
 Stands in place of sofa,
 So far—no father.

The witness who worked on a farm all his life milked
 the first year.

"Mamma," says Johnny, "What do they do
Every night in the yard—Bob Smith and Kate?"
Says mamma to Johnny, "They bill and coo,
They hug and they kiss and they hold up the gate."

But Robert has bought him a house and lot,
He's going to marry your sister Kate.
And when they are married, if I mistake not,
They'll soon try a new way to prop a gate.

An old roue, played out, busted, weary-worn,
On river side, beneath a walnut tree.
A passing maiden, sweet as Eden's morn,
A fairer lass 'twas ne'er his lot to see.

Pray sit beside me on this grassy mound,
Your wondrous beauty sets my blood on fire.
My ma objects to sitting on the ground.
Besides, you're old enough to be my sire.

I must go on, but ere I go, please tell
Why you are like this walnut tree o'erhead.
I give it up. She smiled. "Tis—well
The nuts upon this tree are poor, she said.

A lady accosted her man-of-all-work one morning with the remark that she had heard that he was a great hand at story telling and asked if he would not tell her one of his stories. He asked her what kind of story she wanted. "Oh, any kind," said she. "Well, maam," says John, "there are some stories that cannot be told in every place." "I don't care," said she, "tell any of them and I promise not to be offended." "Well, maam," said he, "If I should go into your chamber this morning, take down one of your dresses, throwing it on the floor, and hang my pants on the nail, and then you should enter the room. What is the first thing you would do?" "I would lift up my dress," said she. "And I would take down my pants," said he.

Full many a rose is born to blush unseen
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.
Full many a nip is taken behind the screen
And cloves and coffee, too, are eaten there.

ATTENTION GRANGERS.

The attention of grangers is called to the advantages of the combined cultivator and planter, viz.: It always goes in full length. You can ride it if you wish.

When properly used the point does not wear off, but becomes harder when entering the soil. If used too long at one time the temper will draw and it becomes soft.

It plants its seed deep. It is adjustable in size. It works so easy that a girl eighteen years old can use it.

Warranted to scour in any soil. It has a head-light, but can be used in total darkness. It can be used as a churn and furnish its own cream. All grangers have adopted them as they are useful to the wife as well as to the husband. The ladies of the grange have resolved not to live with their husbands unless they have one.

When used on your own soil satisfaction is guaranteed, but rented ground is liable to foul and corrode the plow.

The grand master will furnish widows and orphans with a planter and try it for them; if they don't like it they needn't take it.

The rules of the grange prohibit any granger from using his planter without the consent of his wife.

No royalty charged.

R. SOLE,

General Agent.

When Brother Beecher was in the midst of his Tilton troubles, his old friend, Clafin, called on him one day and said: "Brother Beecher, I can readily see how you or any other pious clergyman might slip up on account of a fine-looking woman, but I confess I never could see what there was about that Mrs. Tilton to captivate you."

Brother Beecher pulled out a plain-looking watch and said: "Clafin, just look at this watch. Now, how much do you suppose I paid for it?"

"Well, about \$25 or \$30," says Clafin.

"Ah," says Beecher. "There's where you fall off. I paid \$175 for that watch. It's all in the movement."

Two monkeys, a he and a she,
Were naughty as naughty could be.

A twelve-year-old kid

Watched to see what they did,
Then he went in the closet to pee.

LARRIE O'DEE'S COURTSHIP

Now the Widow McGee
And Larrie O'Dee
Had two little cottages out on the green,
With just enough room for two pig-pens between.
The widow was young and the widow was fair,
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn
With the swill for her pig, Larry came with the corn,
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand
In the pen of the widow was certain to land.

One morning said he:
"Och! Mistress McGee,
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,
Wid a fancy partition betwane our two pigs!"
"Indade, sure it is!" answered Widow McGee,
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larry O'Dee;
"And thin it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane
Kapin' two frindly pigs so exsadingly near
That whinever one grunts thin the other can hear,
And yit keep a cruel partition betwane!"

"Shwate Widow McGee!"
Answered Larrie O'Dee,
"If ye fale in yer heart we are mane to the pigs,
An't we mane to ourselves to be runnin' two rigs?
Och! it made me heart ache whin I paped through the
cracks
Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer ax,
A' a-bobbin' yer head, an' a-sthompin' your fate,
Wid yer purty white hands jusht as red as a bate,
A-splittin' yer kindlin'-wood out in the sthorm,
Whin one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she,
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,
Wid his delicate, tinder illusions to you;
So now yez musht till me jusht what I must do,
For, if I'm to say Yes, shtir the shwill wid yer shnout,
But, if I'm to say No, yez musht kape yer nose out.
Now, Larrie, for shame to be bribin' a pig
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in his shwig!"
"Me darlin', the piggy says Yes," answered he,
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

THE MEDIÆVAL MAIDEN'S CONFESSION.

A WORD PICTURE.

Good Father Clement, is it thou? 'Tis well.
 I am alone, and I have much to tell.
 Much to confess, dear father, yet I fear,
 It will seem weak and childish to thine ear.
 I am alone so much that wayward dreams
 Beset me strangely, and at times it seems
 As if I should go mad, shut up alone
 Within these castle walls of cold, gray stone.
 Sit by me, father. Let me take thy hand,
 Nay, keep not so aloof. Why should'st thou stand?
 Ah, that is well, thou art a friend indeed,
 Now thou shalt counsel me in my sore need.

I am a child no longer, dost thou see
 How I am changed? Good father look at me.
 Within a year am I not shapely grown?
 So too within the year my peace has flown.
 I have great yearnings for—I know not what
 Certes—for something that I have not got.
 Something I fain would have, if I but knew;
 Canst thou not tell me what I needs must do
 To ease the pain that ever hauntee me,
 The vague sweet longing for some joy to be?

Thine eyes are brilliant, father, and they shine
 With an unwonted lustre into mine.
 Nay, turn them not away, I like them so.
 Nay, nay, dear father, pray thee do not go,
 So, now shall thou confess me, yet I deem
 I have not greatly sinned, to sit and dream
 Of gallant knight and princely paladin.
 Glad am I that thou sayest it is no sin;
 I would be wooed, as other maids have been
 That I do wot of. Pray you, list to me,
 When thou dost look with such bright eyes at me.
 Thou mindest me of handsome cavaliers,
 Such as I think of through a mist of tears,
 Knights proudly strong in journey, joust and tilt:
 Yea, put thine arm around me, an' thou wilt.

Father, what'ere I want I cannot name,
 What stirs my blood and sets my cheek afame.

And fills me with a yearning so intense
That often I go nigh to lose my sense.
Father, I saw one day in yonder court,
A noble steed, that with a plunge and snort,
From a dull serving man did break away,
And with my gentle palfrey make strange play.
Since then I have had neither rest nor peace,
Nor will the throbbing in my bosom cease;
Tell me, he wooed my palfrey, did he not?
I would I might be wooed that way, God wot.

Father, I would be loved. My nurse doth tell
Of maids that have been devoutly well;
But when I ask when I shall reach that state,
She telleth me to hold my childish prate;
I am no child, nor, father think me vain,
My mirror telleth me I am not plain;
See now, my shoulders, they are most fair,
And round and smooth? But, ah! what see'st thou there?
Good luck! Thy hand is most exceeding hot,
It thrilleth me, but yet withdraw it not;
Tell me, do monks ere love? Thou lovest me?
Oh joy! Thou dost! Then kiss me presently,
I will not call thee father, Clement, dear,
Dost truly love me well? But yet I fear
To have thy hand within my bosom so,
But take it not away from me, no, no.

Yet now thou art too bold. Ah, what is this?
What hast thou done to me? 'Tis too much bliss,
Dear Clement, darling, I am grown so weak,
Tell me while yet I have the breath to speak,
Have men such things as that great steed did show?
Yea, that is like. What dost then with it though?
'Tis hot, dear Clement, and so large it seems,
Oh! I have often seen it thus in dreams,
A wondrous show thou hidest 'neath thy gown;
How splendid art thou! What, must I lie down?
Oh! Clement, art thou kissing me down there?
Do it again. What! Must I lie all bare?
Yes, kiss me—kiss me—kiss me—more and more,
But thou hast stung me, ah! that hurt me sore,
Oh God! What pleasant agony is this?
Sancta Maria! but 'tis heavenly bliss;

Sweet Clement, this can surely be no sin,
 But if it be, pray put it further in.
 Would that I had a piece of thee to bite,
 Oh what a man! What pleasure! What delight!
 My Clement, mine, yea press it further still,
 Go on dear love, this joy will kill me, kill!
 I cannot see thee, oh my darling one!
 Oh! Oh! Sweet!!! Lovel!!! What, art thou so soon done?

BYRON.

They look upon each other, and their eyes
 Gleam in the moonlight, and her white arms clasps
 Round Juan's head, and his arm around her lies
 Half buried in the tresses which it grasps.
 She sits upon his knee and drinks his sighs.
 He, hers until they end in broken gasps.
 And thus they form a group that's quite antique,
 Half naked, loving, natural and Greek.

And when those deep and burning moments passed,
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms
 She slept not, but all tenderly though fast
 Sustained his head upon her bosom's charms.
 And now and then her eye to heaven is cast,
 And then on the pale cheek her breast now warms.
 Pillowed on her o'erflowing head which pants
 With all it granted and with all it grants.

BETROTHED.

Mine, to the core of the heart, my beauty.
 Mine, all mine, and for love, not duty,
 Love given willingly, full and free,
 Love for love's sake—as mine to thee.
 Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
 But love, the master, goes in and out
 Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
 Just as he please—just as he please!

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
 To the silken foot that's scarce behoden,
 Give to the friends hand or smile,
 Like a generous lady, now and awhile.

But the sanctuary heart that none dare win
Keep holiest of holiest, evermore;
The crowd in the aisles may watch the door,
The high-priest only enters in.

Mine, my own, without doubts or terrors,
With all thy goodnesses, all thy errors,
Unto me, and me alone revealed
"A spring shut up, a fountain sealed."

Many may praise thee—praise mine as thine—
Many may love thee—I'll love them too;
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, and only mine.

Mine! God, I thank thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side of heaven;
Something as much myself to be
As this, my soul, which I lift to Thee;
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone;
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's work's sake—
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, one.

PARAPHRASE IN IMITATION OF FATHER PROUT.

Though to some she's delightful I find Venus spiteful,
And really it's frightful the way I'm performing,
Unable to please me she hastens to tease me.
Condescending to feaze me with pities storming,

I find myself turning with rapturous burning
And passionate yearnings to a juvenile flame;
And the way I keep busy at courting fair Lizzie
Would make a man dizzy to witness the same.

A man of my age is devote to his pages,
For study assuages the harshness of years;
But this Paphian lady, whose record's as shady
As that of a cadi, keeps boxing my ears.

I'll trot out my spices and other devices,
With which sacrifices Dame Venus is pleased,
And fill up a flagon, for when she's a jag on
The testy old dragon is sooner appeased.

K. came as she promised
 At close of the day,
 And the first thing she said
 Was: See, oh see K.

Which I understood,
 As she wished it to be,
 And she sighed, as she whispered,
 You are writing to me.

A PARAPHRASE.

Incendiary passions fill
 My brain with diabolic vapors.
 And, very much against my will,
 I've lapsed into my old-time capers.

Lo, Parian splendors pale before
 The fairer comeliness of Glyceria—
 She hath of every charm such store
 As to enflame my very viscera.

I fain would write of Scythian deeds,
 Of Parthian cunning when embattled,
 But Venus frowns upon such screeds,
 And consequently I am rattled.

Some sod, O slaves—go, fetch it hence—
 I hope to find Dame Venus milder
 When with vervian and frankincense
 And young red wine I've reconciled her.

PARAPHRASE IN IMITATION OF LOWELL

A fellin' kind uv coltish neow
 (Though this confession is between us),
 I don't mind tellin' you as how
 I more than half suspicion Venus.

When I wuz younger than I be,
 Miss Peasley wuz a gal to brag on—
 And, somehow, neow it seems to me
 She's prettier than a painted wagon..

It's ditto in and out uv doors,
 I wander round a-feelin' measley—
 Gol durned if I can do my chores
 For thinkin' allus uv Miss Peasley!

PARAPHRASE IN IMITATION OF SUCKLING.

So, er, Mrs. Venus—well,
Doughnutts ad cider I shall git et—
Such vittles (so I've beenr folks tell)
Will kind uv soothie the pesky critter.

Dear Jack, the dame
Hat rushed from Pappoos and possessed me;

Her fascinations do invert me.
Do what I may,

By night and day,

To lure me on with sensuous antic;
Bringes a yen
The strett hinen

Her fascinations do invert me.

Her face,

Her form, her face,

With subtle art

I cannot write.

Through her despatch

She turns my art

To those disports she is inclined to.

More kind to me—

That she may be

To mollify this gross Medusa

A brimming cup,

I'll offer up

And pass the lady on to you, sir!

An old bachelor asked an antiquress if she could throw
away light on kissing. "I could," she replied, looking archly
at him, "but I think it is better in the dark."

A—He bit me, and I gave him away
men.
B—What became of him?

A—Once I had a dog who could tell rascals from honest

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NOT THE ONE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT.

The staunch old steamship plowed the sea,
The night was bright and calm when we.
The passengers, came down to tea.
Old Captain Gruff, the rough, bluff host,
Sat at the head and carved the roast,
His daughter Kittie served the toast.
Around the table old and young
Ate and drank and wagged the tongue;
Many a joke and wink were flung,
Sweet sixteen giggles, old maid scowls,
Somebody starts to talk of owls,
From these they wander off to fowls,
Chickens large and chickens small,
The table's shocked to hear Gruff bawl:
"I've got the biggest cock of all."
A sudden quiet falls upon us,
Miss Nancy whispers, "Mercy on us."
The chairs move back and *exit omnes*.

* * * * *

Again we meet prepared to eat.
When all the guests have taken seat
Up rose old Gruff upon his feet,
With one hand raised to emphasize
His words, he, much to our surprise,
Bawls: "Here I am to 'pologize
For what I said about my cock.
I've great respect for woman's frock
And wouldn't try her nerves to shock.
You see the trouble here arises,
I thought on only fowls and sizes,
Such ones as captures all the prizes.
You thought. Well, now, we'll have it out.
The great big cock I talked about
Was not the one you thought about.

Your husband's a cop whom I very well know,
He's a nobby galoot and he dresses real neat.
You love him best when? And she answered me low,
'Tis the time when he works up and down on his *beat*.

Reply to note of invitation: Dear John—I cannot go
with you to the picnic as I have no * Stella.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO. —

She can say "No" and stick to it for all time.

She can also say "No" in such a low, soft voice that it means "Yes."

She can sharpen a lead-pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can pass a display window of a dry goods store without stopping—if she is running to catch a train.

She can walk half the night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing a desire to murder the infant.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony has taken place.

She can suffer abuse and neglect for years, which one touch of kindness or consideration will drive from her recollection.

She can go to the theatre every evening and the matinee on Wednesday and Saturday, and still possess sufficient strength to attend a Sunday night sacred concert.

She can go to church and afterward tell you what every woman in the congregation had on, and in some rare instances can give a faint idea of what the text was.

She can look her husband square in the eye when he tells her some cock-and-bull story about being "detained at the office" without betraying in the least that she knows him to be a colossal liar.

She can rumple up \$17,000 worth of dress goods and buy a spool of thread, with an order to have it delivered four miles away, in a style that will transfix the proprietor of the establishment with admiration.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well. She can do more in a minute than a man can in an hour, and do it better. She can make the alleged lords of creation bow down to her own sweet will and they will never know it. Yes, a woman can do everything with but one exception—she cannot climb a tree.

When a young lady kisses a poodle's nose she does not ask herself where the dog's nose was a moment before.

ABSTRACT RECORD.

*Arry Brown (in bastardy) v. Lycurgus Waddell, defendant.
Record of the evidence before J. N. Maffit, J. P., Oct.
14, 15, and 16, 1878.*

Arry Brown being duly sworn, was questioned by the magistrate and responded, to-wit:

Q. I am informed that you have given birth to a bastard child?

A. I have, sir.

Q. Who is the father of said child?

A. Lycurgus Waddell.

Q. What is the sex of the infant, and how old is it?

A. A female child and six weeks old.

Q. Have you been living in constant adultery with Lycurgus Waddell?

A. No, sir, we adulterated but once.

Q. State where, the year, month, and day?

A. In the house of Curgus, 1877, month, five days after Christmas, about Dec. 30, 1877. It was on Sunday.

Q. What was the date of the birth of your child?

A. Sept. 1st, 1878.

Q. Prior to the birth of your child did you inform Waddell that you had become pregnant by him?

A. Yes, I did so three minutes after our only indulgence was finished. I also informed him six days after our co-habitation that he had got me with child. He doubted it, and said it was impossible, but if such a thing could be so, he would see that I did not suffer.

Q. How came you to be so accurate as to the date of your indulgence with Waddell?

A. On Sunday, five days after Xmas, we came from the city together, I went to his house and enjoyed the adultery with him, that afternoon I heard of the destruction by fire of the Christian Chapel, a colored church.

Q. You have heard Lycurgus Waddell positively deny that he is the father of your bastard child?

A. I have, my oath is as good as his and I swear that he is the father of my infant.

The contradiction of testimony and shortened period of Arry Brown's pregnancy manifested by her evidence determined the magistrate to remand the case to the Superior court, and the plaintiff was granted three days to obtain a bond of one hundred dollars, as security for her personal appearance at the court house in Wilmington, at the next term of the Superior court, Dec. 2d, 1878.

Evidence of Lycurgus Waddell, defendant, in bastardy, Oct. 14 and 16, before J. N. Maffitt, J. P., being duly sworn, the following questions were responded to.

Q. What answer do you make to the sworn assertion of Arry Brown as to you being the father of her bastard child?

A. I deny the charge as a positive impossibility.

Q. Why an impossibility?

A. Impossible? Well, sir, I am about 73 years old, decidedly too old to aid a woman in conception. Again, about seven years ago I became the victim of a severe attack of mumps that so destroyed one of my testicles and so damaged the other as to destroy my manhood.

Q. Are you despoiled of all desire for sexual indulgence?

A. Well, sir, I have occasional fancies for the thing; my efforts amount to dry bobbing.

Q. You had carnal intercourse with Arry Brown on the 30th of December, 1877, spotted by the burning of the Christian chapel?

Yes, sir, the destruction of that church gives a date to my first and only adultery with Arry Brown. It was on Sunday five days after the Christmas of 1877, we came from the city to the Sound in company. She stopped at my house and so excited my imagination that I went into a carnal intercourse, it proved an unsatisfactory and tame affair, and I fully realized what a used up old poke I was. Really, sir, if my life depended upon it, I could not put a woman in the family way.

Q. Are you the father of children?

A. Yes, sir, twelve years ago I begat a son. That was my last successful effort. I admit having made many failures since that time.

Q. You have heard Arry Brown's reiteration of your being the father of her child?

A. I have, sir; on my oath I repudiate the charge. My age, lost manhood from disease, rebuts her evidence. Besides, she says correctly too, that we knew each other carnally but once, Dec. 30th, 1877; Sept. 1st, 1878, she has a child. From our acknowledged intercourse to the birth of the infant only eight months elapses. I really think some other vigorous chap was one month ahead of me. I was struck with her anxiety to impress me with having touched her music. The moment we left the bed on the eventful occasion, she eagerly exclaimed, "Uncle Curgus, you have put me in the family way." Six days after she

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said to me, "Curgus, I am in the family way, and the child is yours." I was much impressed with her prompt knowledge of pregnancy and anxiety to impress me with having done the deed. The whole affair looks to me as if I was to be made an available substitute for some other man. I never begat that child. My crippled testicles have rendered my yard arm a mere powerless instrument for fancy work.

The court remanded the case of Lycurgus Waddell to the Superior court, and he was granted three days to obtain a suitable bond for one hundred dollars to ensure his personal presence at the court house on the 2d of Dec. next.

We, the undersigned, have heard our evidence read over, and acknowledge that it is correct in facts and substance,

his

LYCURGUS X WADDELL,

mark.

her

MARY X BROWN,

mark.

J. N. MAFFITT, J. P. [SEAL.]

Suspect the man as very sinful
Who hesitates to drink his skinful.
Seek you a Curtins or a Cato
For any deed of deathless glory.
Remember there's no small potato
With habits that are potatory.

Copied from a New York paper:

Like brilliant diamonds set in gold
Each eye of thine doth shine,
Thy form so graceful makes me wish
My heart was wholly thine,
E'en from the hour I saw thee first,
Fresh as the dew upon the lea
Under thy sweet bewitching smile,
Came burning thoughts alone of thee,
Knew thou the love that's kindled here,
Years, long years, cannot efface
Oh, may that memory keep dear
Until I meet thee face to face.

FUNNY THINGS WE SEE.

There's the dude with the striped hose,
The cowboy from out of the West,
The widow with the speckled nose,
And the man with the velvet vest;
The girl with an opera hat,
And the dame with a yellow mole;
The maiden old with a pet tom cat,
And the fool with a finger bowl;
The girl with a pink parasol,
The kid with a wart on his jaw;
The chap who was born with a caul,
And the man with the mother-in-law;
The clerk with a mouthful of gum,
And the maid with cotton in ear;
The tough with a bottle of rum,
And the sport who never drinks beer;
The pig that can climb up a tree,
The crank who can fly to the sun;
Are some of the things you will see
When you're sure not to have any gun.

A RUSTIC BRIDAL COUPLE.

"I pronounce you man and wife," said Judge Mitchell to a couple who had stepped into the judge's office to be made one. And they walked down stairs up the street, and out into the broad and glorious country where the birds were singing, the golden harvest being gathered, and the little rills singing on their way to the sea; where the sky was blue and the air pure; where the wild flowers were blooming; where the gentle breezes were whispering through the pines; where the aroma of new-mown hay permeated the surroundings; where the song of the reaper was heard; where the grazing herds were seen; where the sunlight danced through the overhanging boughs; where the green grass—nature's carpet—was spread out; where field and forest and hill and dale alternated; where the husbandman tilled his fields; where flower-bordered paths meandered through wooded lawns, and where Dame Nature opened wide her arms to receive her children.

Ah! The simple bliss; the unalloyed and unaffected ecstasy, when eyes look into eyes full of love's young dream; the lunch upon the rock beside the spring; the rest, etc.,

close behind the cock of fragrant hay; the thrill of new-found satisfaction of their mutual need; the getting of their things together, and their plans for pleasures yet to come.

Happy rural couple! Happier they than many who go from Hymen's altar to gilded halls, where wealth glitters and fashion sways; happier they than many who start on the untried journey of matrimony from flower bedecked chancels; happier they, in their rural simplicity, than many bridal couples who tread on Brussels carpets; happier they, in their rustic country home, than many who dwell in stately mansions. Their wants are few and simple, and they carry their supply right with them. A glittering diamond would have no special attraction for the bride, and the groom cares not for a swallow-tail coat. They are satisfied with their lot, and in this lies the secret of their happiness. Better tis 'tis so.

A FATAL STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.

Our readers will smile when they read the story of the Kentuckian who was married on board a Mississippi steamboat by a gentleman who, from his clerical appearance, had been mistaken for a minister, but who officiated supposing it was only a mock marriage, got up for the entertainment of the passengers, nor did he find out the mistake that had been made until some little time after the happy couple had retired to their slumbers, and he himself had thrown off his coat and boots preparatory to laying himself away for the night. But being a moral man, with right and proper ideas, he was of course shocked when he came to learn the facts in the case. Anxious, as far as possible, to repair the mischief he had done, he rushed to their state-room, and commenced an assault on the door, exclaiming:

"Don't, don't! for God's sake! I ain't a minister! It's all a mistake!"

Everybody was aroused. State-room doors flew open the whole length of the cabin, and everybody was up to learn the cause of the disturbance, when suddenly, in the midst of the excitement, the door was opened, and the good-natured face of the man thrust out, who, cocking one eye up at the supposed clergyman in a ~~comical~~ manner, said quietly:

"You're a little too late, old horse—a little too late!"

MEHITABLE JONES

Mehitable Jones was a sweet country lass
A little past twenty, blythe, bonny, and gay,
Red-cheeked and blue-eyed and a form that would pass;
Not a Juno of course, not built just that way.

In fact she was chunky, inclined to be fat,
But as spry as a kitten, a real little hustler,
Ever ready to chaff or to give tit for tat,
All the country boys voted our Hittie a hustler.

'Twas Monday, and Hittie was doing the washing,
Her sleeves were rolled up and her dimpled arms bare,
Up and down in the suds she was swashing and sloshing.
Meanwhile, o'er the fence stood her father's old mare.

Sam Smith, who lived over the way, had a colt,
A 3-year-old stallion, a terror on legs,
Who seemed to care nothing for bar or for bolt,
He was hawky and breechy, he'd even suck eggs.

On this day (of all others) that colt had got loose
And he hopped o'er the fence without touching a rail,
Made a break for the mare, and she, like an old goose,
Just humped up her back and stood switching her tail.

What happened the brutes I had rather not tell,
O'er-weening respect for your modesty binders;
But an awful disaster the washing befell,
For the shirt Hittie rubbed was just torn all to flinders.

An old Scotch preacher once announced his theme in the
following language:
"Me brethren—Aw tak as me taxt the nicht: 'The deevil,
he gooeth aboot lek aw roorin' leon, aw seekin' wham he
may devoor.' Aw small deevide me taxt into four heeds:
Why the deevil he gooeth aboot.
Why the deevil he gooeth aboot lek a leon.
Who the deevil he is aw seekin' to dovoor, and
What the deevil he is a roorin' about."

Here's to the lass that straddles the pot,
And covers her arse with spray,
But she can't shake the drop off the end of her cock,
Because she ain't built that way.

MARK OF THE MAN-CHILD.

A gentle nun who had never strayed
From the convent wall since a toddling maid
Of three bright summers they brought her there,
Had grown to womanhood pure and fair.
She could use her needle with dainty skill,
And to charm the hours that were long and still
She had learned with patient care to paint,
And the pictured face of some grand old saint
Gleamed oft from the canvas 'neath her hand;
But weary of these, one day she planned
A picture, fairer than all beside,
Would be her masterpiece and pride.
She would paint the Virgin Mother, mild,
In her arms upbearing the Holy child.
So, for many a day she toiled and wrought,
Inspired by sweet and loving thought,
Until when her picture was all complete
From the hallowed head to sanded feet.
Then the patient artist said, I will go
To the Mother Abbess that she may bestow
Some word of praise and her blessing sweet
On my picture fair that is all complete
From the hallowed head to the sanded feet.
She did not know that the wee sweet face
Had close in a mother's fond embrace
No charm of baby or childhood bore,
'Twas a little woman and nothing more.
But the mother abbess, seeing, smiled,
And said (with gentle voice), My child,
The holy babe was a man-child, born
Ruddy and fresh as a breaking morn.
But could they tell when so young and fair
That a some-time man was nestling there?
Aye, daughter, the first faint breath before
And the mark still lingers when life is o'er.
Then tell me, mother, that I may know
What spot or dimple or rosy glow
Or wondrous shape ere he draweth breath.
Marketh the man-child for life or death.
The Abbess went on her holy way
And the novice knelt in her niche to pray;
But ever one thought disturbed her prayer.
Truly her picture was sweet and fair.

But the mark of the man-child was not there,
She walked one day in the cloistered ground,
When her heart all at once gave a sudden bound,
For there was the gardner, strong and young,
As blythe of heart as brisk of tongue.
She would ask if on brow or breast or limb
The mark of the man-child shewed on him.
Come up to my room, she said, come quick,
And tossing aside his spade and pick
Toward her virgin shrine his feet he set
Where the picture leaned on the easel yet.
Is it fair, she asked, and he answered low
'Tis a purty pictyer (as well ye know)
But 'tis not the Virgin, "Mother-o-joy,"
For bless yer swate face her babe was a boy.
Then tell me and show me, or else I'll say
That to my room you've forced your way,
And I'll make you lose your place to-day.
'Twixt fright and frolic or fear of pain,
With an Irishman's blood afire in his vein
And a pretty girl asking a thing like that,
"Now, phat is a fellow to do," says Pat.
One moment he paused, then aside he threw
His leatherne belt and his blouse of blue.
And the mark of the man-child was brought to view.
She opened wide her brown, bright eyes
And gazed with wonder and sweet surprise
On the mystical, magical, long-sought prize.
The round, soft roll as it lay at rest
On two pink lobes close together pressed,
Like a baby's face 'twen its mother's breast,
And as with her white hand quivering
She touched the magical, mystical thing.
She felt it beneath her finger stir,
It seemed to rise up and nod at her
With a thrill that crept from her heart to her lips
That crimsoned her brow and her finger tips,
That quickened her pulse and throbbed in her heart
And set all her senses astray and astart.
She closed her eyes and she knew no more,
She had seen the mark that the man-child bore.

* * * * *
Long years went by, the novice strayed
From the cloistered nook in the convent shade,

And fair-haired daughters and brave-browed sons
 Told how well her work in the world was done.
 But the Abbess found in the dim old room
 A picture shrouded in dust and gloom,
 She drew it out to the light of day,
 How well she remembered its colors gay,
 The sweet faced Virgin, the baby fair,
 But the mark of the man-child was added there.
 One look of horror the Abbess gave,
 Then a laugh rippled over her face like a wave,
 And raising both hands above her head,
 "Mon Dieu! 'tis Patrick's," was all she said.

I know a girl with eyes of blue,
 Whose soul is pure, whose heart is true.

I fell in love and in dreams so sweet,
 I fondly caressed her dainty feet.

With a sigh of peace and heavenly rest
 I pressed my cheek to her heaving breast.

I love my love and my love loves me,
 For she winked and smiled when I felt of her knee.
 She smiled so coy that, encouraged, I
 Grew suddenly bolder and tickled her thigh.

But my love who smiled ('twas an empty farce)
 When I asked for some, says: "Kiss my—"

Said Dr. Bolus to his class one day:
 Young gents. In this, the medical profession,
 It takes sharp wit to make the practice pay,
 You'll need to have a stock of self possession.

Suppose a case of child-birth; all goes well,
 The labor's o'er and everything serene is,
 But on examination, strange to tell
 You find the little baby has no penis.

What would you do? Each student in his turn
 Confessed that the professor had him there.
 Well, says old Bolus, you must live and learn,
 When she was sweet if I'd put one there.

Lightly tripped the maiden, coy,
Through the quiet shady lane.
Thinks I, "Would I were a boy,
Young and strong and pure again."

Modesty is in her bearing,
Innocence personified.
Blest the youth her colors wearing
For her like have heroes died.

Tiny slipper, silken hose,
Absolutely perfect form,
Penciled lashes, cheeks like rose,
Heaven keep her from all harm.

Eyes of blue, and golden hair—
Lips of coral, teeth of pearl.
Lithe and graceful, wondrous fair,
Bless me, how my senses whirl.

Fascinating little goddess—
Amor-mia! Oh? Great gosh!

* * * * *
When I started out on this little rhyme I thought to present a pretty little country maiden, but she has grown so damned good looking that I've either got to stop right here or commit a rape on her myself.

SUGGESTIVE.

Scene—Young lady in dressing-room struggling with refractory bureau. Young gent in drawing-room adjoining.

Young lady (petulantly)—Oh, dear! Plague take 'em. I'll just leave my drawers open.

Young gent (sotto voice)—Yes, do (raises his expectations, etc.)

"The Lord was good—I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree,
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me."

What is the difference between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut? One would go and the other wood nut.

AN ANCIENT ERROR.

With all due deference to age
 And long-established truth,
 Which as the wisdom of the sage,
 Is taught us in our youth,
 I've a minority report
 To make, for I discern
 The lane is apt to be quite shor
 That hasn't any turn.

If aged men in wisdom schooled
 Will view the matter right,
 They'll see they have been sadly fooled
 By those words old and trite,
 And all should help to right the wrong.
 None are too old to learn—
 Lanes which are short, and not the long,
 Are those without the turn.

The cigar dealer hunted among his boxes and pulled out a red cigar ribbon. After a further search he unearthed a blue cigar ribbon. These he handed to the tramp and told him to sit down and tie up his shoes with them. He did so and knotted the ribbons at the ankle. Then he started to relight his nickel-movement torch, which had gone out in the interval. Just at this time two gentlemen came in and called for a couple of imported cigars. As Mann was serving them one of the two sniffed suspiciously and inquired if the gas leaked. Mann said it did not. The second gentleman then asked if he was troubled with sewer gas in the place. He was not. Right here the first gentleman caught sight of the tramp and his newly tied shoes. He saw the blue and red ribbons adorning them, and, turning to his friend and pointing at them, he said: "That's the first time I have ever seen a man who took both the first and second premiums for odors."

Smith—(Telling about the accident)—Yes, we found her body lying beside the track. The head was gone completely. All we could tell was that she was a girl of about sixteen years, and Dutch.

Jones—How in hell did you know she was Dutch?
 Smith—Sour-kraut sticking out of her arse.

✓ OVERHEARD IN A SLEEPING CAR.

Male Voice—Emma give me a little to see how it feels in a railroad car.

Emma—No, I will not, Charlie. Wait until we get home then you can have all you want.

Charlie—Oh, Emma, do.

Emma—No, I will not, Charlie.

Charlie—Well, Emma, dear, just let me feel it a little, just let me put my hand on it. I can't wait until we get home. Just for a little while, then I can go to sleep.

Emma—Nary a feel, Charlie, dear.

The train stops. Voice from another section: "Oh, Emma, far pity sake let him feel it. Then we can all go to sleep."

SHADE OF LONGFELLOW.

Killed the noble mudjocorus.
With his skin he made the mittens,
Made them with the warm side inside,
Made them with the cold side outside.
He to get the warm side inside
Put the cold side skin side outside.
He to get the cold side outside
Put the warm side fur side inside.
Thus he put the warm side inside.
Thus he put the cold side outside.

PERMIT.

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I..... the undersigned,
legal wedded wife of..... do hereby declare that my husband has the right and liberty to fornicate as often as he chooses, and with whom he chooses, without regard to age, sex, color or previous condition of servitude; and I hereby relinquish all claims for damages arising therefrom.

WITNESS:

SIGNED:

LINCOLN STORY

Once on a time, so it is said,
 The nation's big wigs sat at luncheon,
 Old Honest Abe was at the head
 And flanked in front by monster puncheons.

Of those who sat around the table
 On that commemorable night,
 I wouldn't tell, if I were able,
 Save Mrs. Stanton, on his right.

Old Abe had told a funny story
 Some laughed, some simpered; Abe looked shy,
 He felt real good—was in his glory—
 But talking much had made him dry.

So, reaching where a goblet stood,
 Between the Stanton plate and his,
 Winked such a wink as Old Abe could,
 While sly grimace came o'er his phiz.

Remarked he thought the weather fine,
 And asked her, ere the glass he took,
 Is this *your* water or is't mine?—
 She bowed her head, and shook and shook.

FROM RABELAIS.

Long John to bed went to his bride
 And laid a mallet by his side:
 What means this mallet, John, quoth she?
 Why 'tis to wedge thee home, saith he.
 Alas cried she, the man's a fool!
 What need to use a wooden tool?
 When lusty Joe to me does come
 He never shoves but with his bum.

Since tools without their hafts are useless lumber,
 And hatchets without helves are of that number,
 That one may go in t'other and may match it,
 I'll be the helve and thou shalt be the hatchet.

Of all the belles, not one so fair
As Margaret on that July morn,
Her graceful form, her golden hair,
Like tassels on the blossomed corn.

Among the beaus no youth more gay,
No form more manly, strong and brown,
Than Will, who on that fatal day,
Went to the picnic out of town.

They rode away a joyous throng,
Of heedless pleasure loving youth.
So full of laughter, life and song,
Their hearts so light with love and truth.

Ah, well, sweet Mag had some strange thrill,
But sent a warning hint to thee,
And well for thee, Oh heedless Will,
Hadst thou but known what was to be.

Had either thought, and come prepared
Against a danger so well known,
What waiting anguish had been spared,
Nor, what it was, to others shown.



'Tis two o'clock—a panting steed,
All flecked with foam, is flying fast,
The boyish rider pays no heed
To aught, till town is reached at last.

Then rushing to the doctor's door
He knocks, and staggers o'er the sill,
And panting, sinks upon the floor,
"I am a messenger from Will."

Oh, tell me quick! the doctor cries,
Has some sad fate befallen him?
Tell me the worst, light of my eyes.
I loved the boy. What's happened him?

Was't some foul tramp on plunder bound,
Or did some vicious brute destroy,
Or has he fallen, choked or drowned?
Speak, varlet. What has harmed the boy?

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The youth with strong emotion shakes,
He weakly struggles to his knees.
The death-like silence then he breaks,
"The last words that he spoke were these:

"Ride to the town, spare not the nag,
See Doctor Jones and to him say:
I've struck a soft snap in Miss Mag,
Send me some cundums, right away."

Now, tell me why, the teacher said,
A clock is like a man;
Up rose a score of eager hands,
And voices squealed "I can."

Well, Mary, you may answer first,
Now, tell me if you can,
Just one of many reasons why,
A clock is like a man:

Why, ma'am, says Mary, its because
The clock has got a face.
Yes, says the teacher. Very good,
You're right. That is the case.

Keep quiet, children. Listen all,
We'll hear from Johnny Sands,
And Johnny, speaks up loud and plain,
'Tis 'cause the clock has hands.

Well, says the teacher, that is good.
Your answers both are true.
The man has both a face and hands,
And so the clock has, too.

And then the little teacher thought,
She'd give a show for once.
To little Peter Van du Van
She nodded at the dunce.

Up spoke young Peter, beamingly,
Above the schoolroom hum.
A clock is like a man because
It has a pendulum.

Five minutes for reflection.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

"I'm said that Fortune knocks but once at every mortal's door,

And if he doesn't then respond, she'll come again no more.
There's plenty who are waiting for her sweet and winning smile,

So you want to keep your eyes and ears about you all the while.

One thing is sure, most every man who fails to draw a prize,

In looking back can tell you where the fatal error lies;
But the golden chance will come no more, and anyone's a dunce—

Who tries to "fizz" a glass of soda water more'n once.

But after all the victor is the man who's come to stay—
Who won't give up when circumstances fail to come his way;

Who keeps on rustling just as if there'd not a thing gone wrong—

Why, Fortune can't hold out against such striving very long.

The world admires such a man and brags about his pluck,
Because he gains the victory without the aid of luck.

He wins—it doesn't matter if it takes him years or months—
And never signs that soda water doesn't "fizz" but once.

A WARM CHOICE.

There is a story told that one day, not far from Atlanta, a young man, after listening to a certain preacher pound and expound the scriptures for two hours, arose and started to leave the church.

The preacher stopped short.

"Young man!" he said.

The young man stopped.

"If you rather go to hell than to hear me preach, just go on!"

"Well," replied the young man, after a pause, "I believe I'd rather!" and out he went.

WHY DO WE BUY GLOVES?
Because we cannot get them for nothing.

A tender-hearted widower fainted at the grave of his departed third partner. "Don't trouble him," exclaimed a waggish bystander, "he'll soon re-wive."

"I told her I'd never smoke another cigar," he said softly, "and I won't. A pipe's good enough for me." And he drew a match over the leg of his trousers.

A papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," replied: "Certainly, which do you prefer—the waiter or the cook?"

A girl just returned from a Boston high school said, upon seeing a fire engine at work: "Who would evah have dwearned such a vewy dimittive looking apawatus would hold so much wattah?"

A lively four-year-old boy in a Sunday school, on hearing the question propounded by the teacher, "What kind of little boys go to heaven?" elevated his little fist and was allowed to answer, to the amazement of all, "Dead ones."

A school teacher asked: "What bird is large enough to carry off a man?" Nobody knew, but one little girl suggested "a lark." And then she exclaimed: "Mamma said papa wouldn't be home until Monday, because he had gone off on a lark."

A minister, while marrying a couple, recently, was rather disconcerted, on asking the bridegroom if he was willing to take the young lady for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying: "Yes, I'm williug, but I'd a much rather have her sister."

[Examination day in district school. Many children in new clothes and some in old clothes made over. One red-headed boy continually throwing his head back, twisting from side to side and taking breath at long intervals. Evidently uneasy.]

Teacher—Pat, why don't you sit still? What is the matter?

Pat—Mather enough, ma'am. Ave your new vesht wuz made out ov the sate of yer father's ould pants yez would squirm, too, bedad!

AFTER POE'S RAVEN
OR THE CALAMITY THAT BEFEL A TRAVELING MAN.

As I lay in bed a napping,
Someone's little hand came tapping
Softly, slyly, gently tapping,
Tapping on my bedroom door.
While I wondered who was knocking,
I the door was fast unlocking,
And my pistol quickly cocking
To defend my chamber door.

As the door was open going
Something soft in garments flowing
Planted kisses, warm and glowing,
On my mouth and nose and ear.
It was dark and no one knew it,
So I thought 'twould do to do it,
Thongh I feared that she might rue it
When she found 'twas not her dear.

So we snuggled 'neath the covers
Like a pair of cooling lovers.
Fruits are sweet where danger hovers,
And I got it up her flume.
When her passion had relented
She went back to bed contented,
And I never have repented
That she came into my room.

But the man she meant to humor
Must have suffered with a tumor,
While my temporary roomer
Pouliced me and thought 'twas him.
Who can guess what sort of greeting
She received at their next meeting,
Or how hard her heart was beating
While she made excuses slim.

How like sweet delightful dreaming,
Nerves a tingle, brain a teeming,
Truth is slowly, softly beaming
On her agitated soul.

Ah, how earnestly she'll wonder
All her lifetime, who in thunder
Took advantage of her blunder
To put varnish on his pole.

TEACHING SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

IT IS A RIGHTEOUS CALLING, BUT IS ATTENDED BY
DIFFICULTIES.

A certain evangelist in West Virginia organized a Sunday-school, and by dint of diplomacy obtained a goodly following of youngsters into whose uncombed heads and pliant hearts he instilled the rudiments of religion. Neither did he spare the corrective rod in case his charges failed to come to taw with the catechism.

On Sunday a new arrival was discovered over in the boys' corner. He was called down before the teacher and cross-examined with a view to learning his religious acquirements.

"How many gods are there?" asked the teacher.

The boy thought a moment and then ventured the assumption that there were two.

"Wrong," said the teacher.

"Three."

"Oh! You must know better than that! Try again. How many gods are there?"

"Four," whimpered the boy.

"Wrong again," shouted the instructor. "I will give you one more chance. If you don't answer right this time I'll tan you. Now, for the last time, how many gods are there?"

"Five," wailed the unhappy tow-head.

Smack! The teacher gave him a thorough dressing down and sent him from the room in disgrace. A belated scholar found him sitting by the roadside howling at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Teacher licked me!"

"What for?"

"Cause I didn't know how many gods there were."

"Huh! That's easy enough!"

"D' know!"

"Course!"

How many are there?"

"One, you stupid!"

"One, eh! Well you just go in there with your little one god and you'll catch it. I 'lowed there was five, and he high killed me!"

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

The world was finished. On their ceaseless flight
God sped the jewels which adorn the night,
Darkness rolled back before the light of day,
And night shrank blushing from the morning ray.
The skies were brilliant with a crimson hue,
Which softly blended with the azure blue,
Each morn new beauties would the earth unfold,
Draping the heavens with the tints of gold,
While through the garden came the perfumed breeze,
Sweet with the fragrance of the budding trees,
And limpid babbling streams flowed gently by,
Pure as the fount which crystals in the eye,
While flowers bloomed with nature's fairest dyes,
Beneath the purple of the sunny skies.

In pristine vigor man remained alone
Till woman came to share his leafy throne,
Fully as fair, but with a softer shade,
The last and best of all the things God made.
They both from nature in their freshness came,
But neither knew the blushing tints of shame,
The flowing tresses only veiled from view
Those tempting charms that were as rare as new.
They wandered careless through the leafy grove,
Basking in sunshine and their sinless love,
Like children playing on a verdant lawn,
As free from passion as a timid fawn.
No clouds had yet obscured the brilliant sun,
The storm and tempest had not yet begun.
It seemed that nature for itself did grieve
When Adam knew the first embrace of Eve.
Passion as yet had never warmed their frames,
Nor stirred their blood with its insidious flames.
Children in thought, but full of manly life,
Their sleeping demons knew no heat nor strife.
Love was a passion hidden in each heart,
Whose wild desires time would to each impart.
Love has one object and ulterior goal,
One blissful moment which deludes the soul,
When melting nature gently dies away
And cools the rapture of the heated clay.
Take lust from love and love would be no more,
Life has no pleasure but the hopes in store.
The blushing virgin to the altar led.

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Looks fondly forward to the marriage bed;
Sighs for the moment when a husband's kiss
Preludes the rapture of a greater bliss;
Sinks in the pressure of his burning arms,
And gives unmasked her most desirous charms.
The garden scenes beneath fair Eden's bower
Are re-enacted every day and hour.
And every woman in her heart would grieve
Were there no Adam for each loving Eve.
This one great lesson from St. Paul we learn
Better to marry than a virgin burn.
During the day and oft at eventide,
They both repos'd in slumber, side by side,
Yet had not dreamed there was a fount within
Lying in wait to tempt them both to sin—
If it were sin to give way to the flood
Of passion lurking dormant in the blood;
For, all unconscious of those hidden fires,
They ne'er had yet felt love's sweet, warm desires
Nor known the joys they ne'er had tasted,
Nor all the hours they both had wasted.
Had they but known love's pure and fond delight
"Forbidden Fruit" were tasted the first night.
While Eve was lying in fair Eden's bower,
Herself the fairest and the sweetest flower,
She sank in slumber near a murmuring stream
And dreamed a sweet and most delightful dream;
For, while all shadowed on the grass she lay,
Her truant soul was roaming far away.
She thought herself within the groves above,
Where angles whispered of the sweets of love—
Thought a man was lying in her blissful arms,
Who kissed the cherries of her bosom's charms;
Sought her full lips and kissed an ardent kiss,
Which woke the rapture of an unborn bliss.
Her form lay stretched upon the flowing heath,
While quick and hot came forth the sighing breath.
An arm was thrown above her golden head,
One knee was raised from off her rosy bed,
One hand was toying with the silken hair
That hid the treasures sweetly buried there;
Her bosom, whiter than the ocean's foam,
Rose white as marble in a passion dome,
While on each breast in ruby lustre shone
The red round nipple that surmounts each zone;

And gently downward, like a floating wave,
Lay the rich portals of her downy cave,
Whose full red lips, half hidden in their moss,
Shone like bright corals in their dewy gloss,
And her round limbs, like ivory polished bright,
Whose rosy hues were struggling through the white,
Lay coiled in beauty as she thus reposed,
With all her maiden charms at once exposed;
The fairest thing of all God's work below,
As fair as marble and as white as snow;
Man's brightest jewel and God's purest gift
Lay softly sleeping, but without a shift.
From such a sight no mortal man could turn
Who felt the fires of manhood in him burn.
Priests preach of virtue, but of them beware,
They would not turn from such a tempting snare.
First they'd indulge and then perhaps might pray
That God would humble their rebellious clay.
Adam beheld her, as in slumber sweet
Some seraph seemed those rosy lips to meet;
Hears her soft sighs and sees her bosom swell,
And felt the blood within his veins rebel,
For such a sight would daze the purest eyes
Of angels looking from the azure skies;
A sight that man has never yet withheld
Who felt love's virus stealing through his blood.
Yet Adam knew not that this vision bright
Which lay unconscious of his raptured sight
Was made by nature as his better part,
The one sweet solace of his troubled heart;
Knew not the syren in a woman's guise
Would turn the garden into Paradise—
Paradise lost—but Paradise but found
When first he saw Eve sleeping on the ground.
Night came, all gilded with the sunset's dyes,
Studded with jewels the mild azure of the skies;
The moon rose softly on her upward flight,
The queen of beauty and the gem of night,
While flowers paled with the departing day
And closed their petals with the sun's last ray.
The birds had ceased to sing their evening song,
Save one, which into night his strains prolong,
Pouring, in liquid measure, love's soft tale
Through the soft shadows of the flowery dale,
Beguiling sleep awhile from languid eyes,

Like some fair spirit in a worldly guise.
All living things were sinking to repose,
Dreading no danger from dark lurking foes;
For on the fruit man had not yet been fed.
And Eve, the virgin, had her maidenhead.
Adam and Eve, at this sweet twilight hour,
Sought their repose within a rustic bower;
But ere the silken gauze of balmy sleep
Could o'er their drowsy eyelids creep,
Eve thought her of the dream she'd had again
And felt its memories stealing through her brain.
A soft, voluptuous shade stole o'er her eyes,
The pulse of love within began to rise,
Her cheeks were burning with a new desire,
Her veins were boiling with an inward fire,
Her lips were glowing with a warmth all new,
Her breast was heaving as the passion grew,
Each nerve seemed thrilling through her heated frame,
One blissful thought which ne'er had had a name,
One blissful wish which she had never known,
One fond desire that love could be her own.
Gently an arm o'er Adam's breast she threw,
While her lips moistened with the gathering dew;
Her eyes seemed swimming in a sea of pearls,
As from her breast she brushed the flowing curls,
And, swelling high, her bosom seemed to flow
With fire of passion fierce which burned below.
Love, now unfettered, she could not restrain,
But felt it surging through each swelling vein,
Rousing the serpent coiled within her breast
Whose strong desire had never been repressed.
To Adam's lips she softly pressed her own,
While Adam's arms around her form were thrown;
Yet, even then, he did not dream the bliss
That Eve awakened by her fervent kiss;
Knew not the joys that kindred natures feel
As love's sweet fires through the system steal;
But each caress that stirred his tranquil blood
Thrilled through this body with a fiery flood,
Lighting his face and burning in each vien,
Until its raptures nothing could restrain.
His manly bosom heaved with many a sign,
While lurid fires flashed from either eye;
The breath came hot upon his burning lips
While passion tingled to his finger tips;

His frame was but a mass of heated clay,
One strong desire now held unbounded sway;
And yet he little knew what lay before,
What mystic pleasure was for him in store.
But Eve, still trembling with her own desires,
Added new fuel to her Adam's fires,
Glued her wet lips to his hot, glowing face
And held him closely in her warm embrace,
Distilling passion through her melting sighs
And rousing demons with her flashing eyes.
Night looked on calmly, as if nature smiled
To think that Adam should be thus beguiled.
The moon now threw a shadow o'er the scene,
As if she faint their wantoness would screen:
And e'en the stars half hid their sparkling rays,
As if they blushed at such a scene to gaze.
Eve, taught by instinct and inflamed by love,
Would fain the pleasure of their passion prove;
Felt that the spot now half consumed by heat
Was the choice fruit they were forbid to eat;
And, like all women since that blissful time,
Was half inclined to perpetrate a crime.
A crime so sweet that all have followed suit,
And like it better for its being stolen fruit.
Adam, meanwhile, had found his manhood's pride,
And Eve now acted as its faithful guide;
Gently her hand around its ivory stole
And turned it quickly toward its natural goal;
Then, lying prone upon her snowy back,
Opened before it an untrodden track.
Ecstatic joy her every nerve did thrill,
Till heart and thought and even soul stood still.
Warmer and warmer were her kisses given,
Until the pleasure seemed to her a heaven.
And thus she lay in that intense delight
Which women feel upon their wedding night,
When heart and soul commingle in a kiss
And love's fond rapture gives hymenial bliss.
But, all too soon, each felt there strength give way
As love dissolved in passion's heated spray,
And, pouring forth, came then his gushing flood,
Mixed with the crimson of Eve's virgin blood.
Then Adam sank, half-fainting, on her breast,
With lingering sighs that could not be repressed.
His eyes now gleamed not with a fiery glance,

While o'er his frame there came that blissful trance
• Which poor dissolving nature sweetly feels
When love enraptured breaks a maiden's seals.
Blushing and modest, with unconscious grace,
Eve hid 'neath Adam's arm her glowing face;
For now that passion had swept o'er her form,
She lay all quivering from its pleasant storm,
And only wished her burning cheeks to hide
The sweet, warm blushes of a new-made bride.
While in her eyes a humid vapor stole,
Which for a time seemed clouding o'er her soul,
And trembling sweetly with her new delight
Felt light departing from her failing sight.
Ah! who shall paint the rapture they first knew
Beneath the sparkling canopy of blue,
While in the pride of their full strength and youth
They tasted sweetly of the cup of truth
And found that joy till then to man unknown—
A priceless boon which he might call his own.
And this pure bliss which in the garden came,
Still thrills as sweetly through each mortal frame,
And each new couple on their marriage bed,
When husband takes his young wife's maidenhead,
Repeats again the same old pleasure o'er
And finds in love a never-failing store,
When to her husband she gives up the gem,
The sweetest jewel in love's diadem.
Hark! to the mutt' rings that are heard afar,
As nature feels an elemental war.
Thunder is rolling booming in the skies
And vivid lightning blinds their tearful eyes;
The winds shriek onward with a shrieking blast,
And deep with gloom the skies are overcast,
While from the clouds the pelting rains descend
And with the storm the war of wild beasts blend;
Each brute feels all its instincts wildly stirred,
While in the air is heard the screaming bird.
In one wild shriek a thousand tongues give vent
To the deep passion which the world has sent.
Now storm and darkness settle o'er the land
And the blue sea comes bellowing on the sand;
The massive trees before the whirlwind rock,
The earth now trembles with the earthquake's shock,
• The earth is shrouded with the midnight gloom
For man has heard from God his awful doom.

No more the fruits of Eden's fruitful soil,
His sweat shall mislead all he earns by toil,
While Eve in anguish shall to life give birth
And leave a heritage of woe on earth.
God made them pure, but out of worldly dust,
And from the clay they gather all the lust.
From that sweet scene, within the grove began
Came the sorrows that have tortured man;
And, till the trump of Gabriel gives us peace,
Woes entailed on earth shall never cease

BEN BOLT.

I'm thinking to-night, Ben Bolt, dear of you,
And the days we spent together when at school,
And I cannot help smiling as my memory recalls
How oft we used to "bugger" the old mule.
And don't you remember that piss-pot
That we emptied on the schoolmaster's head,
The night we found him fucking the servant girl,
On the roof of the old wood-shed?

Oh, don't you remember sweet Jennie, Ben Bolt?
She lived in the house down the lane;
The hairs 'round her cunt were so awfully red
That we all called her red-cunted Jane.
In an old, rotten shanty at the lower end of town
in a corner she had rigged up a bed,
And there she lay and took 'em in by night as well as day,
Fucking for for a dollar bill a head.

Oh, don't you remember the school-house, Ben Bolt?
And the shit-house, so shady and neat,
Where the boys used to write prick and cunt upon the door
And keep dropping their wax on the seat.
But now the old shit-house has gone to the devil,
And nothing remains on the spot
Save a few large tirds that were dropped long ago.
Which the sun and the rain cannot rot.

TOAST.

He's to the small circle of our female acquaintance—
may it never be enlarged save by an upright member.

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Sixty workers on the
Grand jury & have held
Baptist

The regimental can
in the street -

For me all we was
full of joy &
said him

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